THE

American MAGAZINE

EVERYTHING COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

August 35¢

THE TOWN THAT WENT ON A DIET

★

Complete Novel:

THE CROSS-EYED CUPID

By Marjorie Carleton

★

Complete Mystery:

DEADLY DETOUR

By Kelley Roos

★

THE STRANGE STORY OF JOHNNIE RAY

★

Vacation Bargains This Fall!

(See Page 32)

★

PLUS 6 SHORT STORIES AND FAMILY OF THE MONTH

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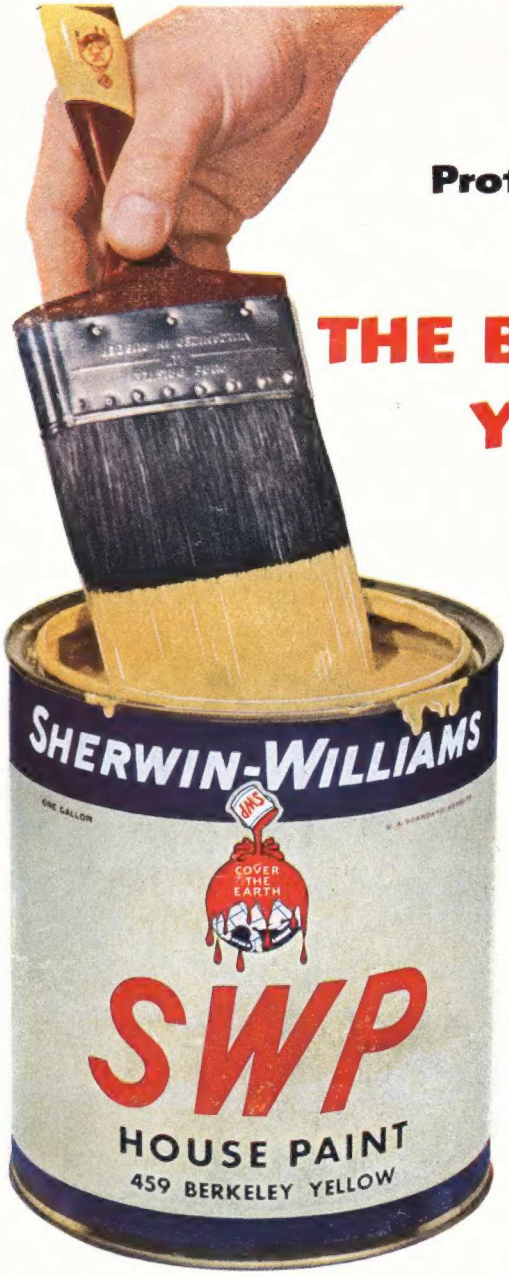
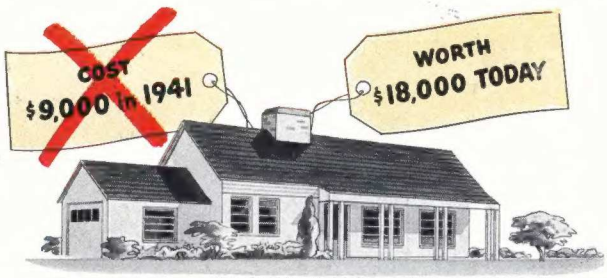
THE BEST HOUSE PAINT YOU CAN BUY!





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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

It will probably surprise you—as it did us—to learn that M-G-M's splendid picturization of "Ivanhoe" is the very first filming of the famed novel by Sir Walter Scott. For if ever there was a story of love and high adventure that was meant for the screen—and for Technicolor—"Ivanhoe" is that story.

To bring the beloved book to life, M-G-M sent a company to England to film "Ivanhoe" on the actual scenes of the story. They recreated the whole medieval pageant, complete with Norman palaces and moated walls; put thousands of archers into the fields adjoining Sherwood Forest; captured the very fire and spirit of the well-remembered characters. It's all there—as the minstrels sang about it, and the legends told about it, and Sir Walter Scott with his inspired pen wrote about it.

The story, of course, concerns the romantic adventures of the Saxon knight, Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe. You discover him disguised as a troubador in search of his captured king, Richard the Lion-Hearted. His quest leads him to a jousting tourney at Ashby where he is the mysterious black-armored horseman who vanquishes the best of the Norman knights.

At the storming of the castle of Torquilstone, you follow him in a flaming assault that frees the raven-haired Rebecca and the fair Rowena from the dungeon and the torture chamber. Finally, in the breathless Trial by Combat, you witness his clash with the wicked Du Bois-Guilbert. All the glory and terror of the era come to a climax in this mortal conflict which called for the weapons of broadsword and battle-mace. A woman's life and a king's throne tremble on the outcome.

Every role in the long roster is brilliantly cast and played. As "Ivanhoe", Robert Taylor is at his dashing best. Elizabeth Taylor is incredibly lovely as Rebecca. And Joan Fontaine is superb as the blonde and queenly Rowena. Around them storm the events and excitements of the Glory Age.

To all the millions in whose hearts there is the remembered joy of reading "Ivanhoe" and to the few who may have missed that unforgettable thrill, we say: "The word is GO! See 'Ivanhoe'!"

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THE American MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1952
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And a free ballot—your right to choose the people who represent you in government—your protection against government tyranny.
(Article I, U. S. Constitution)

HALF the world is trying to destroy these symbols—and what they stand for.

Even in this country, there are people who attack our freedoms, by trying to give the government more and more control over American life.

"The government should take over the doctors," they say, "and run the railroads, and the electric companies." But what they *mean* is, "Let's have socialized medicine, socialized railroads, socialized electricity."

Even though socialism is one thing *most* Americans *don't* want!

It is wise for us always to question and weigh all the forces that influence our government. It's up to us all whether we'll leave our children freedom—or socialism.

• • • • •

Socialized electric light and power is one of the first goals of the people who will want to push America down the hill to socialism. They've made headway, and are working for more. Each step they gain is a serious threat to *every* home and farm and business—and *everybody's* freedom. That's why this message is brought to you by America's ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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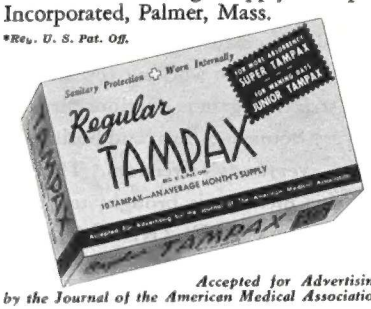

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LETTERS

ACROSS THE EDITORS' DESKS

As hardened letter-answerers from away way back, we could have predicted the consequences when Jacob K. Javits, U. S. Representative from New York, wrote in our June issue that *Congress Wants to Hear from You.* We knew he was asking for a mailsack full of trouble. Since then he tells us that his secretarial staff has been burning up typewriter ribbons answering daily scores of letters in which readers offered recipes for running the country. Not only his own New York City constituents, but citizens of Michigan, Idaho, and California have passed along their gripes—ignoring Mr. Javits's warning: "Don't write to a Congressman who isn't yours; it's a waste of time." We, too, have received many letters from readers, unloading their complaints about taxes, the cost of living, and corruption in government. A lady in Paint Lick, Kentucky, even wrote to us, saying, "I would be very glad if the very high income tax could be lowered." We're pleased to pass the suggestion along, because, frankly, we'd be kind of glad, too.

It seems that hundreds of our readers are bugs about bugs. While putting together a bug-identification quiz to go with Edwin Way Teale's fascinating article on the insect world, *Be a Back-Yard Explorer* (June), one of our editors got his captions mixed. The result was that a pretty brownish-winged critter with purple and yellow spots was labeled a luna moth. Since that picture appeared, we have received hundreds of letters from naturalists of all ages, pointing out that our "luna" was really a polyphemus. Mrs. Merle Gentry, Clay Center, Kans., wrote:

"My little boy wants to tell you that a mistake was made. . . . As identifying and collecting insects has been his hobby since he was 3 years old, he was able to identify all the pictures, and was surprised to find a wrong answer given."

Albert S. Farver, age 9, of Cambridge, Md., taught us a new name for an insect fancier: "For years I have been an amateur lepidopterist, so I would like to point out that the moth in the picture is not a luna, but a polyphemus moth."

Our education on the subject was completed by Paul Gross, a student at Staunton Military Academy, in Virginia, who enclosed with his letter two sample moths, a luna and a polyphemus, carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

We hope to make amends for our error—one of those things that should never happen but sometimes does—by showing herewith a true luna moth, one of the most glamorous of insects. The avalanche of letters which our error caused was enough, anyhow, to start us thinking. We've decided that with elections and world problems troubling their minds, people today welcome a chance to turn to the study of nature's unchanging wonders. Our readers can expect, therefore, to find more nature articles in future issues of this magazine.

Lovely Luna

When television comedian Stu Erwin composed the father's lament entitled My Kids Won't Let Me *(June), we thought his story was typical of many families we know, where teen-age kids rule the roost,*

(*Continued on page 6*)

The characters in all short stories and novels in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

and Mom and Pop have to toe the mark. Not all readers agreed, however, that this was a state of affairs which parents should accept without a struggle. "The American home was dealt another low blow by Mr. Erwin's facetious article," wrote Mrs. Betty Reed, Portsmouth, Va. "Home government which tolerates such rudeness and lack of consideration is poor indeed, and finds its end result in the moral breakdown of our country. A rude or inconsiderate child—whether 6 or 16—should be soundly spanked!"

Some months ago we published a letter (*By the Way*, May) from a discouraged high-school senior in Oklahoma who felt pretty unhappy about the mess the world is in. "There is nothing for us youngsters to look forward to but an uncertain future where death and taxes are the only certainties," he wrote.

The other day we found in our mailbag a letter from somewhere in Korea, answering our young Oklahoma friend:

Dear Editor: By good fortune, I got hold of one of your magazines. I don't know what month it was printed, the whole company had read it so there wasn't much left when I got it. But I must say, I was shocked to read the letter from that guy in Oklahoma. He should be taken out to the woodshed and given a good old-fashioned licking for saying all he could look forward to for the next two to four years "is a stretch in the Army on some foreign soil, mingling with strangers, trying to defend a way of life that is alien to most of them. . . ." Maybe you could sort of pass this on to him and others like him.

I and thousands of other guys are or will serve in the armed forces of our country *willingly*. We're proud to—and only a *man* can choose for himself. I, myself, joined the Army when I was 18. Eighteen-year-olds died in the last war and this one. We have suffered for our country. Is he better than we?

And about the "strangers" part. He's all wet. In uniform we're not strangers. We may not know each other's names, that's true. But we fight and die together. For we are welded together in a single bond for one purpose. Is that being strangers? I'd like to know what a friend is.

Where does he get this "*trying* to defend our way of life"? When did we ever fail? We have never failed and never will, as long as we have men to shoulder our guns. For those who have fallen and those who have suffered shall not have died and suffered in vain.

Think it over, kids. Either we fight for what we love, or lose everything we love. Are we going to be real Americans, or children always, like this guy from Oklahoma?

Editor, I'm not much on writing or English, but I had to say that. Seeing these people tromped down over here, and doing a lot of thinking, makes a guy more scared than facing the enemy in battle. If only people back there could understand half of what's happening over here, then maybe they'd back us all the way, to the last man.

I am but one of many GI's, and proud to be one.

PFC ROY O. THOMPSON
45th Infantry Div., U. S. Army

"I just read Roul Tunley's interesting article, *What's Ahead for Margaret Truman?*" (July), writes J. R. Foster, Wheeling, W. Va. "Frankly, I'm puzzled by the first sentence, which refers to 'the blond, green-eyed, 28-year-old girl from Independence, Mo.' Because on the facing page, in full color, is a picture of a *brown-eyed* Margaret Truman. Who's wrong—your writer or photographer?"

Sometimes, contrary to the popular saying, cameras do lie. Fact is that Margaret Truman possesses a pair of distinctly green eyes which, by some mysterious trick of light, almost always appear brown in color photographs. This has often irked Margaret's proud papa. According to author Tunley, the President was recently discovered sitting at his desk with a colored pencil in hand, carefully adding the proper shade of green to a photograph of his daughter, So, when we saw our July proofs, we sent an SOS to the printer, asking him to add more green to Miss Truman's eyes. We hope your copy had them right.

Occasionally a work of fiction—a short story or a novel—comes closer to basic truth than a mere report of facts. We thought such a story had come our way when we published, in June, Mary Knowles's inspiring tale of religious faith triumphant over disease and fear—I Am With You (*June*). *Our hunch was movingly confirmed by the following letter from a patient at Walter Reed Army Hospital, in Washington, D. C.*:

"Just a note to thank you for the story, *I Am With You*. My wife and I know how the author's characters, Ann and Tom, felt, because I was flown home from Germany in February to have my right leg amputated above the knee because of a malignant bone tumor. It will be five years before we know whether this amputation has caught all the malignancy, but meanwhile we are living in hope, not fear, because the faith which was Ann's and Tom's is ours, too."

•

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO:

The Editors, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y

For soft, shining hair tomorrow . . . tonight—

CREAM-TONE *your hair*

with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

Is your scalp tight, dry, dandruffy? Is your hair dull, listless, hard to manage? Have permanents, hair dyes, today's high-tension living all taken their toll?

Then you're the girl who ought to know about the recent discovery in hair care that has excited the whole world of beauty.

It is called CREAM-TONING . . . and it is something you can do at home. You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils! You don't have to fuss with wet towels!

CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple, inexpensive. And, oh, what wonders it works for your hair!

NEW PRODUCT makes NEW TREATMENT POSSIBLE!

The product that makes cream-toning possible is brand new. It is smooth, creamy Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Flower-pink, flower-fragrant, it is a skillful blend of soothing, scalp-conditioning lanolin, costly cholesterol and other ingredients that contribute in rich measure to hair beauty.

How to CREAM-TONE your hair with LADY WILDROOT!

It's easy! First brush your hair. Then part it, section by section. Rub Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently but thoroughly into your scalp, along the line of every part. Don't be afraid to use plenty; it's *good* for your hair.

Continue rubbing until all the cream disappears—leaving your scalp glistening, relaxed, cream-washed, cream-toned. Now relax! Give the rich emollients in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing time to soften and soothe. Let the luxurious lanolated oils work their magic all the way from your scalp to the very tip ends of your hair! Keep the cream on as long as you wish—a few minutes, a half hour, or even over-night.

After CREAM-TONING . . . Shampoo!

Now for a good shampoo! You'll like the active bubbly lather in Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . the way it *dissolves* and floods away any remaining excess cream, taking with it dirt, grime, loose dandruff.

Give your hair a second quick-sudsing—with Lady Wildroot Shampoo! Then rinse, dry, and set.

Now, look at your hair! Your scalp is so pink and clean it glistens. Your hair is so fresh and clean it gleams. It's soft, radiant, beautifully manageable—easy to coax into deep, easy waves. Women troubled with dry hair, frizzyness, split ends, find this cream-tone conditioning a joyous discovery. Women with too-oily, sticky, gummy hair like the way it does away with excess oil.

TRY IT TONIGHT!

You'll never know, you couldn't begin to guess, your hair's own natural too-long-hidden beauty until you CREAM-TONE your scalp with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing!

(Girls who haven't time for a complete CREAM-TONE treatment put a teaspoon of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the final rinse—after an ordinary shampoo—and find their hair extra soft, extra radiant, extra manageable—snarls and tangles magically smoothed. Others use Lady Wildroot for daily good grooming—to tame fly-away locks, calm unruly curls and straggles.)

GUARANTEED! or double your money back!

If you have been hunting for a solution to dry hair, oily hair, frizzy hair; if you want to see how glamorously lovely your hair can be . . . then tonight, CREAM-TONE your hair. Your favorite store has Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the 50¢ and $1.00 sizes.

If you don't agree tomorrow morning that your scalp is cleaner, your hair more radiant, then return the bottle and Wildroot will gladly send you DOUBLE your money back.

Don't forget — BE glamorous, Be beautiful. Tonight . . . CREAM-TONE your hair . . . with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.

Cut this out and put it in your purse

REMINDER! Stop at your favorite store and buy a bottle of . . .

←1. Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Discover what CREAM-TONING can do for YOUR hair.

←2. Get Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . for a soapless, sudsy, lanolin lovely, better-for-your-hair shampoo.

When Jane Russell goes after a man, she makes sure he stays around a while. Bob Hope and Roy Rogers are her unlucky (?) victims

A PEEK AT THE

Movies of the Month

SON OF PALEFACE. Bob Hope, son of a legendary Indian fighter, arrives in Sawbuck Pass in his ancient jalopy to claim his father's gold. Instead of the bright yellow stuff, he inherits a mess of bills, falls in love with bandit queen Jane Russell, and has mighty harsh words with U. S. Agent Roy Rogers. Practically everyone is headed for the hoosegow when the wild Injuns attack. Then who do you think becomes the big hero? Typical Bob Hope high jinks. (*Paramount*)

Gary's friends refuse to help him

Bob Mitchum (right) and Charles McGraw train a bazooka on Reds

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO. Filmed with the co-operation of the U. S. Army and Air Force, this picture tells the story of the first heartbreaking days of the Korean War. Bob Mitchum is the hard-bitten colonel who leads his men against terrific odds. Ann Blyth is a United Nations refugee worker who falls for the colonel. Stark wartime scenes contrasted with romance. (*RKO*)

HIGH NOON. Here is a suspense-packed film in which the fate of an entire town depends on whether a certain evil character arrives on the noon train. As the minutes tick by and the streets empty, Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly stand alone to face the man who spells terror. (*United Artists*)

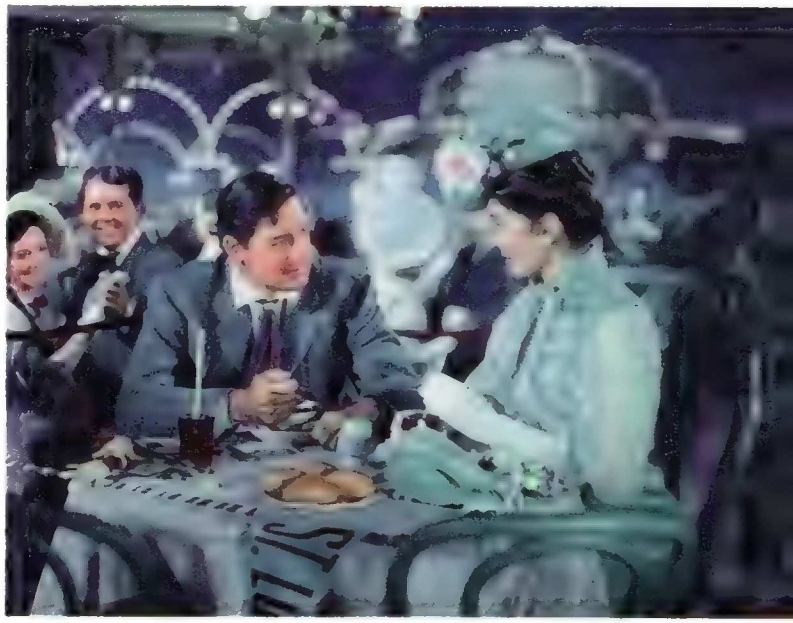
ALSO RECOMMENDED for family enjoyment

DREAM BOAT co-stars Clifton Webb and Ginger Rogers in a comedy about a professor and his students. (*20th Century-Fox*)
CALIFORNIA CONQUEST, epic film of early California days, with Cornel Wilde and Teresa Wright. (*Columbia*)
WOMAN IN THE WILDERNESS, a story of iron mining in Minnesota. Ruth Hussey and Rod Cameron. (*Republic*)
WATER BIRDS, another short film in the series of true-life adventure-stories about the world we live in. (*Walt Disney-RKO*)

Rebecca (Elizabeth Taylor) stands before the pyre at which she will be burned unless Ivanhoe (Robert Taylor, right) defeats DeBois Guilbert (George Sanders) in battle

IVANHOE. Generations of readers have followed Sir Walter Scott's stirring story of knighthood heroics. Now it's on the screen, with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders. Made in England, the story is one of high adventure in the England of 1200 A. D. It tells of one man's attempt to restore to King Richard the Lion-Hearted the throne stolen from him by his brother, Prince John. As the Saxon knight Ivanhoe, Robert Taylor fights, rides, and loves his way to glory. Charming Elizabeth Taylor plays Rebecca, the heroine who sacrifices her love for a cause. (*MGM*)

THE STORY OF WILL ROGERS. A generation ago Will Rogers' wise, warm, homespun outlook on life endeared him to millions of movie-goers. Now he returns to the screen in a fitting memorial; his role is played by the one person in the world who could do it justice, Will Rogers Jr. Young Will, who bears a striking resemblance to his famous dad in both looks and personality, portrays the great humorist from his early days as an Oklahoma cowboy to his last tragic plane flight in Alaska. Jane Wyman gives a memorable performance as Will's sweetheart and wife. (*Warner Bros.*)



Will Rogers Jr. courts Jane Wyman in a festive atmosphere

THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS. Gregory Peck, one of the few Hollywood stars who has complete say on what movies he will make, chose this Rex Beach story for the simple reason, "It entertained me." It should entertain you, too, if you like swashbuckling action, derring-do, romance, and comedy. Set against the background of San Francisco, Alaska, and the sea a hundred years ago, the film tells of seal poaching in Northern waters and how devil-may-care sea captain Gregory Peck rescues a beautiful Russian countess (Ann Blyth), from an unscrupulous czarist prince. Excitement for the whole family. (*Universal*)

Gregory Peck and Ann Blyth

Peck and Anthony Quinn test their strength. The winner gets Ann Blyth

Thrifty Variety In His Daily Diet!

Feed him to his own taste—and feed him *well!* Serve MILK-BONE TINY-BITS, economical, nutritious, concentrated food. Simply moisten with warm water, soup or broth. Add nourishing left-overs, if you wish, for appetizing variety. MILK-BONE TINY-BITS sold only in sealed, lined containers. Get some!

MILK-BONE TINY-BITS contain nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, D, and E...Meat Meal...Milk ...Fish Liver Oil... Wheat Germ ... Whole Wheat Flour ... Minerals

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FREE SAMPLE

Send me *free* MILK-BONE TINY-BITS. Also Booklet: "How to Care for and Feed Your Dog." (Paste coupon on postcard if you wish.)

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This offer good in United States only

SELL Christmas Cards PRINTED WITH SENDER'S NAME

LESS THAN 3¢ EACH

Make $68.00 CASH on only 50 orders by Amazing Double-up Plan. Sell *Personal* Christmas Cards printed with Sender's Name for less than 3c each. No experience needed. 30 SAMPLES FREE! Albums of 30 styles—all actual cards—Free. Also big Special box Assortments sent on approval. Designs include Religious, Humorous, Artistic and Business. Big season now. Send no money! Samples Free. Rush name on postcard.

A Merry Christmas and best wishes for the New Year. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ward

GENERAL CARD CO., 1300 W. Jackson, Dept. 5-8, Chicago 7, Ill.

WANTED: JEWELRY!

Highest cash paid for old, or broken jewelry. Mail gold teeth, watches, rings, silverware, diamonds, spectacles. Write for FREE information. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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SUPER-FAST RELIEF 3 WAYS BETTER!

Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are 3 ways better, because: (1) They relieve pain in a jiffy . . . (2) Stop corns *before* they can develop . . . (3) Remove corns one of the fastest ways known to medical science! No other method does so much for you. Get Dr. Scholl's today!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Four top shows of the month selected for family enjoyment

RADIO - TV

Heinie the Chimp roughs up Marlin Perkins

ZOO PARADE, conducted by R. Marlin Perkins, director of Chicago's famous Lincoln Park Zoo, Sunday afternoons on NBC-TV, is for all who like animals. Perkins' animals are even more temperamental than human actors. He has been mauled by monkeys, socked by skunks, and even snagged by snakes. His charges steal the show with their unpredictable antics, and the program is educational as well as amusing.

Edward Arnold: Which President next?

MR. PRESIDENT, a 30-minute drama on ABC-Radio Wednesday evenings, stars Edward Arnold, veteran movie actor. During the past 6 years he has portrayed all of our 33 presidents (from Washington and Adams to FDR and Harry S. Truman) approximately 8 times each, without repeating the same scene or incident. Identity of each president is withheld until the end of the show so you can test your knowledge of history and politics.

HOUSE PARTY, a grab bag of informal fun, calls on members of the studio audience to take part in unrehearsed games and chatty interviews. Host Art Linkletter lends an ear as women reveal how they trapped their husbands, etc. Visiting stars, like Eve Arden, join in the fun. It's pleasant summer listening, each afternoon, Monday through Friday, over CBS-Radio.

Art Linkletter is stumped by Eve Arden

DOWN YOU GO, on Mutual Radio and Dumont Television Saturday evenings, recalls the old parlor game called "Hangman." Remember where you hunted for missing letters to complete words, and each wrong guess moved you one step closer to the gallows? In the Radio-TV version, Dr. Bergen Evans, Northwestern University professor, tries to baffle his experts with clues to a common phrase. When one suggests a wrong letter, he is sent "down."

Bergen Evans tosses a tough clue at his panel

Records of the Month

Have you noticed an upsurge in hillbilly and Western records lately? A number of readers, including a GI wife in England, have asked us to report on the more outstanding ones. Here's the latest roundup:

Columbia steps front and center with a brand-new anthology album, *Current Country Hits*, a good bet for summer listening. **Carl Smith**, a young Texas hillbilly, plays and sings *Don't Just Stand*

Carl Smith recording his new album

There and *It's a Lovely, Lovely World*. **Lefty Frizzell, Ray Price**, and **Neal Burris** sing other late "country" hits.

King of the country balladeers, **Eddy Arnold**, sings all-time favorites in a new RCA Victor collection, *Country Classics*. "The Tennessee Plowboy" offers *That's How Much I Love You, Texarkana Baby, I'll Hold You in My Heart*, among others.

In the popular field, tuneful Jerome Kern melodies sparkle in recent MGM releases from *Lovely to Look At*, the film version of the show *Roberta*. The sound track from the movie has screen stars **Kathryn Grayson** and **Howard Keel** singing *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, You're Devastating, Yesterdays*, and the title song. **Red Skelton, Ann Miller**, and **Marge** and **Gower Champion** assist.

If you like ballet music, try the sprightly Columbia LP Recording of *Fancy Free*, the satirical dance from *On the Town*, and the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company's *Façade*. **Alexander Hilsberg** directs the Philadelphia "Pops" Orchestra in their record debut.

Some singles for which long juke-box runs are predicted: Bing Crosby and Judy Garland in *Mine* and *You've Got Me Where You Want Me* (Decca); Tony Bavaar singing *More or Less* and *Break the Bands That Bind Me* (RCA Victor); Rosemary Clooney with harpsichord backing in *Botch-a-Me* and *On the First Warm Day* (Columbia); and Buddy De Franco and his quartet in *Get Happy* and *Samia Shuffle* (MGM).

L. T.

"Do you know the Number?"

Long Distance calls go through faster when you Call by Number

"You'll save time if you give me the out-of-town number you're calling.

"That way I can put your call through without first calling 'Information' in the distant city.

"Your own call goes through faster. And you help speed the service for everyone. That's especially important now, when so many urgent defense calls are on the Long Distance lines."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

A HELPFUL HINT—Start today to build up a list of out-of-town telephone numbers. Write down those you already know. If there's a new number you don't have—or an old one you've forgotten—be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.

Swift's Brookfield

"fresh-from-the-churn flavor!"

What a delectable butter this is! So delicate in flavor ... made from rich country cream. Always rich in Vitamin A! Try it at your house soon. Swift's Brookfield—the butter that makes everything taste better.

fine dairy foods

Enjoy Swift's Brookfield Cheese Spreads—OLD YORK, CHEESE AND BACON, OLIVE PIMENTO, BLEU, PIMENTO, RELISH *and* PINEAPPLE . . . *in 5-oz. jars.*

HELP FOR YOUR HOUSE

MOST WOODWORK can be washed with a detergent or soap and water. To make the woodwork shiny, add two tablespoons of furniture polish to a quart of rinse water; then wipe the surface dry with a soft cloth.

A TERRY-CLOTH TOWEL split in half, with seersucker tie-backs sewn on, makes an excellent apron, especially if you like to wipe your hands on your apron when cooking. The terry cloth washes easily and needs no ironing.

WHEN MUD gets on your youngsters' or your own shoes, *don't* let it dry on before brushing it off. Although dry mud comes off more easily than wet, experts advise that mud stains leather, and the longer it stays on, the worse the stain may be. Scrape off moist mud promptly, and wipe leather clean with a soft, moist cloth. Stuff shoes with paper to help hold their shape, dry slowly, then repolish.

WITH OUR ELECTRICITY CUT OFF by a storm and no candles available, my husband devised emergency illumination with a can of shortening, a toothpick, and a small piece of pajama string. He stuck the toothpick into the string and pushed the end of the toothpick into the shortening, then coated the string with a small quantity of shortening, and lit the tip. The string acted as a wick and we had a bright light—safe and odorless. Replacing the top of the can extinguishes the flame. And the shortening is still usable after string and toothpick are removed.—*Mrs. Marilyn F. Salmon, Valley Stream, N. Y.*

A NARROW PIECE of wooden molding nailed on the floor near the wall of a closet or alcove will hold card tables upright for storage purposes.—*Mrs. A. B. Richardson, Wayne, Pa.*

IF THE WIND makes your windows shake and rattle, screw a faucet washer to the casing so it presses against the sash. Use a screw of a size to permit the washer to rotate freely when the window is lowered or raised, but one which will provide enough pressure to prevent the sash from vibrating in the wind.—*Mrs. Sarah K. Schrauf, Cleveland, Ohio.*

SKID-PROOF YOUR CELLAR and outside wooden stairs by applying a coat of porch and deck enamel. When it is "tacky" dry, sprinkle generously with clean white sand. When thoroughly dry, brush off excess sand. Result: sure-grip stairs.—*Mrs. George Henry, Jenkintown, Pa.*

TRY PLACING RUBBER JAR RINGS under your breadboard to keep it from scooting around while you roll out bread, biscuits, pastry, and the like. It's also a good idea to put rings under the bowl in which you are whipping cream, eggs, etc., to keep the bowl stationary.—*Mrs. Robert G. Striplin, Nashville, Tenn.*

WANT TO REINFORCE the holes in the pages of a loose-leaf recipe book, or any kind of loose-leaf notebook, quickly and inexpensively? Simply dab each hole with colorless nail polish and let dry. For extra reinforcement do both sides.—*Mrs. G. G. Ortmann, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

FILL EMPTY MILK CARTONS almost to the top with water, seal the pouring spout shut with melted candle drippings or other wax, and freeze in your refrigerator. The frozen cartons keep food and beverages cold on outings when packed in a corrugated box. We also prefer them to ice in our portable icebox, as melted water stays right in the carton and prevents food (and fish on fishing trips) from becoming waterlogged.—*Mrs. Herbert Braun, St. Paul, Minn.*

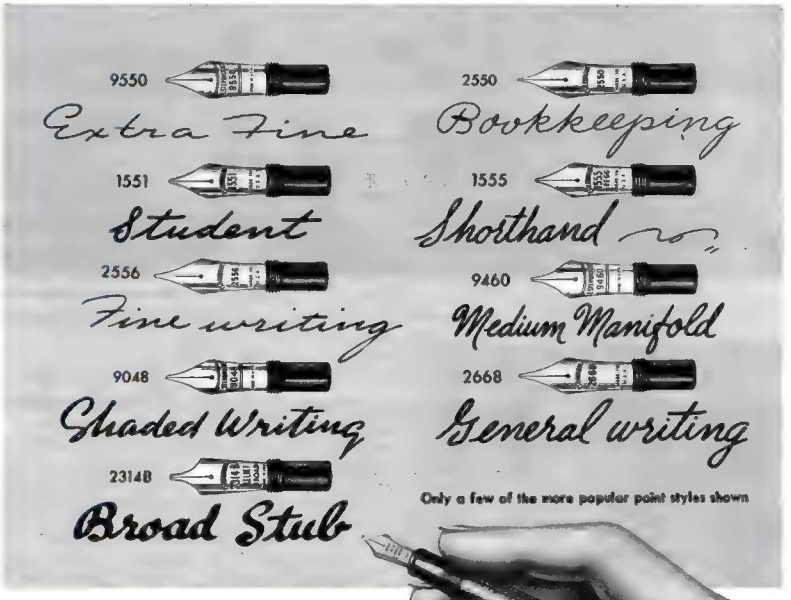
AN EASY AND THOROUGH WAY to clean bed slats and coil-type bedsprings is to hold an electric fan, set at high speed, at the side of the bed so the stream of air flows across slats and springs under mattress. The accumulated dust and lint is blown to the floor, where it is easily picked up by dust mop or vacuum cleaner.—*Mrs. Richard Mulder, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

If you know of a new trick that has helped you fix or improve things around the house, and might be useful to others, send it in on a postcard. We will pay $10 for each suggestion published. Address Help for Your House, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. No suggestions can be returned.

CHOOSE

THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE

Know what a truly fine writing pen can be. Buy an Esterbrook Fountain Pen . . . with the point that writes your way exactly. Choose the point made for your hand, for your writing job. Fit it in the Esterbrook Pocket Pen or Desk Set that meets your writing needs. World's largest variety of points. All points instantly replaceable in case of damage. At any pen counter.



POCKET SET— *Esterbrook Pen and matching Push-Pencil. Pencil holds two feet of lead. Writes months without reloading. Standard and thin lead models. "Push the top to feed the lead."*

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"Avon 'Forever Spring' Perfume is a lasting delight."
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"What a thrill it is to buy Avon cosmetics in your home!" says Linda Darnell. "Their fragrances are so delightful, the color shades so flattering, their packages so exquisite, and the Avon Representative is so helpful!" Like Miss Darnell, you will be won by the superb quality of Avon cosmetics . . . and the ease and economy of choosing them in your home. Your Avon Representative will help you.

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All My Friends Are Handsome

by Grace S. Dixon

LED BY her guide dog, Holly, the author goes shopping

PETER COPLAND

I HATE being blind! It's a nuisance! But I haven't the time or energy to waste on hating. I am far too busy. Right now, for instance, I am attending St. Martin's College near my home in Olympia, Wash., and I have my sights set on the teaching profession. Naturally, I must give the necessary hours to research, preparing term papers, dictating my written assignments to a typist, and finally playing back the tape recorder to review the day's work. I also spend six to eight hours a week on Spanish language lessons.

In addition to my studies I have the usual quota of housework—preparation of meals, getting my husband off to work on time, and attending to the dozens of incidental tasks which go toward making a house into a home. And soon the canning season and jelly-making time will be here.

You see, I have little time left for ugly feelings about my blindness. I have not always been so busy. But then, I have not always been blind, either.

My visual weakness first appeared when I was a little girl of six starting the first grade at Billings, Montana. Glasses were prescribed then. Two years later, on a routine checkup, I overheard the doctor say to my mother, "She'll probably be blind before she's sixteen." Symptoms of an optic deterioration which generally does not appear before middle age were apparently evident even then.

At eight I couldn't comprehend all that the doctor implied, but I never completely forgot his words. The affliction did not progress as rapidly as anticipated, and when I had passed my adolescence with only moderately impaired vision the fear of blindness diminished.

The doctor wasn't entirely wrong, however. I was frequently plagued by eyestrain throughout my schooling. When I was seventeen and had completed my first two years of high school, the minimum requirements in those days for nurse's training, I enrolled as a student nurse at the Tacoma General Hospital. There I found myself choosing the newest thermometers in the rack, with their definite gradation lines. I bought a big watch with a large (*Continued on page* 102)

A WALL BETWEEN

For a hundred years this house had sheltered Martha's family. How could she share it now with a dark-eyed stranger?

by Katherine Roller

ILLUSTRATION BY GWEN FREMLIN

"NO, PLINY, I won't sell. That's all." Martha Gill rose in dismissal.

But a real-estate agent like Pliny Weaver wasn't dismissed easily. He tried again: "Suppose I talk to Alicia now, Marty?"

"Why worry Mother? She has the annuity. But Dad's will divided the homestead between Matt and me. Fair shares—front rooms to Matt, back to me."

"Fool will," Pliny grunted. "You and your brother, each managing half this house! Call that sound of mind?"

"Sound enough to know we'd never manage it together."

"I wish you'd manage to do business with me. My client's offering fourteen thousand for the house. Matt's set to sell, and no wonder." He sighed. "Stubbornness is the only thing you two have in common. Nobody'd ever guess you and him was twins. And Matt the older."

"Five minutes older." Marty's blue eyes twinkled. "Not enough to influence me. He won't work it by closing his half and moving out, the way he's done, either. Why, there's always been a Gill living in this house. Do you suppose that my father thought we'd sell?" She broke off, and then said, "It's no sale."

"House closes off real neat." Pliny cocked a professional eye at the locked doors in the paneled wall that shut away the front parlor. "Back parlor here, front parlor to match. Back stairs, front stairs, all equal. This house might have been built for a family split."

Marty tried for confidence. "Matt'll come back. He knows he can't sue, the will's precise about my right to control my half. And he can't afford to keep his half standing empty long."

"He sure can't, Marty." Pliny's laugh sputtered. "Matt's rented his half, through me. Short lease, but real interesting tenants. Do you mean he didn't tell you?"

She shook her head.

"Suits aren't the only way." Pliny was pious. "Think likely these folks'll make you glad to sell, pretty soon. We've time; my client's willing to wait."

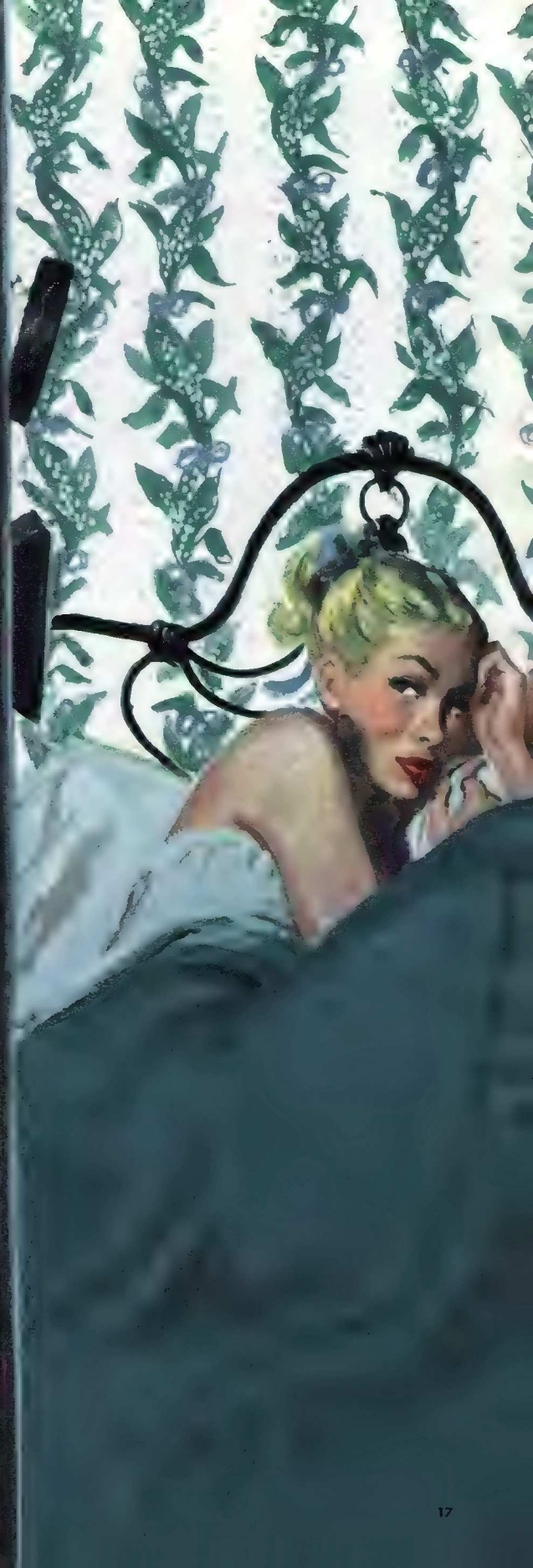
"While you force me out?" Her eyes darkened. "Suppose I do the forcing out? I've a feeling I might be a bad neighbor, Pliny."

He laughed again. "If you drive these folks out, you can drive anybody out!"

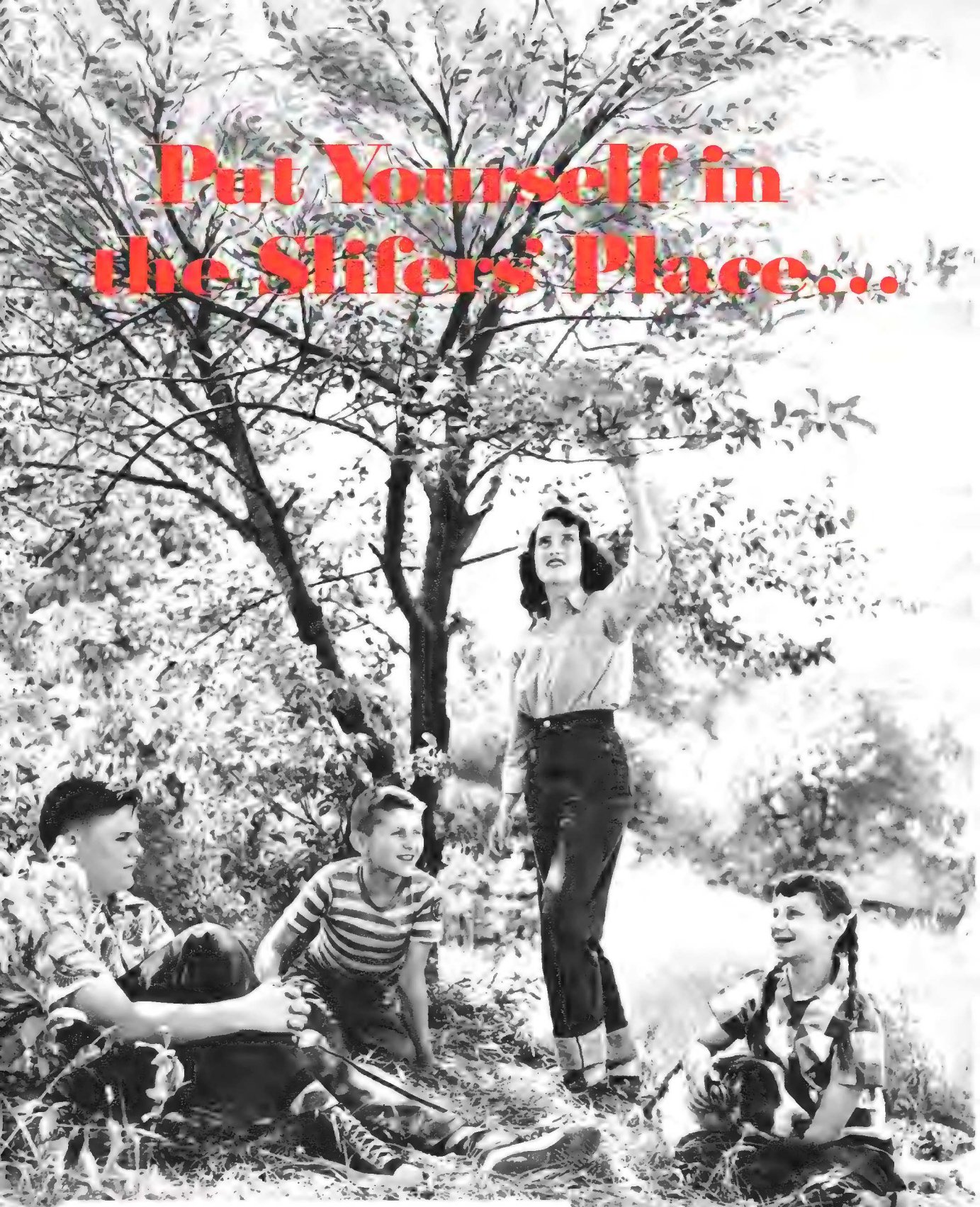
"And then would Matt give up and come home?"

"Guess he'd have to, (*Continued on page* 127)

"I promise no more noise over here,"
the deep voice reassured her.
"Those last thumps were my shoes falling"



Put Yourself in the Slifers' Place...



ONE BIG FAMILY: The American Slifers and the Polish Motornas enjoy a picnic near Woodbury, N. J. Can you tell which are Slifers and which Motornas? Turn to page 113 to see how close you came

Suppose you and your family had just about everything you could want for a happy life together. Would you deliberately invite a group of Polish DP's from Europe to share your home? These New Jerseyites took a chance . . . with surprising results

by Roul Tunley

PUT yourself in the Slifers' place . . .

Everything was going beautifully. Ken, at 47, was a successful advertising executive. Caryl, his wife, was equally successful as a housewife and mother. They had a lovely girl, Diane, at college, and a fine son, David, at junior high. Their house in Woodbury, N. J. (10 miles outside of Philadelphia, where Ken worked), was big, modern, and comfortable. They had a host of friends, a new station wagon in which the whole family loved to go camping, a tennis court where mother, father, son, and daughter played mixed doubles on Sundays after church, and a devoted, too-well-fed dog called Lucky. It was the sort of family most of us like to point to with pride and call "typically American."

If you are like me, you might have figured that everything was going so well, there was no reason to borrow trouble.

But the Slifers *did* borrow trouble . . . deliberately.

A year and a half ago, into this close-knit, smooth-running household, they took a whole package of trouble—five Polish persons from the Displaced Persons camps of Europe.

Why?

Mrs. Slifer had been helping her church group (a national Baptist mission board) for some time in getting DP's settled in this country. She got to the point where she didn't feel it was fair to ask other people to do what she wasn't doing, herself. "Frankly," she said, "my conscience hurt me."

But instead of making a token gesture, by accepting one or two persons, she took on what social workers call "a hard-core case"—a widowed mother, who spoke no English, and four young children.

The results, as you might guess, haven't been all smooth sailing. But, with patience, planning, (*Continued on page* 112)

PHOTO BY PELLEGRINI

HOW MUCH? At weekly weight-reduction classes Louisville housewives line up to check their progress on the scales

Tens of thousands of overweight Kentuckians are giving up their traditional love of rich eating to join a city-wide crusade against surplus poundage. Armed with official diets, they are attacking all along the waistline—a unique and significant experiment in community health

Louisville

LOUISVILLE, KY., a city of 370,000 friendly people, is locked in a fight to the finish with its 100,000 unnecessarily bulging waistlines. This unique battle, in which local doctors and nutritionists are serving as five-star generals, reaches into every home on its tree-shaded streets.

Louisville's colorful and somewhat portly young mayor, Charles P. Farnsley, famed for his string tie and frock coat, is in the van of the attack. And a wide range of civic leaders—in Louisville's bustling industries, schools, women's clubs, hospitals, newspapers, libraries, insurance companies, and TV stations—are commanding spearhead operations on a dozen fronts.

The combined drives have one objective: to bombard the city's fatsos with information that will inspire or worry them into taking off superfluous weight, then show them how to do it scientifically.

Behind the Louisville crusade is the conviction by the city's health authorities that its fat people, far from being funny, constitute a very serious health problem. Chubbies, they have found, tend to be less healthy and less efficient while they live, and they die much sooner than they should.

Louisville, of course, is not the only U.S. community suffering from bulging waistlines. A whale of a lot of us Americans have been taking on excess blubber lately, thanks to the easy living of prosperous times. U.S. health authorities estimate that more than 25,000,000 Americans are seriously overweight today.

Individually, millions upon millions of American men and women today are fighting private battles with their bulges. They go on all-banana diets, take pills, exercise violently, steam themselves in massage parlors, or submit themselves to the tortures of expensive shimmy machines. Each has his private, and often pitifully inadequate, formula for reduction.

But Louisville is the first major American community to tackle the waistline problem on a city-wide basis. The results of this let's-all-reduce-together approach is that

EXERCISE: Tom Godfrey, health and physical-education director of Louisville schools, demonstrates calisthenics to weight reducers. He warns them that exercise alone will not take off weight

by Vance Packard

Battles the Bulge

in Louisville today tens of thousands of plumpish residents are losing weight steadily by following standardized, medically approved advice.

I first heard about the Louisville anti-inflation experiment when my wife mentioned it one night at supper. She has a friend whose sister lives in Louisville. The sister wrote triumphantly that she had already lost 14 pounds through something called "The Louisville Weight Control Program."

I've heard of lots of strange municipal campaigns, but the thought of a whole great big city suddenly striving to pull in its waistline fascinated me. I resolved to go and take a look. It occurred to me that others might like to hear about this Louisville project, and perhaps prod their own communities into setting up comparable town-wide weight-control programs.

PHOTOS BY JAMES H. KEEN

CLOTHES CUT DOWN: Tailor Ted Niemeyer remodels suit of Harry Shaw, who lost 99 pounds. Mrs. Shaw watches

Louisville, in case you haven't been there (as I hadn't), is one of America's most gracious cities, and also one of its most prosperous. There is excitement and enthusiasm in the air as you walk down its wide streets, gaze into its quietly solid, busy stores. It is called a Southern city. Actually, to Louisvillians, "up North" is just a few hundred yards away, across the Ohio River, in Indiana.

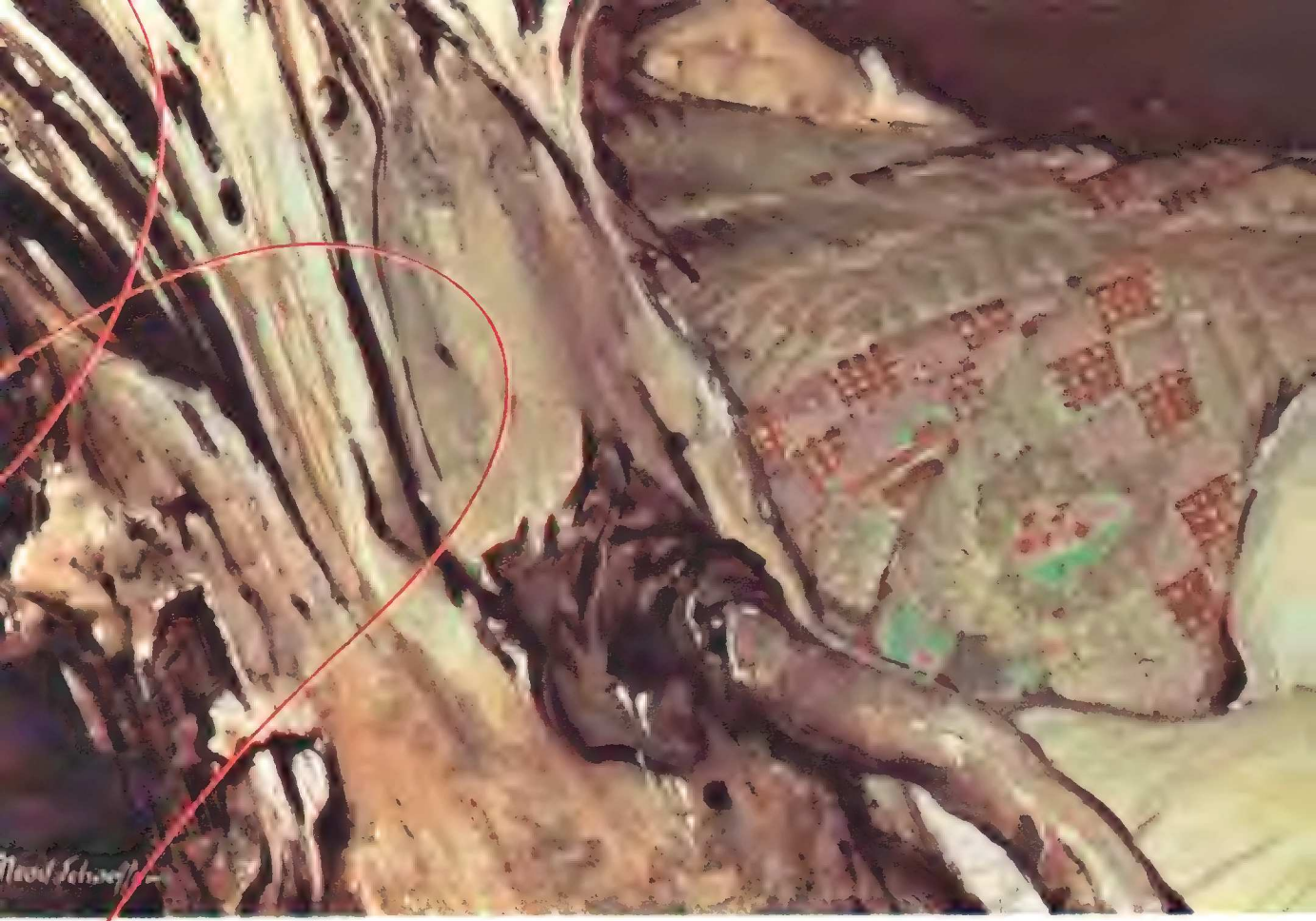
Gastronomically, it is a city of fine old restaurants and tremendous, high-quality cafeterias. Its people eat well. Their fondness for rich sauces and creamy desserts may well be at the root of their recent waistline difficulties.

One of the loveliest girls I met in this city, renowned for its lovely girls, is Mary Connerton, a tall, peach-cheeked typist. She told me she had got into difficulty (15 pounds of it) because she couldn't resist second helpings.

I HAD envisioned Louisville as a city of tall, lean colonels holding a mint julep in one hand and a racing form in the other. Actually, Louisvillians come roundish as well as lean. Some actually waddle. I spent most of my visit talking with the roundish kind, dozens of them.

The story I had heard was true, all right. Louisville was really going to town over weight control. All along busy Fourth Street (the city's main thoroughfare) store windows carried displays of challenging posters with screaming headlines: "Are You Overweight?" Chubby people were staring at the windows, self-consciously sucking in their bay windows. Bookstores featured pyramids of such books as *Your Weight and Your Life*.

As I nosed about town, I observed hundreds of hefty ladies flocking to weight-control classes in public buildings and lining up to weigh in on municipal scales. I saw men waiting in line at local (*Continued on page* 92)



the thin thread

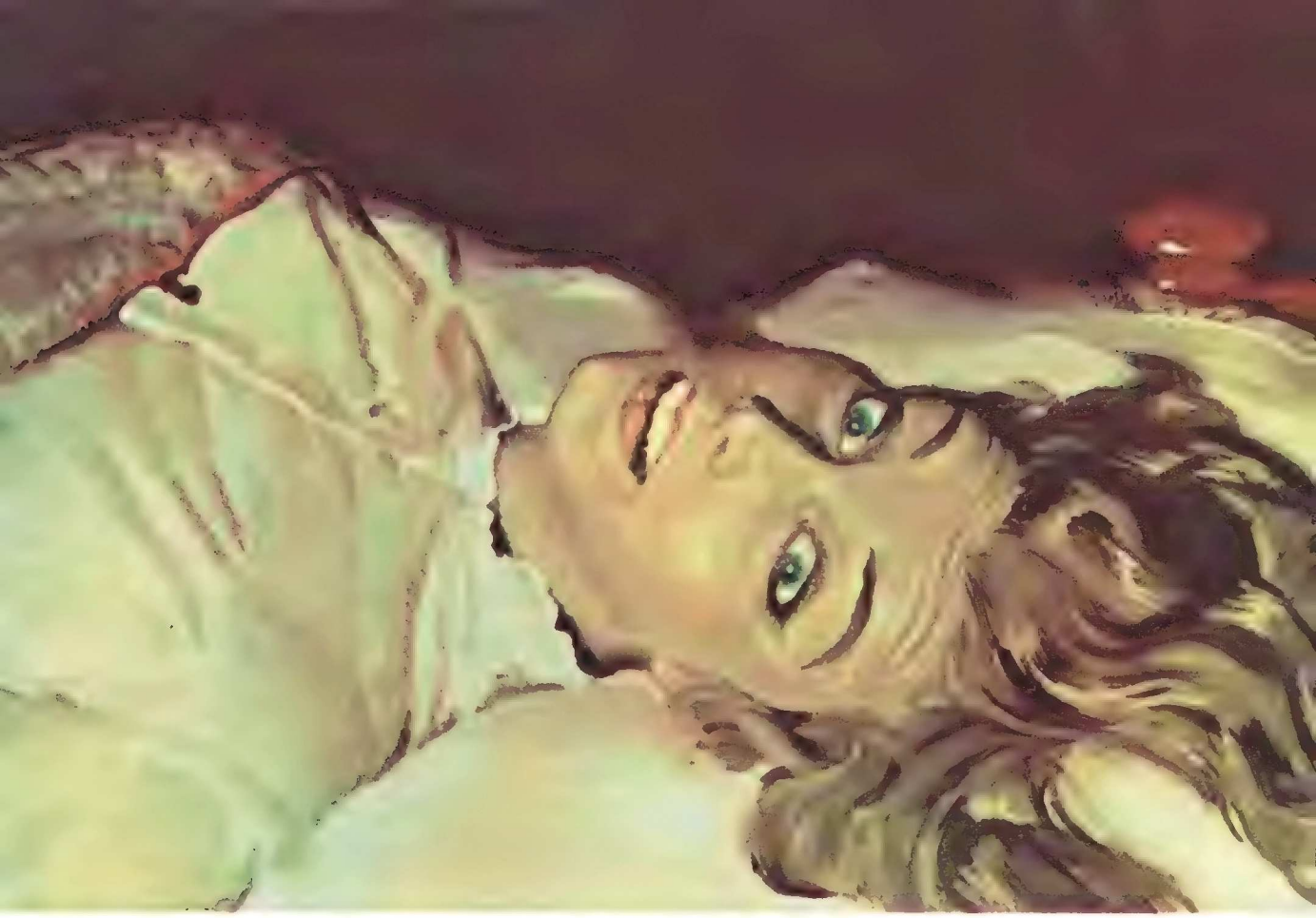
by Don James

A woman knows how fragile the strand of life can be. That is what she builds her future on— and her love

HEAVY winter clouds swept over the Oregon country and rain had drenched the land for days. The rivers were full and the lowlands seeped with the wetness.

Standing in the doorway of the settlers cabin that Joshua, her husband, had built before his death in the summer, Alice Mowery looked across the darkened land. Late afternoon mist swirled and eddied over the fields and timber to obscure even a trace of smoke from other cabins. It was a lonely vista and the young woman's comely face reflected her restlessness.

After a time she went inside, walking slowly because she was heavy with her pregnancy. Water boiled at the fire-



The fir crashed down into the cabin and the storm broke into renewed wildness

place and she made tea, sipping it and shutting her mind against the storm and the loneliness.

When she heard Samuel Riskin call from down the hill she smiled and put down the cup. Instinctively she raised a hand to tuck stray wisps of fair hair into place, and she draped a shawl becomingly over her shoulders, knowing that it would soften the heavy lines of her body.

THEN she opened the door and watched him come toward her. She saw the wetness of his leather jacket, the water-stained boots, and the small drops and rivulets of rain on his face.

"You're wet, Samuel," she said. "You shouldn't have come!"

"I've been wet before," he said with a smile.

In the cabin he warmed himself at the fireplace as they chatted, and the steamy smell of damp leather and wool became strong in the room. He was a young man with a flat breadth of shoulders, good features, a casual ease of lean strength.

Abruptly he said, "You shouldn't be here alone, Alice. Sarah Cowpers wants you there."

"When the time comes," she said, "I'll go to Sarah and she'll help me through."

"In March, you said. It's February."

"I get along, Samuel. It's all right."

He shook his head, and slowly drank his tea. "You need wood," he said. "And the cow should be milked."

"I've milked enough," she protested. "One person doesn't need much.

"There's more than one," he reminded her, his eyes twinkling. "I'll lay in wood and look after things."

It was dusk when he finished. Candles burned on the table and a pot of beans and molasses steamed invitingly. The bread was fresh-baked, the butter newly churned. Silver she had brought on the long trip from Indiana gleamed in the candlelight.

He hesitated at the doorway with the last high armful of wood. "That's nice," he said. "There are things a man misses when he has no wife." She laughed and turned to the fireplace to busy herself. "A man alone doesn't cook right for himself," she said.

HE PILED the wood neatly. "There! That'll keep you a day or so."

"I can never thank you enough, Samuel. I don't know what I'd do."

"One of your dinners is enough! I'll bring you flour the next time, and meat. I got a deer yesterday."

"You mustn't, Samuel! I've plenty."

"Hush!"

He sounded so authoritative that they laughed.

The dinner was good and he told her the news and gossip of the valley. Afterwards he lit a pipe, and the fragrance of tobacco brought a brief sadness to her. For now the shock of grief had numbed itself to sadness, and the things that reminded her of Joshua were poignant only in the loneliness they awakened in her. You couldn't bring back what had been. You could only live with the present, and want for the future.

Carefully Samuel Riskin said, "You won't be able to work this place by yourself, Alice. Not with tending a baby."

She smiled, and her clear blue eyes were unafraid. "Then I'll sell the place. I'm handy with needle and thread. I could start a millinery shop in town. I could find a place with a family."

He shook his head. "We're wasting words. You're young and pretty and you'll marry again. I notice Tom Quentin around quite a bit."

"There'll be more than me," she said quietly. "There'll be two."

"What difference?"

"Doesn't a man want to rear his own?"

"I shouldn't think it'd matter."

"Sometimes you don't think as other men do." She smiled. "You're almost twenty-five and unmarried. That proves it."

"A man gets busy building for himself," he said. "And it's sufficient if you're busy enough."

"What do you do when you've finished building, Samuel?"

He regarded her thoughtfully. "That I'm not sure as yet. Not sure at all."

After he left, she tidied the cabin. She banked wood in the fireplace and sat quietly watching the flames.

The future must take care of itself. She had thought that countless times when the wagon train was crossing the country. She had denied herself the memory of her folks' place in Indiana, the familiar fields, the traveled roads. She had chosen to live Joshua Mowery's life and had envisioned the years ahead as building years with children and land and crops. If the rigors of the wagon train were heartbreaking, they were only payment for the future, and the future would take care of itself for her as it had for everyone who had ever lived.

When Joshua had known about the child just before the sickness had come upon him, a new confidence and seriousness had become part of him, and he had looked at her with a new tenderness.

Then the sickness had come—quick and sure. They had buried Joshua Mowery down the valley in the small cemetery and, until walking became a chore, she had gone there weekly with flowers for the mound that was losing its freshness and becoming part of a soft landscape.

Now she stood and went to the bed to turn back blankets and the quilt her grandmother had given her. If she went to bed quickly and thought about the morning she could go to sleep. The morning would be there when she awakened. The day would have its chores and the hours would have purpose. . . .

When Tom Quentin came the next morning she saw him climb the hill with the plodding, determined stride that reflected him as a man. He was a big man nearing thirty. He carried a sack and she knew that it would contain food for her.

Their greeting was friendly and familiar, as it should be among persons who have traveled long and weary miles together. He took the sack into the cabin and emptied it, glancing at her almost shyly, and listening to her thanks with lowered eyes.

"It's nothing," he protested.

He straightened and looked back through the open door at the first sunlight they had seen in days.

"It's good to see the sun again, Alice. Looked like we'd never get warm nor dried."

"Storms can't last forever, Tom. How are the children?"

"Sue's sneezin' an' coughin', but this sun'll fix her up. Thad's fine."

"And Grandma Fromm?"

"She's old, Alice. Takin' care of a baby is hard for her. Sometimes I worry."

They were silent, and she knew they both thought of the night in the mountain country when Rebecca Quentin had died in childbirth. It had stormed that night, too. Wind had whipped the canvas of the wagons, and cold rain had deluged the camp, so that the stock had huddled miserably and the people had sought the meager comfort of sheltered fires.

They went outside and sat on the small bench Joshua had made. The sun was bright and warm and the land steamed in the morning. The man and woman let the sunlight drench comfortably into their bodies.

After a while Tom spoke without looking at her: "Alice . . . I've been thinkin'. Sooner or later it's got to be said. Now, I think. Before you go to stay with the Cowpers."

"Yes, Tom?"

"When you are through it . . . afterwards . . . I want you to —" He floundered in his words, color mounting to his weather-tanned face. He took a deep, hard breath.

"There's you, Alice, an' there'll be no one but you an' the baby. An' there's me an' my young'ns. If you could see your way clear afterwards . . . you an' me and the young'ns. I feel deep about you, Alice. Remember that before you say. It would be all right. I'd treat you like should be."

She loved a man who stood for all she hated . . .
a thrilling story of land-rush days

NEXT MONTH'S SHORT NOVEL

BOOMER BRIDE

by Frank Bonham

COMPLETE IN THE SEPTEMBER AMERICAN MAGAZINE

"I'm not good with words, Alice," he said softly, "but I guess it's no news to you that I love you"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

As she understood the meaning of his words she became desperately conscious of her swollen body, the heaviness and misshapen awkwardness. She felt a quick anger that he would speak of marriage while Joshua still was so much a part of her, to think of wanting her when she was so wholly another man's at this moment.

She fought back the anger, looking across the fields and seeing them bluer in her tears. After a moment she was able to think differently and resign herself to the realities that had inspired his thinking and words.

"Thank you, Tom."

"You'll think about it?"

"Tom . . . I don't want pity."

"It ain't pity. It's that a man needs a wife an' a woman needs a man, an' the young'ns need them both. An' it ain't as if I didn't want you for what you are yourself, Alice."

THERE were women in her circumstances who would welcome his words, who would welcome marriage with Tom Quentin. Who was she to turn away? Perhaps she still would turn away tomorrow, and next month, and next year as she did now. But it was better to think well and be sure; at least, until afterwards, for then it would all be different.

"I can't say yet," she told him.

"I wouldn't expect you to."

"It's good of you, Tom. It's—it's the greatest thing a man can offer a woman."

He watched her and she saw the earthy directness of his manner in his eyes. Never would he understand what she had thought, nor know the complexities of a woman's mind, nor her feelings. But he would be good to a woman and he would support a family and hew a good, true course in the small areas of his life.

A woman could do worse, she thought.

"You'll be fine for a baby, Alice," he said shyly. "You'll be a fine mother. You're a fine woman."

A quick, understanding smile came to her lips. "You're so direct, Tom!"

"Maybe that, but maybe just that never a day I don't see somethin' in nature that makes me wonder at His plannin' for things."

He awkwardly tapped ashes from his pipe. "Let me know when it's time," he said.

"I will, Tom. And let's not talk nor think of it again until then."

He nodded and looked across the land. His profile was strong and there was a solidness of body that was like the country itself. She thought of Samuel Riskin and recognized the differences between the men, visualizing and comparing Samuel Riskin's lean hardness and restless movements with Tom Quentin's solid strength.

"I'll be gettin' back to the place," Tom Quentin said. "An' I'll see you in a day or so."

"I'll look for you—and thank you, Tom." . . .

SARAH COWPERS settled her large, comfortable body on the bench where Alice and Tom Quentin had sat two hours earlier. She was a little breathless from the climb up the hill.

"Land sakes! Alice, I'm feelin' my age an' weight. But raisin' a family of eight an' livin' on what little fat of the land there is hereabouts five years, I guess I'm really settled—includin' weight!"

Alice smiled. "You're just a large woman, Sarah."

"That's sweet of you, Alice, but I reckon I know the truth." Sarah laughed and fanned herself with a hand.

"Let me fix you tea," Alice said.

"Let's just set and gossip a (*Continued on page* 125)

ILLUSTRATION BY AUGUSTINY

FAMILY MOVING DAY doesn't have to be like this—if it is planned carefully. Nowadays competent movers will take charge and make it easy

Millions on the Move

LONG-DISTANCE MOVING VANS cover more than 3,000,000,000 miles of U. S. highway a year

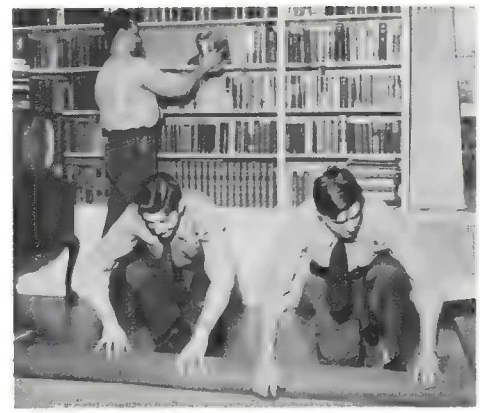
Some 10,000,000 Americans make long-distance moves each year—and this month is the peak. One of the country's biggest movers tells his amazing and amusing experiences, and gives you expert tips on how to avoid headaches and heartaches when transplanting your family

by James D. Edgett

President, North American Van Lines, Inc.

WASHING YOUR DISHES is part of the service provided by cross-country movers

PHOTOS BY BOB JONES



RUGS ARE ROLLED expertly and books are well protected when you let movers pack for you

IF YOU happen to be out on the highways this month you will probably encounter more furniture vans than ever before. August is always the heaviest long-distance moving month of the year, because migrating families with children like to get settled in their new homes before schools open in September, but this August promises to set a record for cross-country traipsing.

This won't mean we have all been bitten by wanderlust all at once, but will highlight a trend of long standing. For more than a decade the American people have been doing more and more moving each year. The thousands of vans which will be rolling over the highways in August will merely dramatize the fact that we're rapidly becoming nomadic as a nation of gypsies.

Right in your own neighborhood you probably know people who have moved time and again over most of the nation. Families which used to live in Kettle Falls, Ore., or Kittery, Maine, are now residing in Knoxville, Tenn., or Kalamazoo, Mich. But next year they may load their possessions into a van and take off again—perhaps for Kitzville, Minn., or Kickapoo, Texas.

After 30 years in the moving business, I am frankly amazed by all this hopping around. A generation ago most families stayed put in one place for life. To pull up stakes in one community and settle down in another was an event of a lifetime. Americans spent only a few hundred thousand dollars a year on long-distance moving.

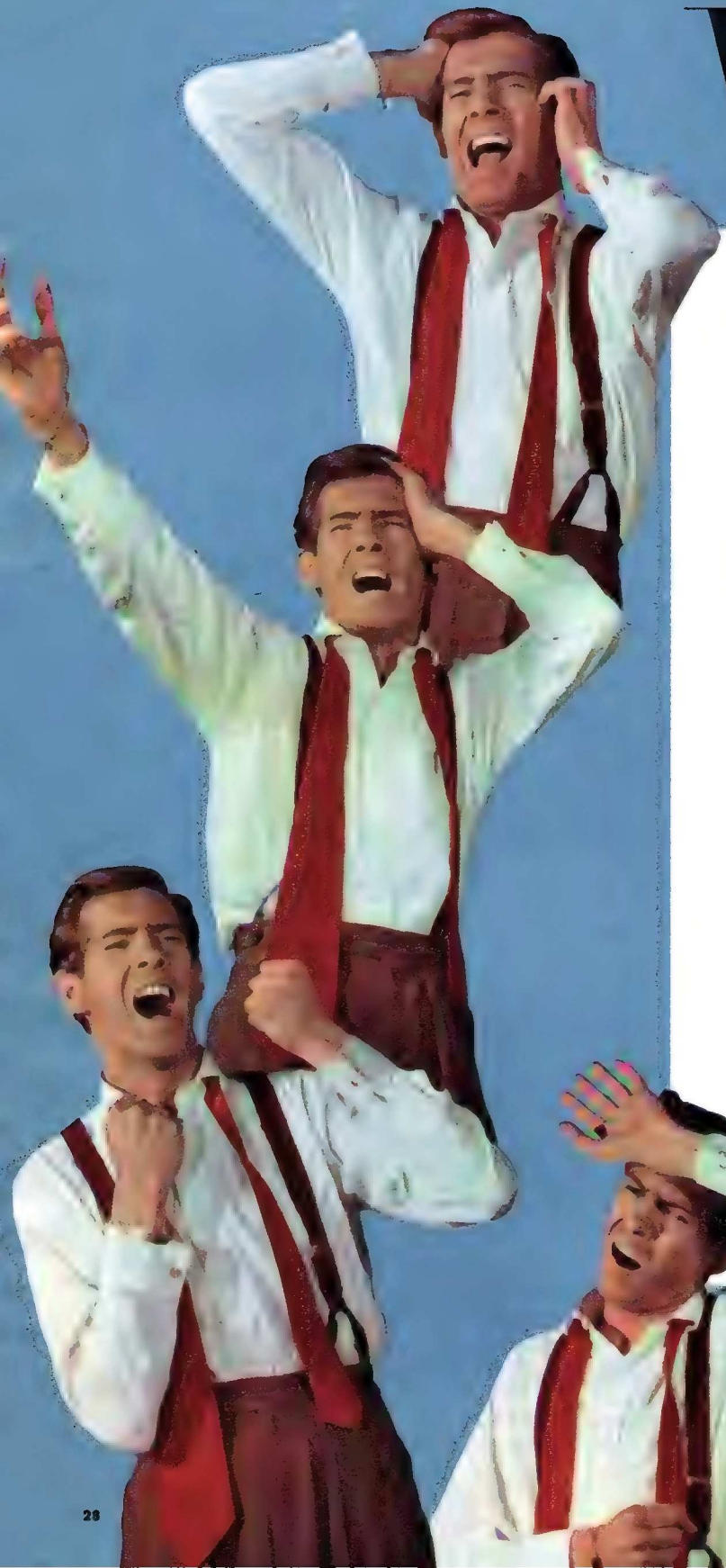
But today about 10,000,000 Americans spend $200,000,000 to make long-distance moves every year, and vans carrying their effects traverse 3,000,000,000 miles of highway. The company with which I am associated, one of the nation's 5 largest, moves a family across-country on the average of once every 4 minutes.

You are probably aware of the main reasons for all this gadding about. Because of the gradual shifting and decentralization of our economy, thousands of business executives, salesmen, engineers, technicians, defense workers, and other breadwinners are transferred hither and yon by their companies. The opening of new industrial areas in the South and West is causing many families to move there from the North and East. The Federal Government shifts a multitude of its employees from place to place every year. Thanks to pension plans, more retired couples are able to change their abodes than in the past. But, common as (*Continued on page* 122)

"LEAVE YOUR FENCE," the moving man advises. "It is cheaper to buy a new one at your destination"

SORRY, NO DOGS: ICC regulations prohibit transporting livestock on interstate moving vans

Who's



THE astounding success of young Johnnie Ray, who weeps real tears as he howls songs of despair, is one of those impossible things that could be imagined only by a deranged author of weird, fantastic, and unbelievable tales. When you hear and see Johnnie Ray, and are told that here is the newest sensation in music, you say, "No! No! It can't be true! Not in civilized America!" It is even more incredible than bubble gum.

But huge numbers of Americans are breathing heavily as they listen to Johnnie's records, and packing theaters where he is appearing in person, to hear him sob as he sings *I Gotta Gal Who Drinks Whisky and Gin*, *The Little White Cloud That Cried*, *What's the Use?* and *Cry*. And when he sobs, the mobs sob, too, and stick around for more punishment at the second show.

The cause for alarm is not Johnnie's success alone. The horrible truth is that he has started an epidemic. He is so drugging the nation that record buyers and patrons of juke joints, night clubs, and theaters are demanding that other singers and composers, too, deliver more and more songs of woe-is-me-my-life-has-gone-to-wrack-and-ruin-and-never-shall-I-rise-from-this-bed-of-pain. Evidently the time is coming when No. 1 on the *Hit Parade* will be a song called something like *Life Couldn't Be Awfuler*, with lyrics such as "My father's in prison for murder. My mother eloped with a dope. My sweetheart has dosed me with arsenic. My funeral's tomorrow, I hope."

Johnnie is a tall, skinny, personable, left-handed ex-hop-picker from Oregon. He is only 25 years old. Last year he owned just one suit of clothes, there were holes in the soles of his shoes, and he

PHOTOS BY OZZIE SWEET

"Singing at the top of his lungs, Johnnie twists his face in agony . . . runs his hands through his hair . . . shakes his fists . . . cuts loose with a final cry of excruciating pain"

Crying Now?

Johnnie Ray, for one—whose mingled songs and tears have made him a fortune overnight. The tears, oddly enough, are genuine. What he's doing to the emotions of millions of fans, young and old, may be something else again

by Jerome Beatty

had something to cry about and no one to cry it with. Not many folks thought he was any good. Finally, almost at the end of his rope, singing for a small salary in Detroit, he was discovered by a talent scout and he hit the jackpot.

Following in the footsteps of Frank Sinatra, Johnnie has inspired mass hysteria among millions of bobby-soxers, but that isn't all. Certain kinds of adults go for Johnnie, too—the unhappy who weep easily and love to do it, the jazz and blues addicts who have found a new, double-distilled brand of hop (the hoppier hop), and folks who listen to him because they are fascinated by curiosities. Johnnie's appeal has been so terrific that in the first year of his skyrocketing career he will gross considerably more than $400,000 for his performances in night clubs and movie theaters and on television, for the sale of his phonograph records and of the sheet music of his own compositions, and for the use of his name on "Johnnie Ray" products, such as a wallet, a compact, and various kinds of male wearing apparel. That's pretty good wages for a kid singer, composer, and piano player, who never had a music lesson in his life.

Johnnie's singing shows the influence of the great Negro blues shouters of the past, the men who originated American jazz. His diction is that of Basin Street and the Memphis levee, charged with bla-bla-de-dah. He delivers *Don't Blame Me* as "Do-hon't bl-a-a-uh- (*Continued on page* 116)

Partial deafness came to Johnnie as a result of falling on his head when he was 12 years old. Consequently he has to sing loud to stay on key

The CHIEF

Train 19, Westbound, New York, Washington, Chicago, Phoenix, California
Daily All-Pullman Streamliner, Extra Fare

Alti-tude	Mls.	Read Down		Alti-tude	Mls.	Read Down	
		N.Y.C. 20th Century					N.Mex. *1235PM
55	0	Lv NEW YORK (EST)					
593	961	Ar CHICAGO (CS					
		P.R.R.					
55	0	Lv NEW					
100	86	Lv N					
745	439	Lv P					
593	908	Ar					
25	0						
745	29						
593	7						
593							
549							
525							
515							
555							
523	2-						
521	232						
	234	Lv					
	251	Cr					
	268	..Cross					
	279	..Cross					
513	312	Lv LA P					
	323	Cross					
557	346	Lv MARC					
	369	....Cross					
564	386	Lv CARROLL					
	424	...Cross Missou					
581	450	Ar KANSAS CITY					
581	450	Lv KANSAS C					
538	562	Lv EMPORI					
545	635	Ar NEWT					
545	635	Lv NEW					
530	668	Lv HU					
	670	..Cr					
	750	..C					
566	789	Ar D					
		At wat					
586	789	Lv DO					
	916	..Cros					
	957	C					
	970	..Cross					
545	991	Ar LA JUN					
545	991	Lv LA JUNTA					
		Wonderful view Mountains.					
571	1073	Lv TRINID					
522	1088	Cross Colo ico bo Raton mile lo on th					
	1095	Lv R					
500	1181	Lv Va					
		†Sto disch schedul to Kans passenger stops Bar Angeles.					
	1201	Ar LAS VEGAS					
570	1201	Lv LAS VEG					
	1205	..Cros					

The CHIEF

Train 20, Eastbound, California, Phoenix, Chicago, Washington, New York
Daily All-Pullman Streamliner, Extra Fare

Alti-tude	Mls.	Read Down		Alti-tude	Mls.	Read Down	
13		Chicago Pullman leaves San Diego 7.45 am in train No. 71, arrives Los Angeles 10.30 am, where car is switched to The Chief.			991	.....Cross Pecos River.....	10.20PM
					1020	...Cross Gallinas River...	11.10PM
313	0	Lv LOS ANGELES ... Cal.	12.30PM	6392	1021	Ar LAS VEGAS....N.Mex.	11.15PM
	2	..Cross Los Angeles River..	12.35PM	6392	1021	Lv LAS VEGAS....N.Mex.	11.25PM
		Long Beach passengers for The Chief leave at 11.25 am., via motor coach for Pasadena.				Passing through Rocky Mountains—beautiful views of mountains.	
				6328	1045	Lv VALMORA.....N.Mex.	*1205PM
830	9	Lv PASADENA... ...Cal.	1.00PM			▲ Stops at Valmora only to discharge passengers from scheduled stops Los Angeles to Barstow; also to receive passengers for scheduled stops Kansas City to Chicago.	
	21	..Cross San Gabriel River..	1.23PM				
		Stops at Monrovia 1.20 am., Pomona 1.42 pm., remont 1.44 p.m. and and 1.50 pm., to receive ers for Albuquer- beyond.		6666	1131	Ar RATON.....N.Mex.	1.25PM
				6666	1131	Lv RATON.....N.Mex.	1.30PM
		ERNARDINO ...	2.15PM	7622	1138	Cross New Mexico Colorado boundary through Raton Tunnel, one-half mile long and highest point on the Santa Fe.	1.46PM
		ERNARDINO ...	2.18PM				
		...ss between San ...ino and San Ga- ...a.					
		...ves Mojave River....	3.45PM	5971	1153	Lv TRINIDAD.....Colo.	2.35PM
		...ARSTOW.....Cal.	4.23PM	4045	1235	Ar LA JUNTA.....Colo.	4.00PM
		BARSTOW.....Cal.	4.30PM	4045	1235	Lv LA JUNTA.....Colo.	4.10PM
		...EDLES .....Cal.	7.13PM		1256	..Cross Purgatoire River..	4.30PM
		...(PST) ...Cal.	7.23PM		1269	.....Caddoa Dam.....	
		...turn ...			1310	....Cross Arkansas River...	5.25PM
			9.26PM	2486	1437	Ar DODGE CITY (MST). Kan.	7.15PM
						At Dodge City turn watches AHEAD one hour.	
						...GE CITY (CST). Kan.	8.20PM
						...River...	8.52PM
							9.58PM
							0.02PM
							0.45PM

She did it wrong

You can learn a lot about love from books but a girl should trust her feminine intuition when it comes to men

by Gina Allen

ILLUSTRATION BY MORGAN KANE

DOES anybody want a book on how to hold your husband? I have one that I am going to throw away as soon as everyone has seen the wedding presents. Chris gave it to me, naturally.

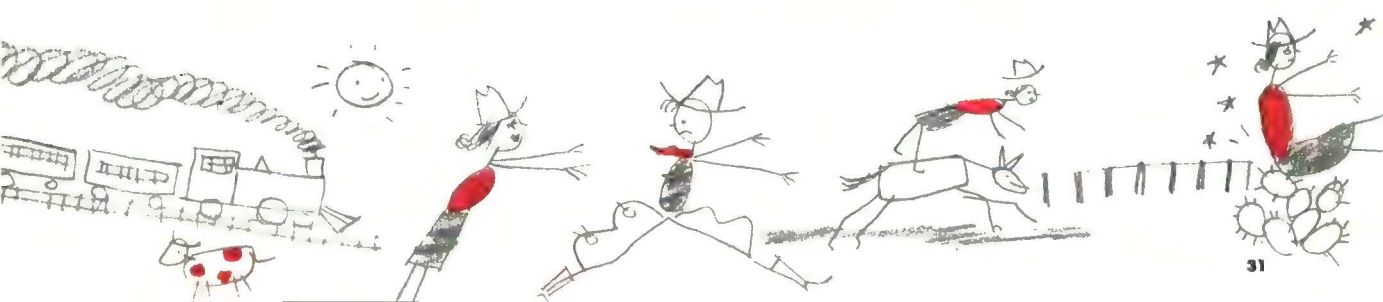
Chris is—was—my roommate, and she believes in "How To—" books. Not for herself, of course, since she is a psychologist and different from other people. "But for the average person like you, Milly," Chris has often told me, "'How To—' books are a boon you cannot afford to ignore in a competitive society."

Thanks to Chris, I have always had a book to tell me how to do whatever needed doing. Take the time I landed the lovely new job as secretary to the handsome Mr. Wesley Phillips. I was single then, of course, and living in this little apartment with Chris. I came home raving about the job *and* Mr. Phillips. So Chris took my temperature and counted my pulse. She did this because she was writing a paper for one of her psychological journals on "Physical Reactions to Emotional Stress," and she was always taking someone's pulse. And then, in honor of my new job, she gave me a book on how to be a perfect secretary.

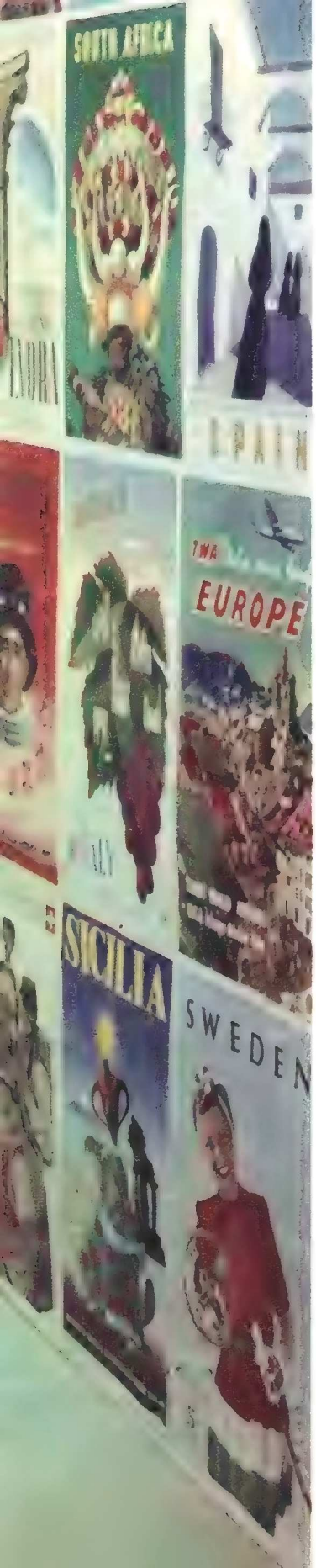
I didn't tell her that all the books on earth couldn't improve my shorthand, which only I can decipher—if I'm lucky. But I did read the book, because I did want to be a perfect secretary for Mr. Wesley Phillips.

Mr. Phillips was the kind of man you expect to meet only in dreams. He was young, handsome, successful, single. But he was also uninterested. I found that out in a hurry. The closer I came to being a perfect secretary the closer Mr. Phillips came to ignoring me completely. It was most discouraging.

I didn't suppose Chris (*Continued on page* 118)



Whatever your tastes, from exciting American vacation resorts to round-the-world cruises, off-season travel offers enticing rewards—at bargain rates



Your Fall Ticket to Adventure

LOTS of the good things in life happen more often by accident than by design. And it was sheer accident that brought me my first appreciation of the delights of fall vacationing. . . .

Fifteen years ago, for our first vacation-with-pay since college days, two cronies and I decided to revisit Yellowstone Park. We had paid part of our school expenses by driving sight-seeing busses there several summers, and now we wanted to go back in typical tourist fashion.

But we were very junior members of our firms and the only time vacation schedules coincided was mid-September. It was too late for the peak park season, but on impulse we went, anyway. And what a revelation it was! It was like seeing the mountains for the first time, even though I had spent ten summers in Colorado and Wyoming.

Sumac was red along the road, and high up among the dark-green firs and pines, thickets of aspen trees were yellow flames. Snow-capped peaks wore pastel shades in the bluish haze, and the perfect weather seemed to hold the world suspended in a breathless pause between summer and winter. It was lazy, dreamy kind of weather—the kind when the spirit of gypsy wanderlust all but tugs you by the hand.

What a shame, we thought, that custom and business insist that people travel almost exclusively in July and August. The big hotels like Old Faithful Inn were just closing, though it seemed to us the best time of year. Cabins and cafeterias in the park were staying open, however, until heavy snow closed the roads in late fall.

It was such pleasant driving, with few cars on the road, that we went on north to Glacier Park and Banff and Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies. It was even warmer in the Canadian Rockies than it had been in Yellowstone, perhaps because the valleys and main roads are at much lower altitudes.

Ever since that September I have been an enthusiastic fall or "off-season" vacationist. I'm not alone, either, for millions of Americans are beginning to discover, as I did, the delights of autumn travel. The summer crowds have gone home, the heat and bugs of August give way to sparkling cool weather, and, best of all, prices are down. Hotel reservations are easy to get (the spaciousness of a well-appointed corner room makes me feel like a millionaire without collapsing my pocketbook), and the service generally is excellent.

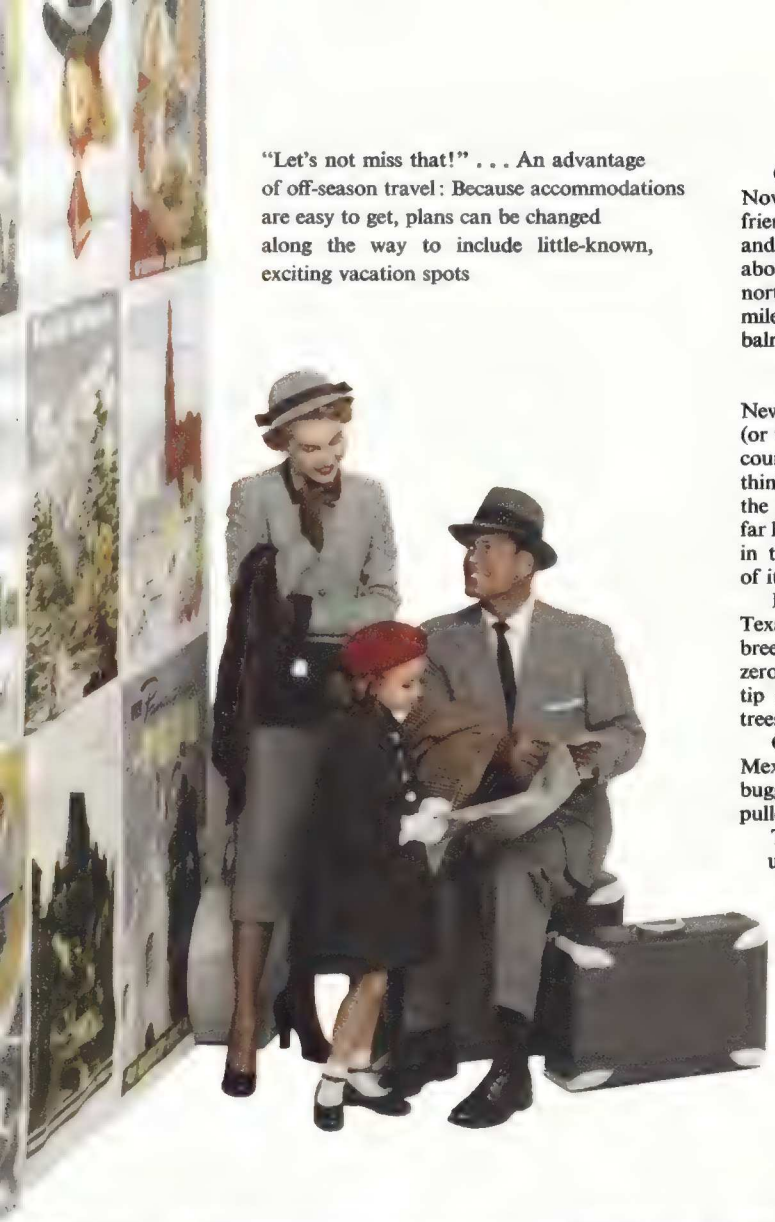
There are other advantages, too. You can get seats on trains, planes, and busses; guides offer more personal attention, and you see places in their natural state—not all decked out for tourists. Best of all, of course, you don't have that feeling of being rushed along with the crowd.

I've found that all this works out for travel outside the United States, too, and particularly for Europe, where this year a total of more than half a million Americans are crisscrossing one another during the summer months.

by Wayne Amos

PHOTO BY ALAN FONTAINE

"Let's not miss that!" . . . An advantage of off-season travel: Because accommodations are easy to get, plans can be changed along the way to include little-known, exciting vacation spots



One off-season trip in the U.S. I'll never forget began in November in the midst of a Kansas snowstorm. A girl-friend of mine and her mother and I stepped on the gas and headed south, cheerfully listening to radio forecasts about the zero weather that was sweeping down from the north. We drove all day and far into the evening—740 miles—and finally stopped for the rest of the night in balmy warm weather at Wichita Falls, Texas.

Next day we turned toward the great Southwest of New Mexico and Arizona. No place equals this for a fall (or winter or spring) trip. Whenever I am in some foreign country and begin to get homesick for "the States," I think first of all of the Southwest in autumn. Somehow, the great expanses with mountains always outlining the far horizon, the rich reds and browns, the flowers blooming in the desert, the warm "howdy" greetings, the bigness of it all—these all symbolize, in my mind, the U.S.A.

From Phoenix, Ariz., we swung back to El Paso, Texas, loafed down along the Rio Grande, where the breeze was often scented with orange blossoms (it was zero for sure back home), and drifted down to the southern tip of Texas, which is much like Florida—rich in palm trees and hundreds of orange and lemon groves.

Crossing the border, we drove on to Monterrey in Old Mexico, where we put the car away and rented a horse and buggy, practicing our school Spanish on the driver. He pulled out a guitar from nowhere and taught us a song.

Two things especially amazed me about Mexico that unforgettable fall—the low prices and the beautiful tile work everywhere. My hotel bathroom was a pleasant study in white, gay yellows, and dark blues. In the wall over the tub was the biggest water pipe I ever saw. When I turned the tap, out poured a waterfall.

We did not have the time to go on down to Mexico City, but that is one future trip high on my list. It's fine all year round, friends tell me, because of its high altitude, but the best time for the trip is in the fall or spring.

RIVERBOAT CRUISES on the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers take on added enchantment in the autumn

GRAND CANYON, ARIZ., is a particularly awe-inspiring and beautiful sight late in the season

In fact, almost all of North America is at its best some time in the fall or spring, as is South America and the Caribbean. In southern climes you can linger on for winter, which brings the height of the season. The "Deep South" along the Mississippi Gulf Coast, for example, begins to bloom in November and is at its flowery height in January.

Coastal California is good all year round, but I have always found the weather most dependable in the fall. Some time soon I want to take that wild drive again from San Luis Obispo along the coast to Monterey. In some places the road snakes 3,000 feet up on the sheer mountainsides, with the Pacific Ocean—varicolored from that height—almost directly below. There used to be a sign on the roadside, and may still be, which read: "Curves next 63 miles."

There are calmer drives, of course, all up and down the West Coast, and breath-taking autumnal scenes amid mountains and deserts that I shall never forget.

Another fall vacation trip I want to retrace some day took me by leisurely stages through the wine country of California (there's a suggestion of Italy and Spain in the grape-covered hills and the colorful countryside) into San Francisco, for a week of de luxe sight-seeing and even better eating, and then over the wonder drives of Oregon and Washington to Portland and Seattle, stopping occasionally to "wet a line" in a few of the Northwest's many enticing trout streams. Incidentally, a much-used piece of equipment on that trip was a portable grill. If you haven't tasted a freshly caught trout cooked in the out-of-doors, it is reasonably safe to say you haven't lived!

BACK eastward, a favorite fall vacation land for many of my friends is the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in Tennessee. Crowded in summer because it is our most-visited national park, the Smokies are at their best in the autumn. And the same is true of Missouri's Ozark country, where the lazy days of Indian summer lure an ever-increasing number of family vacationists.

Visitors throng to Virginia's historic shrines at all seasons, but a trip to the Jamestown–Williamsburg–Yorktown triangle in October several years ago convinced me that autumn is the best time to see these landmarks of colonial history. The days are cool, the rush of summer crowds is over, leaving time for appreciation of the nation's early beginnings, and there is, everywhere, the brilliant-hued Scotch broom. Its greatest profusion is in the Yorktown battlefield area and, according to local tradition, is a relic of that Revolutionary struggle. In any event, I found it pleasant to believe that the first seeds of all this beauty were transported to America in hay shipped from England for Cornwallis' horses.

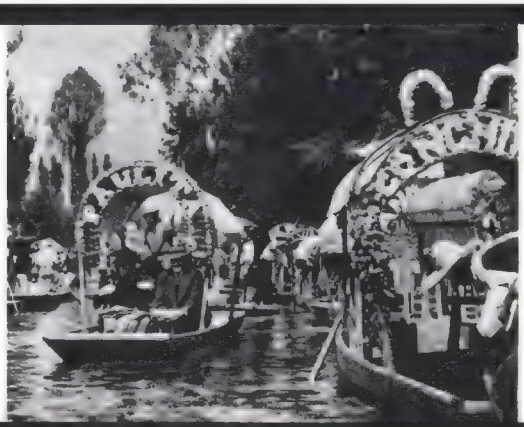
BECAUSE there is time for leisurely gossip with local residents in the fall, stories like the one about the origin of our Scotch broom are forever cropping up and adding to the lasting interest of my trips. And no place has more delightful anecdotes than the Pennsylvania Dutch country and nearby Gettysburg. Nor more interesting and unusual food. In a spick-and-span little tavern near Lancaster I had my first taste of *schnitz un knepp* and shoofly pie, and, if I can find my way back there next month, I'll be on hand for more of those intriguing dishes.

Even New York City quickens with new life with the return of crisp, cool weather. The excitement of theater openings, a possible World Series, and other distinct fall attractions add to the magic of this world's wonderland. And, I have learned from experience, hotel rooms are easier to obtain.

Gaspé and the Laurentian Mountains in Quebec are a fall discovery—in October it's warmer in the Laurentians, strangely, than in the neighboring mountains across the border to the south. Bustling Montreal and historic Quebec have lured me many times, but when next I return it will be in late September or early October, for then I find these interesting cities at their best.

New England, with its unobstructed roads in the fall, its unsurpassed fall foliage, particularly the famous maple trees in New Hampshire and Vermont from mid-September through October, and its historical interest, is ideal for trips by car, bus, or rail. The (*Continued on page* 86)

IN QUEBEC, CANADA, native children like these with their quaint dogcart, will give you a friendly greeting



FLOWER BOATS AT XOCHIMILCO, MEXICO—exotic atmosphere and unusual sights at attractive off-season rates

PHOTOS BY MONKMEYER AND K. FRED MILLER

Two Men On...

It isn't easy for a left-out kid to prove himself worthy to the gang—especially with a father like Don's

by Newlin B. Wildes

ILLUSTRATION BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

NICK said, "You can stay here, Don, and get the back yard raked up," biting the words off brusquely. "We'll be back about five." So the boy went out and scratched halfheartedly along the picket fence until he saw his father back the car out of the garage and disappear around the corner. Then he stood, knowing what he was going to do, but hesitating to do it.

It did not matter how many times he told himself that he wasn't going to—that was only putting off the moment when he leaned the rake against the outdoor fireplace and went on into the house and upstairs to Nick's room, where he knew he should not be, but where he had planned, deep in his heart, to be just as soon as he got the chance. Ever since he had discovered the hiding place. But he stopped first, and looked at himself in the full-length mirror on the bathroom door.

He did not look straight at his image in the mirror. Rather, he peeked at it sideways, surreptitiously, trying to concentrate on the parts that were good. He saw a figure which was big enough for fifteen years, big enough in height and in width of shoulders, but which was too fat, too heavy through the middle, too slouchy in the bulky blue sweater and khaki trousers. A figure which was lumpy and indecisive, and which went with the face.

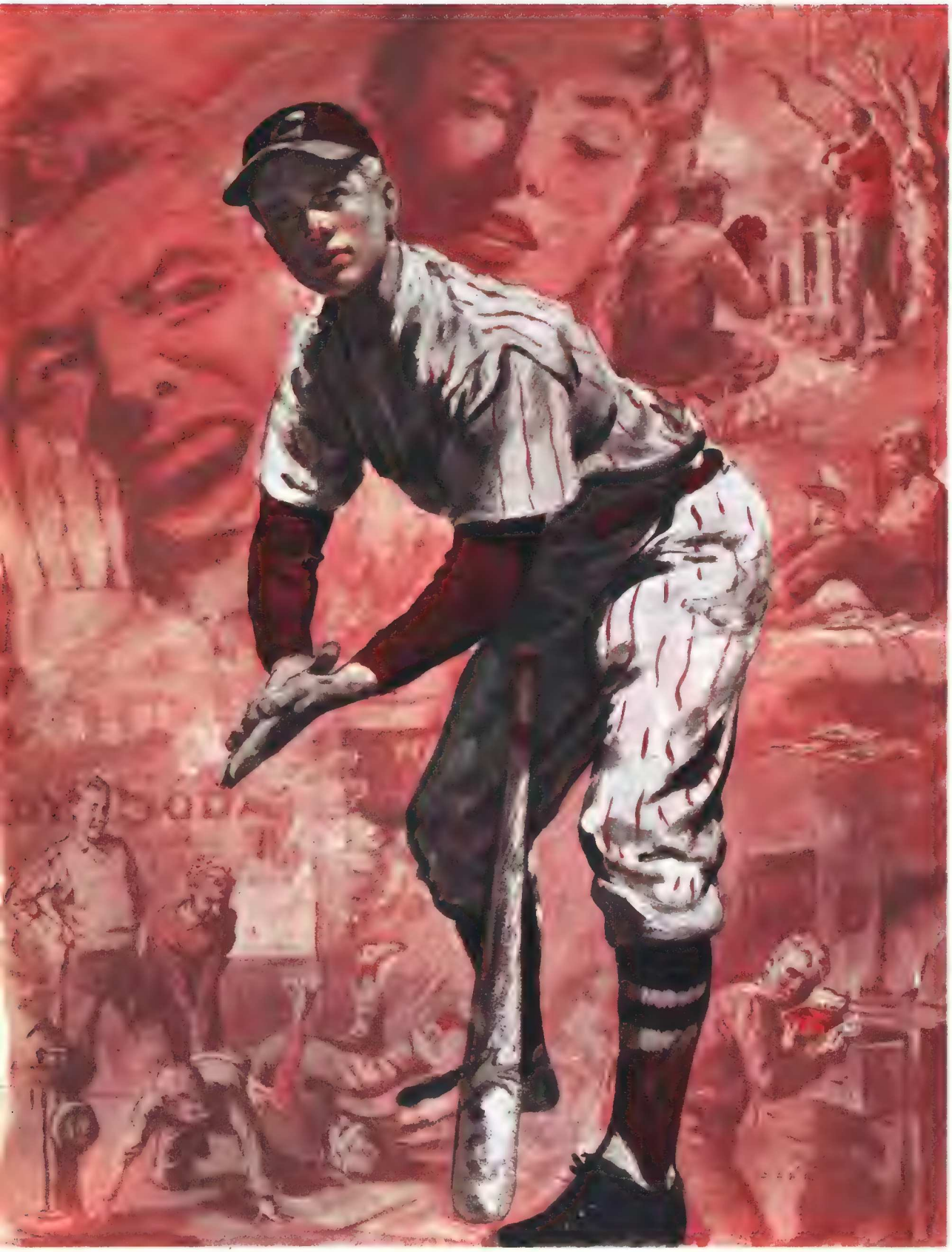
The face was almost round, and flabby, with a few small red blotches around the mouth, and with eyes that were dark and dull and defiant, unwilling to look straight at themselves. Not bad eyes, really, but suspicious, wary, in a head that was well shaped under straggly, unkempt blond hair. He grimaced, showing the image that he didn't care what he saw, that it didn't make any difference. He went on over to the high dresser in the corner, and reached out a hand to the small top drawer on the right-hand side. Then, suddenly, the hand stopped and he stood there motionless.

"If you do this," he thought, "you will get caught. Then there will be trouble. Real trouble. Don't do it." He did not move for seconds, his hand out straight, frozen. Then his hand moved.

He thought of the gang that would be down at the sweetshop—of Harker, big and confident and running things. Harker, who might be polite and decent and let him in with the rest for a while, at least. Just for a little while. Just so that he could sit up there on the stools with them and talk and laugh and have the glow of belonging. Harker, whom he hated, but who was so important to him because he meant companionship.

His hand went out and he opened the small drawer, feeling weak and a little (*Continued on page* 75)

As he stood there and heard that voice shout, "Come on, kid," Don knew he would never be alone again

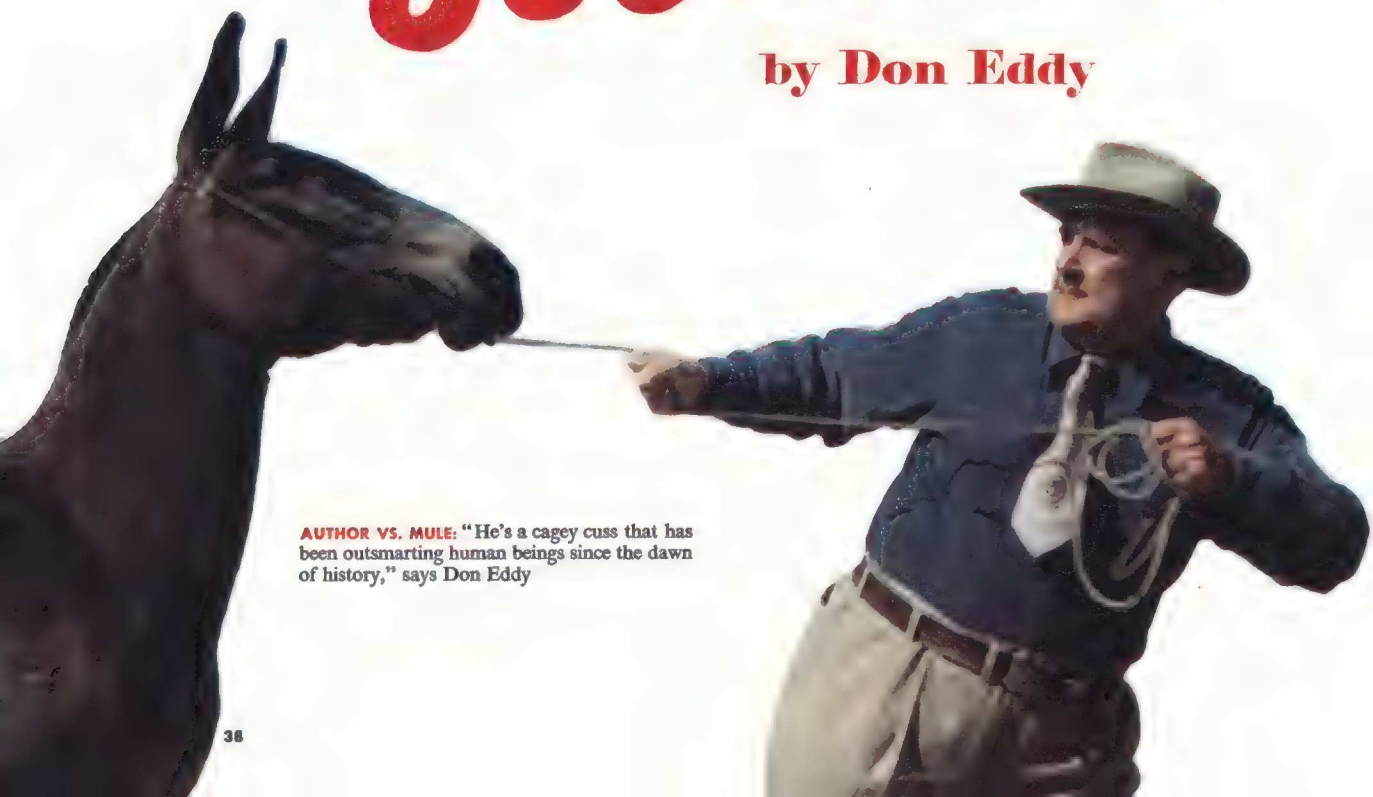


SPRING PLOWING IN ARKANSAS: Thousands of little farms still depend on mule-power because jughead can do some things a tractor can't

The unruly mule is doing fine despite the experts' predictions that he's on his way out. Our mulish reporter found at least 2,000,000 of the critters, fat and sassy, strutting over farms and bossing men around as they've always done

Don't Give Up On JUGHEAD!

by Don Eddy



AUTHOR VS. MULE: "He's a cagey cuss that has been outsmarting human beings since the dawn of history," says Don Eddy

HOW MULES ARE BORN: Breeders exhibit three critters (left) produced by marriage of mare (mamma) and jackass (papa)

MULE AUCTION: An exciting event in Columbia, Tenn., where eager bidders buy $50,000 worth of mules every Thursday

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN SPAIN & BRADLEY SMITH & KEITH STUDIOS

WHEN a famous statistician predicted recently that the mule was about to become extinct in the United States, a chorus of derisive heehaws arose from all around the nation. These were the voices of men who know the mule best—the disorganized, disillusioned fraternity of onetime muleteers. They were willing to bet their Sunday shirts that it would take more than a statistician to make a statistic out of a cagey cuss which has been outsmarting human beings since the dawn of history.

Me, I agreed. As an unreconstructed Missouri country boy, I had been hearing that dolorous prophecy since I was knee-high to a knothole. I remember the day Grandpa got his first tractor and remarked with considerable satisfaction: "These contraptions will kill off the mules." We had a mule named Phoebe at the time. I hated to think of Phoebe getting killed off by a contraption, so I climbed the gate of her stall to bid her fond farewell. Phoebe watched benignly until I was balanced on the top rail, and then she kicked that gate so hard I flew clear over into the chicken yard. A wonderful character, Phoebe was. If you like mules.

Personally, I can take my mules or I can leave 'em lay, which is much safer. But as an old mule skinner with scars to prove it, I deemed it my duty to set down a few facts about this remarkable creature for the edification of rising generations who wouldn't know a mule if one sauntered up and leered at them. Since the man said they were becoming extinct, I presumed my report should take the form of a sympathetic adieu to this noble friend of mankind.

With tear ducts primed and crying towel in hand, I set off on an exploratory tour through the 10 states where mules were traditionally popular. And what did I find? Gloomy mules? Rheumy mules? Vanishing mules? You should so kindly pardon my bitter titter.

I found those ornery, hammer-heeled, barrel-backed jugheads strutting all over the hills and hollers just as in days of yore, fat and sassy as ever, bossing their men around as they have always done, living off the top of the crop. Apparently, somebody has neglected to notify them that they are becoming extinct, and the whole thing makes me pretty discombobulated.

I found at least 2,000,000 mules. That's only about a third as many as there were in their peak year, 1925, but it's still an awful lot of mules. And they are worth a pile of money. Farm prices run around $100 a head, but such specialists as tobacco planters are paying considerably more because mules can do some things tractors can't. At the nation's mule capital, Columbia, Tenn., I found about $50,000 worth of mules being sold every Thursday, some $2,500,000 worth a year. If that is extinction I should be so extinct.

COLUMBIA, incidentally, is quite a bailiwick. As I drove into town one Wednesday evening, the first thing I saw was a big sign welcoming me to "The Dimple of the Universe." I thought that was real nice. The next thing I saw was a big farm truck careening out of a side road behind the sign. As it missed me by a shiver, I heard a roaring Bronx cheer and saw that it was loaded with mules, all wagging their ears and eying me balefully. From then until morning the roads were cluttered with mules arriving in trucks and afoot for the forthcoming sale.

By daylight, Columbia turned out to be a buzzy, tree-shaded town of 11,000 souls dominated by Maury County's courthouse and stretching comfortably along a rolling ridge in the green hills 43 miles south of Nashville. But it is, alas, a town divided. Its progressives lately have taken to bragging more about its new industries than about its mules, thus causing extreme discomfort to many of the old-timers who are proud that mules have been its big business since before the Civil War. Until very (*Continued on page* 80)

Award of Merit

by Mary Knowles

NORMAN BARKER wakened to a rainy day and he swore softly. Today was Saturday and the Dixon County Livestock show. Norman, as Professor of Animal Husbandry, was judge of the Junior Fat Steer Division. The judging would have to be done in the coliseum now instead of outdoors, where animals and handlers were at their best.

He turned over and tried to go back to sleep, but five-year-old Bunny began to cry and he heard Alice get out of bed. All three of the children had the measles,

He got out of bed and stood by the window looking towards the campus, a tall, lean-faced man with blue eyes. When would the new head of the Animal Husbandry Department be named? He was the logical person for the job. *Unless a man was brought in from somewhere else.* Norman had a moment of panic, of wondering if he'd gone as far as he ever would in his career.

He was dressing when Alice came and stood beside him. "Darling," she said, "we must go over the budget this morning and pay Dr. Thomson." She smiled, but she turned abruptly and went out.

It was noon before they got to the budget. The results were no better than they ever were. The cost of living was still going up, but his salary wasn't. "Ten to Dr. Thomson; that's all, honey."

"Norman, you must get that appointment! You have the qualifications! We can't go on like this. Never—" She stopped and he saw she was close to tears. He tried to think of something hopeful to say, and then the door chimes rang.

Alice got up. "I'll answer it." In a minute she was back. "It's Parley Stone. Do you suppose—" The look of hope in her eyes made his throat tighten.

"Parley is president of the Board of Regents, dear. Not the president of State College."

"But why else would he be calling on you?"

Yes, why? Norman scarcely knew Parley Stone, but the wealthy cattleman had a great deal of influence with President Franklin.

Norman entered the library. "Good morning, Mr. Stone."

PARLEY was a big man with a tanned, outdoor look. Piercing black eyes sized Norman up. "Hello, Professor."

They shook hands and Norman felt the strength of the other man's grip. "When I learned you were judging today I went to see President Franklin. I'm thinking of giving the college a new science building."

"Splendid, Mr. Stone." *But what has that to do with my being judge?*

"There's a boy I've taken an interest in. Joe Hardman. He has a fine steer, Defiance, in the show today. I want Defiance to take the Grand Champion Award."

"Perhaps he will if—"

"You'll be the judge, Professor." The words were said meaningly. "I have to go now." At the door he paused. "I told President Franklin that I might write a check for the building tomorrow—if I'm still in a good mood after the judging. See you later." Then he was gone, and Norman's collar felt suddenly too tight.

"Was it about the appointment?" Alice was beside him, anticipation making her face glow.

He told her, anger in his voice, and he waited for her indignant protest. Instead, she stood there and her eyes seemed to plead, "If Joe's steer is almost as good, couldn't you just this once compromise with your conscience and decide in his favor?" Then he heard Bunny cry. She smiled and kissed him. "I know you'll do what's right." He saw tears in her eyes as she turned to go, and they seemed to beg, "*This is your big chance, Norman. Your appointment depends on it. Don't throw it away.*"

NORMAN got in his car and headed it toward the highway. Maybe he'd been an idealistic fool all his life, but now he was through. Unless Defiance was a spavined critter he was going to award him top prize.

He reached the fairgrounds and joined the holiday crowd pouring into the coliseum. He went up the stairs to the balcony and looked down on the scene below. Even despite his worry he felt a thrill. Below in individual pens were steers of every breed, and he knew that to each boy and girl there his animal was perfect. They had cared for the steers since they were wobbly-legged calves.

He saw a tall, black-haired boy go to a pen midway down the row and pat his steer, a shiny black Angus.

"That's Joe Hardman." Parley was beside him. Norman looked at the Angus steer with new interest. It was large enough to be in the prime class. Maybe it would honestly be top animal.

"Joe came to my ranch last year and asked for a job," Parley said. "I took a liking to him because he was good with animals. A week later the sheriff came for him. Joe had escaped from Bayle Reformatory. They paroled him to me. He has his heart set on the Grand Champion Award. All he needs now to go straight is encouragement."

"Hasn't he plenty of that with you sponsoring him?"

"That isn't community approval. Think what it would mean to have his picture in the paper for something he can be proud of! He *must* win the prize, Professor!"

The next minute Parley was gone and the announcement came over the loud-speaker that judging would begin. Earlier the steers had been classified into groups according to their weights. Joe's steer placed first in the prime group; now the Grand Champion winner must be chosen from first-prize winners from each group.

Finally there was only Joe's Defiance and Kurt Swen-

AN AMERICAN SHORT SHORT STORY

Now Norman knew that winning the purple ribbon was the most important thing in the boy's life

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD KOHN

son's Hereford, Enterprise, left. Norman's experienced eyes went over the steers again. An animal that had reached the peak of perfection was said to be "at twelve o'clock." Past twelve it became too fat, dauby, washy. Norman knew then. *Enterprise was at twelve o'clock. He was the Grand Champion.*

A CROWD had gathered. He saw Parley, his face tense. Norman looked at the two boys standing beside their steers. Kurt Swenson was a fine-looking boy, representing all the finest qualities in American youth. *But he doesn't need encouragement!* He looked at Joe. There was almost a nonchalant slouch to his body, and then Norman saw the boy's fingers were crossed tight. He knew that winning the purple ribbon was the most important thing in the boy's life.

No one would question his decision if he awarded Defiance top prize. He hesitated and then he saw the faces of the youth about him. If he judged dishonestly he would betray them. *It's the animals you're judging, Professor. Not the boys.*

He draped the purple ribbon on Enterprise. "I put this steer up for Grand Champion of the show." He saw the stricken look on Joe's face. Parley brushed by him. "You fool!" he whispered. "I thought you understood."

Norman walked unseeingly through the crowd and drove home, still haunted by Joe's face.

Alice met him at the door and he took her in his arms. "The judging was broadcast over the radio, Norman. I'm glad you were honest. That's why I love you so much."

For a moment it was enough. Alice loved him and they had a good life together, and then he remembered Joe. "If you could have seen the look on Joe's face."

"He's in the library, Norman, waiting to see you."

Joe was standing before the fire.

"You wanted to see me?" Norman asked.

Joe whirled around. "Yes, sir. I've got a few things to say. I wanted that purple ribbon more than—"

"Maybe next year, Joe," Norman began.

"Let me get this off my chest—please. All my life I figured most people aren't honest or good. Everybody's got his price. But this afternoon I got something better than a purple ribbon. I found out there are some guys who can't be bought."

Norman started. "How did you—"

"Mr. Stone told me. He didn't mean to, but he was so sure you'd play ball that he let it out when Defiance didn't win. You could have had a promotion but you was too honest. So—" He swallowed, said huskily, "Maybe the other things the Holy Joes preached are right, too, and if a guy plays it square maybe he isn't such a sap."

And what if he had awarded the prize to Defiance and Joe had found out it was fixed! *What would that have done to the boy, Parley Stone?* Norman's shoulders straightened as if a burden had slipped from them. "Don't blame Mr. Stone. He thinks a lot of you. He—"

"I know." Joe smiled. "He's okay. He's giving a new building to the college. I heard him talking to President Franklin."

After Joe had gone, Norman stood staring into the fire, and then, whistling, he went to find Alice.

COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

Gail and Dirk would never have met—
nor loved, nor would they have been trapped in
a web of intrigue had it not been for

the cross-eyed Cupid

by Marjorie Carleton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM LOVELL

THE girl gave a little shiver. It was wonderful to be cool again. It had been a relentlessly hot day, but now, with early evening, the Boston water front was enjoying the first sharp edge of the east wind. Though the harbor was out of sight, the wind blew through the street canyons, carrying a scent of seaweed.

But if the wind brought physical relief, it also brought the girl an increased awareness of an alien environment. Housewives and babies had suddenly vanished; and now Gail could see that the block was devoted, not to homes, but to shops, warehouses, and a junk yard. Deserted, the street was not only shabby, but vaguely hostile.

She walked more briskly, looking for a shop called Shipmate. It must be very near here. She hoped so, because with real twilight she'd prefer to be in more familiar surroundings. It was a distinct relief when a cavalcade of cars appeared from a side street and began to move past her slowly. It was a wedding procession. Someone was playing a concertina, and there was banter from one car to another all along the line. Those cars old enough to have running boards carried a standing brigade of zestful young men who were pelting the wedding party with bags of confetti.

As the last car went by, one young man leaned dangerously from the running board, succeeded in hurling his confetti, but lost his balance. He fell, and rolled almost to Gail's feet as she stood at the curb. There was a shout of laughter from the car, and a shower of confetti bags followed him, one of which burst on Gail's shoulder. She brushed it off good-humoredly and waited to see if the young man had suffered any damage except to his dignity.

But he picked himself up, laughing, and said, "Whew! That was a narrow escape!"

"Hardly. The car was barely crawling," she pointed out.

"I mean I might have been the groom!" He brushed himself off, shook a gay fist at the last of the mocking cavalcade, and stepped up to the sidewalk. His smile should have been contagious, displaying, as it did, a very excellent set of teeth and crinkled, mirthful eyes. But the girl's own smile faded abruptly as she stared at him.

Gail and Dirk began their search. "It must be here somewhere," Dirk insisted

An American Short Novel Complete in this Issue

He was a tall man, wide-shouldered, with brown hair and light gray eyes. His sports coat would have had no place at a wedding. "You just hooked onto that car," she said. "I saw you in the Scollay Square bus less than fifteen minutes ago. You've been following me."

His own face sobered. After a moment he said dryly, "I suppose all young, pretty blondes are entitled to be egotists. But I pursue blondes only on alternate Tuesdays. Right now, I happen to be looking for an antique shop called Shipmate."

"You heard me ask the bus conductor where it was," she countered. And turning her back she walked away, her slim shoulders eloquent of annoyance. It took him only two strides to catch up. Now there was neither apology nor humor in his voice:

"I did hear you ask the conductor where the shop is. That doesn't alter the fact that I'm on the way there myself. I hopped the wedding car thinking it would save me time, and they didn't mind. So that's that. We're both looking for Shipmate, but if you prefer, I'll walk ten paces behind."

She was unconvinced. "It's quite a coincidence that we're both looking for the same shop."

Real exasperation was on his face. "It's a free country and I don't have to explain. But it might take your vanity down a peg if I did. When I went by the shop last week there was a little plaster cupid in the window. One of the eyes stamped on at an angle. Gives the chap a rakish look. Rather sinister, too, in a way." Gail's feet shifted restlessly and his voice hurried on: "Well, my brother just wrote that if I married a certain gal he'd believe that 'Cupid was certainly cross-eyed.' So I thought I'd send him this particular cupid, as a delicate statement that his worst fears are justified."

"She married you?"

"Not yet, but I have hopes." He grinned.

Gail laughed. "Well, come on and we'll find your cross-eyed cupid," she said. "No wonder wedding processions appeal to you." She started walking briskly. "The place should be in this block somewhere, but I don't see any numbers."

It was the man who spotted Shipmate first. The shop was unlighted, so only the card in the window and the few objects close to the glass could be seen. The card read: "Open again at 7 P. M." Its edges were already curling. The showcase displayed a Russian samovar made in Birmingham, Italian pottery made in Japan, a Chinese screen made in Italy.

Gail cupped her eyes a fastidious inch from the filthy window. "I don't see any cupid," she said, and the faint edge of distrust returned to her voice.

"Sold, perhaps, though no one would buy it except for a gag. Anyway, mine host ought to be back in a few minutes. It's well after seven now."

"Nearer eight. Not much use in your waiting."

"I suppose not." He was still staring in the window. "It must have taken real thought to get so many ghastly things together all in one spot. . . . Well, let's be on our way. If you don't mind, I'd like to see you to the bus stop. It will be dark soon."

She hesitated, then said abruptly, "The shop belongs to me—or at least the stock does. So you don't have to worry about leaving me here."

"Great Scott, what have I said!" But if there was apology in the words, there was only incredulity in his face. Perhaps he was really seeing her for the first time: There was ash-gold hair, wide-spaced eyes innocent of mascara but thickly fringed. Adolescence still rounded chin and cheek, in amusing contrast to a sophisticated slenderness of figure. He added lamely, "I can't believe that you chose this stuff yourself. Or have I missed some sort of joke?"

"It's no joke and you don't have to apologize. The stuff is awful but I didn't pick it out—and it didn't use to be like this, I'm sure. A relative runs the shop and he's ill. It struck me as a good idea to run down and look things over." She paused, but he didn't move. "So you see there's no use your waiting around. I couldn't sell you the cupid—even if it exists." The last words were pointed.

"Why not, if the stock belongs to you?"

Her gesture was impatient. "Really! For two complete strangers, I think we've exchanged quite enough confidences." But she added grudgingly, "The stock is collateral against a loan that's owed me. There! That's an explanation *I* didn't have to make, so perhaps we're quits. Please don't wait. When I'm through here I'll phone for a taxi."

He said uncertainly, "It's a tough district. Will you let me perch on these steps until you are through in there?"

"No! Honestly, the only thing that's making me nervous at all is—you. There *isn't* a cupid in the window, so you can't blame me if I'm wondering . . . If you're as honest as you seem, you'll simply go away. Now."

"Okay." Turning, he ascended the steps. At the top of them he leaned over the area rail. "It was not merely a cupid," he corrected gloomily; "it was a cross-eyed cupid."

Then he was gone. She waited a long minute, then ran to the head of the steps herself. Far in the distance the stranger was striding along, head plunged against the east wind. The dusk caught him, he turned a corner and disappeared. In the harbor, a tug whistled derisively.

Gail had a bad moment as she struggled with the lock of the shop door. She had had the key since she was eighteen, but that had been three years ago, and in the meantime the lock might have been changed for various reasons. It wouldn't have occurred to Uncle Ned to tell her, particularly as her possession of the key had been a symbolic gesture originally. Now, she thought grimly, it had become a very necessary one. But the lock hadn't been changed, and the door finally opened. A match flame showed her the light switches and a moment later the shop emerged.

The showcase had prepared her somewhat. Even so, the

shop contents were appallingly trashy: broken andirons, chipped ewers, cracked oils of Victorian vintage. And where were the books? In the original shop there were to have been a few good antiques, but merely as a side line to an enticing variety of old books, collector's items and selective inventory of used volumes. Now she stared in consternation and anger at a few ancient dictionaries, some torn comics.

She sneezed, and then was aware that the mustiness of the shop was being assailed by the odor of fresh cooking, something with olive oil, tomatoes, *oregano*. Some family must have living quarters overhead, and the fragrance of that cooking reminded her that the store no doubt had other entrances. She stumbled down an aisle that had been cleared between piles of furniture, and opened the rear door. The room she entered was cluttered with broken furniture and with crates in every stage of unpacking. If Gail could see this at a glance, it was because there was a new source of illumination.

AT AN open door to her left a woman stood, holding a lighted kerosene lamp. Behind her, a narrow flight of stairs led up into darkness. The hand holding the lamp didn't waver at Gail's appearance. "What you doing here?" the woman asked.

"Well, for that matter, what are you doing here?" Gail's hand found a switch, turned on the electricity. She suggested pleasantly, "Do you mind putting that lamp out? With all this excelsior around—fire, you know."

The woman extinguished the lamp, her eyes mildly ironical. "Money it takes for the electric. Kerosene is cheaper." She placed the lamp on one of the crates. "I'm the landlady. I got a lease on this shop. Mr. Vertucci, he sublease from me. What you doing here?" she repeated. If the words were rough, it was obviously due to unfamiliarity with the language, for the voice had dignity. Under the graying hair the fine dark eyes looked out with shrewdness and serenity. It was the archaic face of a Roman statue; the square folds of the head-scarf suggested Sicily.

Gail said, "I'm Mr. Vertucci's niece, his stepniece. He's ill, so I thought I'd come down here and look around, see how things are."

The woman looked bewildered. "His step? His niece?"

"We're not related by blood. He married my aunt three years ago."

The woman relaxed, smiled. "I don't think. He married to me. I am Signora Vertucci."

GAIL was startled, but a second thought was explanatory. "Well, that's possible. My aunt died a year ago. I do think he might have told me about you. Still, we haven't corresponded except when I acknowledged his payments. . . . You are sure you mean Eduardo Vertucci? The man who runs this shop is your husband? Now?"

"Now."

Gail frowned. "Then why aren't you with him in his Commonwealth Avenue house?" The woman's apron made it apparent that she had living quarters here.

The other shrugged. "He want me here." Her acceptance was good-humored, fatalistic. "Now you tell me why *you* here."

"He owes me money," Gail said bluntly. "Three years ago he borrowed several thousand from me, most of the insurance my father left. My aunt was my guardian then and she wanted me to loan the money. For a while he paid it back promptly and with very good interest. And the stock here seemed like good collateral. But he didn't pay the last installment and he didn't answer my wire. So I came to Boston to straighten things out.

"When I phoned his house a servant said he was ill and couldn't see me. As a matter of fact, the balance of the loan is due now. I could foreclose on the stuff here and the furnishings of his house. But I came on, willing to extend the time; and no matter how ill he is, *some*one could have given me *some* message. But the phone was practically hung up in my face." She added gloomily, "It looks as though I'd been gypped."

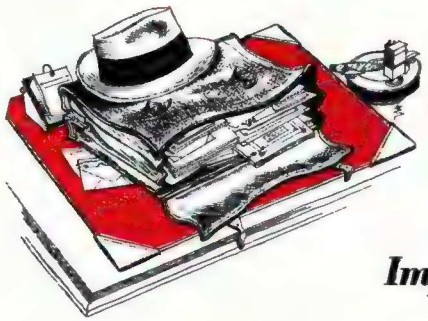
Uncle Ned, it seemed, had made his second marriage count for something, too. He'd married his landlady, and so was saving rent. It was equally obvious that he had denuded the shop of any inventory worth a nickel.

"Gypped," she repeated to herself.

It was slang the woman (*Continued on page* 59)

Gail looked up at the concessionaire. "I was hoping it would be cross-eyed," she said

BY THE WAY—



What Could Be More Important Than 25 Cents?

FOR many years I have carried a brief case. Into it, at the end of the day, I usually sweep from the top of my desk an accumulation of manuscripts and letters from authors and readers. These I read on the train to and from my Long Island home.

Doctors tell me that this is a very bad habit. "Brief-caseitis," they say, causes physical and mental wear and tear. While I can agree that the brief case is now battered and wrinkled, I challenge the doctors to find similar damage to the owner. On the contrary, the old leather case has proved to be a daily tonic. It is as exciting as a grab bag. Out of it come daily surprises—prizes of rich wisdom and inspiration from friendly people who make up the heart of America.

To show what I mean, let me read to you one typical letter I pulled out of the grab bag the other evening. It is from Katherine (Mrs. H. R.) Wyman, of 2919 Summerdale Avenue, Rockford, Ill. In these days, when the news appears to be blanketed by suspicion, double dealing, sharp practices, and graft in high and low places, I think you will agree that its honest simplicity carries a world of reassurance:

★ ★ ★

"Dear Sir: Some months ago, when I was living in Edmonton, Canada, I sent you the manuscript of a story. Having no American money or stamps at the time, I did not know what to do about return postage, but promised to send you the money if the story had to be returned—which, indeed, was the sad case! I am really very sorry that it has taken so long for me to fulfill my promise. We have recently moved to the United States, and in all the excitement of coming to a new country I am afraid this obligation was rather pushed to the back of my mind. However, at least I now have some American money. Please accept the enclosed 25 cents and my apologies. I do thank you for your kindness in reading my story and returning it, even if my visions of becoming a writer were somewhat dimmed in consequence!"

Somehow, the letter at once called to mind the recent report of a railway-station newsstand owner in Westchester County, N. Y., who so trusted his commuter customers that he left a money box on the stand, inviting them to make their own change when they purchased their morning newspapers. When, one day, the money box began to show shortages, the owner ingeniously rigged up a movie camera focused on the newsstand. When the film was developed, it revealed that some well-dressed and apparently prosperous businessmen were pocketing the small change!

Perhaps you read that story, for it appeared on front pages of many newspapers. Remembering it in the light of Mrs. Wyman's letter, I asked myself: Why is it that we continually hear of irresponsible acts of thievery and dishonesty—income-tax scandals, mink coats, robbing poor boxes—while the daily responsible acts of millions of honest people go almost unnoticed?

The answer, of course, is plain. The cheaters and chiselers are the *exceptions;* that is why they make news. The trustworthy, responsible people like Mrs. Wyman are the *rule*. You encounter them in your town every day and on every hand. You see them returning surplus change to a busy cashier, or notifying a banker or a merchant of an error he has made in their favor. They are the great, unreported mass of American people, trusting one another, living lives of integrity and honesty as a matter of course.

We can thank our stars that this is so. In these troubled times it is easy to upset ourselves worrying about the evil deeds of untrustworthy men in high places. Sometimes we forget that a far more important concern is to preserve the integrity of our own individual daily dealings. Therein lies the strength and the future of our nation.

★ ★ ★

Welcome, Mrs. Wyman, to the United States! And thank you for this prize out of my grab bag. I am sure that you will get along famously with the folks in Rockford.

I am sure, too, that if everyone shared your deep sense of responsibility toward his neighbors the world would inevitably find the way out of its disorders.

The Editor

America's Interesting People

SEEDS FROM A SAILOR

"Patty" Mozier in his cabin with seed packages he distributes all over world to bring food to the hungry

ALOYSIUS "PATTY" MOZIER is a modern sea-going Johnny Appleseed who roams the world carrying seeds to help feed the hungry. He is second engineer on a freighter which stops at ports in far corners of the globe. To many of these ports Patty takes his seeds, and arranges for their distribution in areas where they will produce vegetables for those in need. During the past year he has delivered more than 100,000 packages of vegetable seeds in port cities of Korea, India, the Philippines, and in countries of the Near East and North Africa.

It all began about a year ago when, in Pusan, Korea, he saw a little boy collapse on a road because of malnutrition. He found many youngsters and old people dying for lack of nourishing food. Having been brought up on a Virginia farm, Patty observed that the Korean soil looked good. Why no vegetables? The answer, he found, was lack of seeds. When Patty returned home to Los Angeles on a trip he was still thinking about those starving people. He drew all his cash from the bank, $1,500, and bought seeds. As an engineer, he had space on the ship to store them. Back in Korea, he started distributing the seeds, with the aid of religious missions in the area. On subsequent voyages he distributed more seeds in Korea and other ports where his ship called. Soon he was helped by contributions from people in the Pacific Coast area who had heard of his crusade through the newspapers and word of mouth.

This 49-year-old seafaring Johnny Appleseed is now with the American President Lines. He was born in Alexandria, Va., is married and lives in Los Angeles, Calif.

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLAND PATTERSON FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

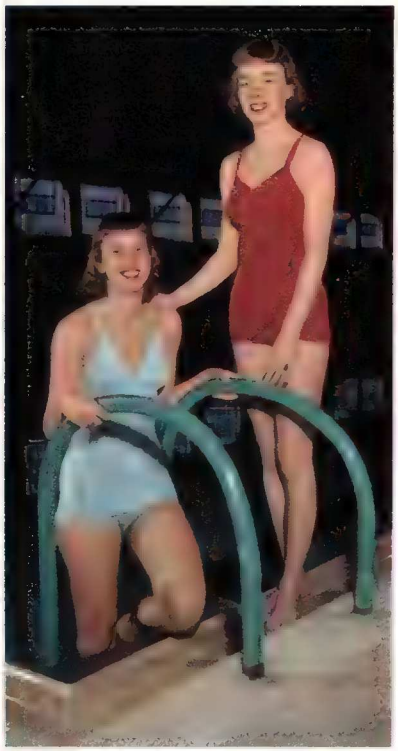
Mrs. L. L. Brown, of Overland Park, Kans., with a few of the 4,000 colorful birds she houses in her basement and a shed

4,000-BIRD WATCHER

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to have 4,000 birds of all nations in your home? Well, Mrs. L. L. Brown, of Overland Park, Kans., has that many in her basement and a backyard shed, and is looking for more. She has one of the nation's largest and most varied collections and she'll go almost anywhere if you'll give her the bird. She's bought them in Miami, Fla.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Corpus Christi, Texas; San Diego, Calif.; Dallas, Texas; New York; and Chicago, among other places. Her big interest is color breeding of parakeets, and she's trying for true blue, red, and black, which most breeders consider impossible. She now has more than 2,000 parakeets; also African lovebirds, Java ricebirds, macaws, cockateels, canaries, parrots, and finches imported from Africa, Australia, Holland, and England.

Her collection started 11 years ago, when her husband, a telephone-company executive, gave her a pair of parakeets for Christmas. Mrs. Brown knew nothing about birds at the time, but studied up on them, began collecting, and is now an expert. Mrs. Brown says she does not make any money on her hobby, but meets her $100-a-week feed bill by selling some of her birds. Mostly, she experiments trying to develop something new in plumage colors. Every time she trains one of her talking parakeets, she gives it to some young polio victim or a children's hospital ward. She gives lectures and spends most of her week ends showing her collection to groups of youngsters.

Her husband, an amateur carpenter, gets into the act by making cages for her pets. Mrs. Brown has developed a special bird food which some day she would like to market, and she also has plans for opening a bird clinic. Her reputation as a bird expert is expanding to the point where she gets calls from all over the Midwest to diagnose symptoms of bird ailments and prescribe for them.



At home in the water are these outstanding coeds, Barbara Hobelmann (left), and Mary Freeman

OLYMPIC HOPEFULS

WE HIT THE JACKPOT when we went to pick an outstanding coed at George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Instead of just one, we found two—Barbara Hobelmann and Mary Freeman—and it's a toss-up between them. In the first place, both are national swimming champions and both are expected to represent the United States in the Olympic games this month at Helsinki, Finland. Barbara is the American 400-meter freestyle champion, and Mary holds the U. S. backstroke and individual medley titles.

In the second place, both are top students and active in campus affairs. Barbara is a member of the Alpha Lambda Honorary Sorority, while Mary is vice-president of Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority and is swimming manager of the University's Recreation Association. Both are juniors, 19 years old.

Barbara began winning swimming honors when she was 5, and now has over 150 ribbons and medals. Her home is in Chevy Chase, Md. Mary was born in Maine, raised in Massachusetts, now makes her home in Washington. Both practice swimming at least 3 hours a day.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM BEALE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Dr. Andrew Merrick, dog dermatologist, examines a dog's ears

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK P. FRITZ FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

SCRATCH What makes a dog scratch? Most people say the answer is "fleas." Now along comes Dr. Andrew Merrick, of Brookfield, Ill., reputed to be the nation's only dog dermatologist, who says the scratching is more than likely caused by a skin ailment. Dr. Merrick, a veterinarian, has spent 25 years doing research on this problem and has found that 90 per cent of the irritation is caused, not by fleas, but by common fungus spores which thrive in dead grass and weeds. The spores, so tiny they can be seen only under a microscope, cling to the dog's skin, causing a lingering irritation similar to athlete's foot in humans. After making thousands of tests, Dr. Merrick has discovered a common industrial chemical which, he says, irritates the spores instead of the dog, and the spores die. As a result, he claims 9 out of 10 dogs no longer need to scratch. The chemical is now available in powder form.

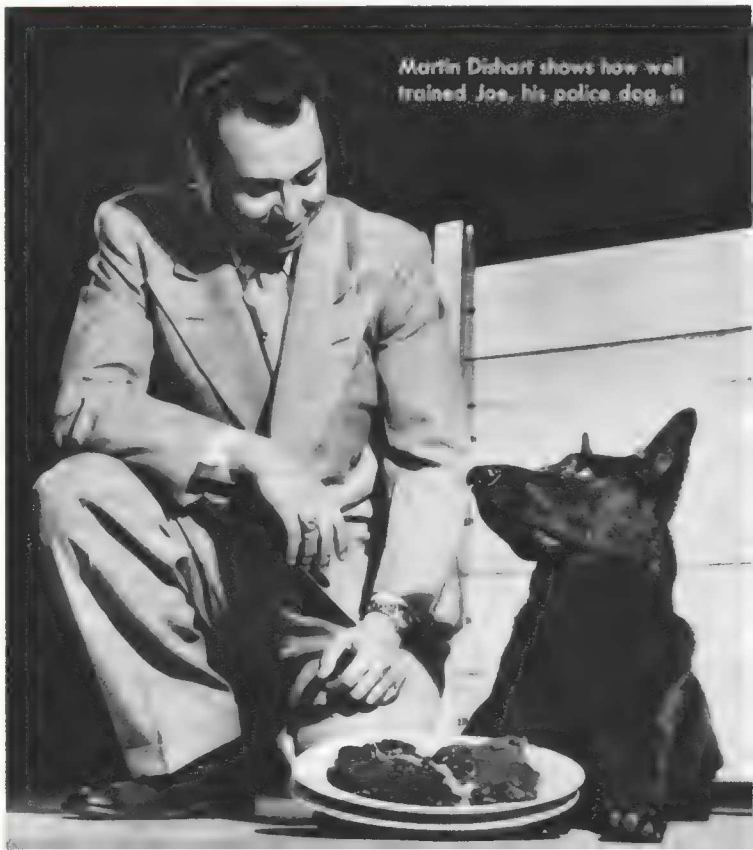
Dr. Merrick was born in Columbus, Ohio, 52 years ago and is a graduate of Ohio State University. He has devoted his time not only to dog ailments, but to research on common chicken and hog diseases. He is married, has a daughter and 2 sons, who plan to follow in his footsteps. Dr. Merrick has his own animal hospital in Brookfield.

DOG DAYS

TRICKS A dog helped put Martin Dishart through college, and now Martin is doing the same for dogs. The 26-year-old ex-GI is founder and president of Canine University, New York City, and he owes it all to Joe, a German police dog. Martin met Joe shortly after the war in Germany, where Martin was in counter-intelligence for the Army. On his return to civilian life Martin enrolled at City College of New York, majoring in psychology. The GI Bill took care of part of his expenses and Joe did the rest.

The dog is one of the best-trained animals in the world, Martin says. He trained Joe in Germany after the war. Shortly after Martin had brought him back from Germany, Joe was hired to do a television film commercial in which he showed how a dog should protect a railway car. This led to about 50 other TV shows, and Joe's income helped Martin get his degree. The show, which earns as much as $100 a performance, also gave Martin the idea for the Canine University. He found many people asking how their dogs could be trained. So he started training both masters and dogs—he now has about 75 students per week—with Joe as his best canine teacher. The course lasts 12 weeks.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY FRIED FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



HE'S TRYING TO SPEED YOUR MAIL

John Sestak, of Chicago, and his letter-speeding machine. Shown is a portion of the conveyer belt which carries the mail

A RUBE GOLDBERGIAN CONTRAPTION, originally made from a bunch of old tin cans, is destined to speed the handling of your mail. It is the brain child of John Sestak, senior assistant superintendent of mails in Chicago, and is the result of many years of experimenting on his own time. Already the mechanism is in use in the Chicago, Ill., and Washington, D. C., post offices, and it will not be long before it is installed in post offices all over the country.

In the past, the sorting of mail has been a slow and arduous job. Clerks would sit on high stools in front of a huge mass of pigeonholes, into which they would deposit the letters. Many of these pigeonholes were difficult to reach. Under Sestak's plan, they sit on upholstered posture chairs before an arrangement of slots requiring only a minimum movement of the hands. They drop the letters through the slots and onto a conveyer belt which carries them to the point where they are picked up for delivery, neatly stacked, and segregated. In the Washington Post Office, alone, it is now possible to handle 15,000 more letters an hour than previously. Furthermore, the machine cuts down the number of clerks, since 28 persons can now handle the work previously done by 43.

Sestak did most of his experimenting during World War II. He needed lots of metals and since they were scarce, he arranged with restaurants in Chicago to give him the big tins in which they received fruit juices. He obtained 1,200 of these cans, flattened and welded them into long, thin strips from which he assembled the pilot model. Sestak holds the various patents on his invention, but is eligible for no royalties, being a government worker. His only cash return so far has been a $1,000 reward for merit.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

BIG FISHING FOR SMALL FRY

Nobody's too young for fishing. David Brockman, of Washington, Pa., gets tangled up in his own line

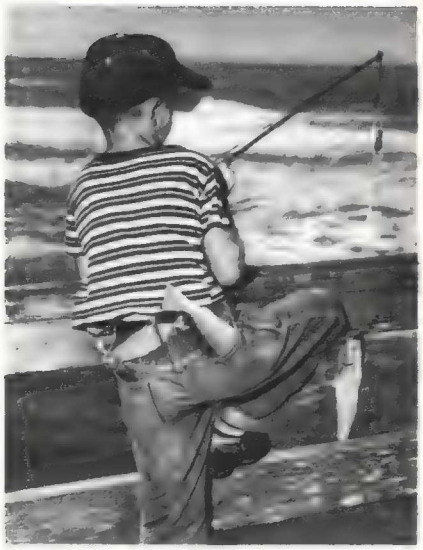
Fishing opportunities for 4,000,000 youngsters are provided this month by a nonprofit organization headed by Leroy H. Dorsey, of Chicago. The program flourishes from coast to coast. Above: A boatload of young fishermen at Mt. Vernon, Ill., about to try their luck

Below: Leroy H. Dorsey, head of Better Fishing, Inc., baits the hook of Charles Booth, of Chicago. With Dorsey and Charles are Billy Booth (left) and Susie Mallis, both of Chicago. The scene is at Skokie, Ill.

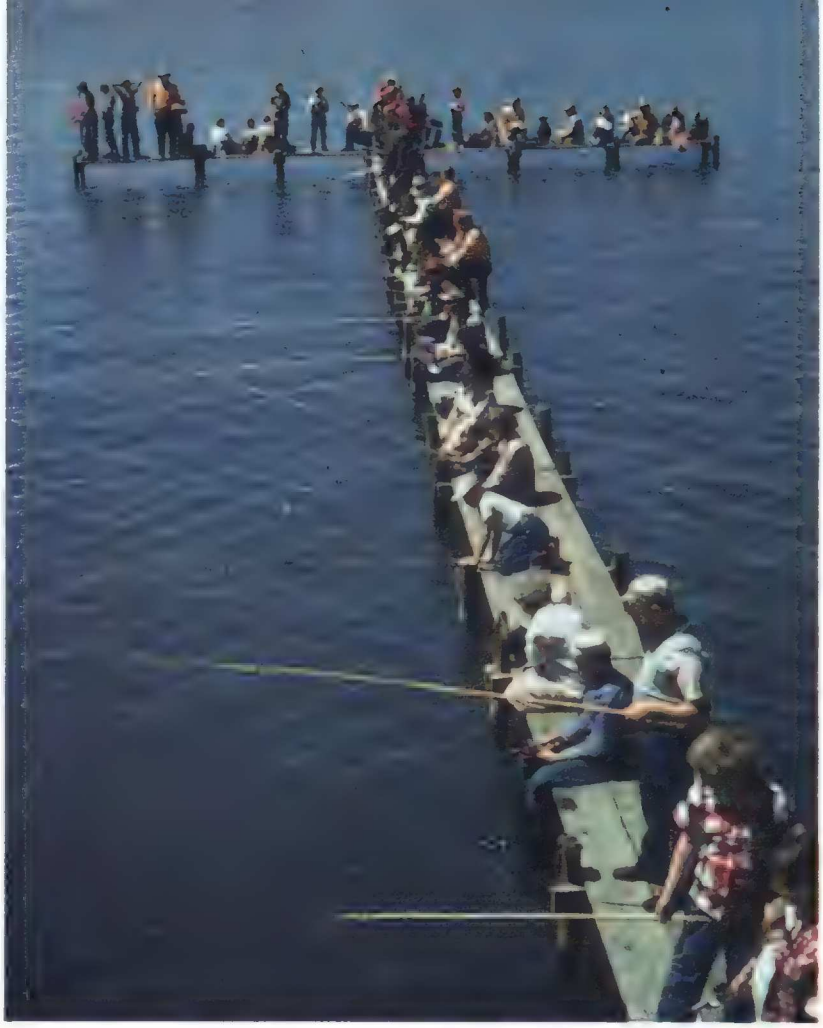
OVER 4,000,000 YOUNGSTERS are trying to hook a prize-winning catch this month and win a complete angler's outfit in a one-day nationwide fishing rodeo. Most of these kids would not be competing for that big one if Leroy H. Dorsey, Chicago business executive, had not kept a promise he made to himself many years ago.

When he started in business in Chicago soon after World War I—he's now president of the Chicago Portrait Co.—he saw youngsters playing in dirty streets and substituting hoses and hydrants for the cold, clear streams he had fished as a boy on an Indiana farm. He promised himself that if he ever got enough money he would do something about it.

Four years ago he organized Better Fishing, Inc., a nonprofit organization which has introduced over 10,000,000 youngsters in more than 400 communities, from Hornell, N. Y., to Hawaii, to the thrill of catching a fish. Better Fishing, Inc., is more of an idea and an inspiration than an organization. Its function is to encourage communities to make fishing available to any youngster. Dorsey's outfit furnishes the suggestions on how it can be done; encourages civic groups to raise money for transportation and equipment. The mayors and the local organizations do the work. Every year in August a one-day fishing rodeo is held in these 400 communities at designated fishing spots. Dorsey and his associates award the boy and girl who catch the largest fish in each community complete fresh- or saltwater angling outfits.



Rear view of an ardent young angler doing a little solo fishing in the Atlantic Ocean near Daytona Beach, Fla. Kids must land catch without help from adults



Right: A bunch of young fishermen trying for the big one in competition at Fox Lake, Ill. The elders go along to give advice and encouragement to the kids. Average age of kids is 11

Expert junior angler Ronald Orbeck (right), of Fresno, Calif., removes hook from a fish he has just caught. Over 400 communities participate in Better Fishing every year, with local leaders providing facilities, equipment, and transportation

A bunch of young champs from Lafayette, Ind., last year's winners, showing their prizes. Over 11,060 prizes have been awarded in the past 3 years, and include a complete fresh- or salt-water angling outfit. Kids may compete with any legal fishing tackle

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE WUNDER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

SUCCESSFUL SLOWPOKE

Trader Harry Goulding, operating world's slowest business, waits while Hosteen Benali, a Navaho, ponders a trade

HARRY GOULDING doesn't need to hurry to make a living. In fact, he can't hurry. His customers won't let him. Harry runs a trading post in Monument Valley, near Kayenta, Ariz. It's unique in this era of high-pressure salesmanship. Harry's clients are Navaho Indians and they like to take it slow.

Visiting the trading post is in the nature of a holiday for the Navahos. Often whole families go along to the post and travel long distances to get there. Harry is their host. He even has a shelter for those who wish to stay over for a few days. Mostly, the Indians like to sit and study the merchandise they are about to purchase. They take their time and want no prodding. Harry says when he first took over the post he nearly ruined a sale when, after an Indian sat around for three days looking at a new hat, he ventured to ask, "Can I help you?" The Indian glared at him and Harry took the hint, and two days later made the sale. Harry carries everything from tacks to farm wagons. The Indians do not have much cash, and a lot of his business is done by barter. They trade homespun, hand-woven rugs and blankets, jewelry, wool, and hides for food, clothing, and equipment. If they have no cash and nothing to trade, they will pawn their beautiful hand-wrought jewelry for the things they need.

Harry was on a pack trip several years ago when he first saw Monument Valley and decided to live there. He bought a strip of land, and when, later, the area was set aside for the Navahos, he was allowed to keep his land and is one of the few white men to own property on an Indian Reservation. In addition to the post, Harry and his wife, Mike, run a lodge for tourists.

Indian thinks the deal through. It may take days

BABIES PUT THEM IN BUSINESS

This family in Austin, Texas, is being raised on rented furniture. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, there are their assistants, left to right: John, 4, Mary, 3, Laura, 8, Bruce, 14, Sharon, 13, Vicki, 10, Helen, 5, Edward, 2, and, in the crib, Christopher, 8 months

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BREAKEY STUDIO FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

IF IT HADN'T BEEN for their 9 kids, the George Martins, of Austin, Texas, wouldn't have had the budget blues. On the other hand, they wouldn't have had their present unique and successful rental business, either. The Martins rent out children's furniture, everything from buggies and high chairs to beds.

Mrs. Martin really started the whole business back in 1944, when she advertised in a newspaper to sell some of the Martins' baby furniture, including bed, buggy, and scales. She didn't get any buyers, but an army officer and his wife, stationed at a nearby airfield, offered to rent the items rather than buy.

This gave the Martins their idea. There were a lot of other parents at that airfield who preferred to rent rather than buy. Martin and his wife began investing in secondhand equipment, refurbishing it, and renting it out. They found the idea appealed not only to transient army personnel, but also to grandparents, aunts, uncles, and anyone else who occasionally took over the care of youngsters but were not equipped for the job.

The business, originally conducted in the Martin home, grew to a point where they had to move to a store. Martin, who had been an advertising salesman, found the new business so profitable and demanding, he quit his regular job and went full time into the furniture-rental business. The business outgrew the secondhand supply, so now they rent brand-new stuff. They also sell, outright, clothing and equipment.

Their 9 youngsters, ranging in age from 14 years to 8 months, are practically junior vice-presidents. Everybody's in the act. Bruce, 14, Sharon, 13, Vicki, 10, help sell, and also distribute advertising leaflets. Laura, 8, takes care of the customers' kids while their parents shop. The 5 youngest demonstrate equipment for the clientele and serve as guinea pigs to test new items before the Martins decide to stock them.

Frank Sibilia, San Francisco barber, who gives spare-time earnings to build church, explains idea to customer Robert Kline

GOOD CLIPPER

FRANK SIBILIA, of Albany, Calif., a barber, wanted a new church for the congregation of which he was a member and, lacking money, he used his clippers and razors. He also inspired others to use such talents as income-tax advice, secretarial ability, and a recipe for homemade jelly to help build a house of worship. What he did, he says, can be done anywhere that a church is needed.

Sibilia runs the barbershop at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in nearby San Francisco. His church, St. Albans Episcopal, in Albany, was holding services in a store for its 45 members. He felt there should be a real church. Lacking money to donate, Sibilia announced that he would sell haircuts, shaves, shampoos, and the like to any member of the congregation, after hours, and turn over all the money to the building fund. The word got around, and he was flooded with customers from his own and other parishes. They not only paid for his services, but many left extra donations—including a check for $1,000.

Other members of the congregation decided to take up the idea. An accountant worked on income-tax returns during his spare time, and turned the money over to the building fund. A housewife made and sold jelly. Stenographers, photographers, bankers, salesmen, and others donated their talents. The church got not only money, but new members, and the congregation has increased from 45 to over 200. Before long that first haircut had snowballed into $15,000. This inspired the American Church Building Fund to loan the congregation $20,000. Another $10,000 came from donations, and construction started. Today the church includes a parish house, social center, and rooms for various church organizations.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM KING FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK MILLER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HAWAIIAN HATTER

"Coconut Willie" Coen with chic sun hats made by him on Waikiki Beach, Hawaii

LOLLING ON THE BEACH at Waikiki has often been the inspiration for a song, but seldom for a new career. Nevertheless, that's exactly what it has been for William Coen, an enterprising young Pennsylvania Dutchman, now known as "Coconut Willie," the glad hatter of Hawaii.

It happened this way: Willie was studying engineering at the University of Hawaii a couple of years ago, under the GI Bill of Rights, and he felt the need of more money to meet expenses. He took his problem to the beach to think it through and idly watched the natives weaving coconut hats. Willie decided he could make better hats and, incidentally, make that needed money for school. Well, since then he's been making so many hats and so much money that he's abandoned school entirely and is now a full-time hat designer and is having the time of his life. Willie makes about 10 hats a day, each individually designed to fit the customer's personality, and sells them for $3 per chapeau. He thus earns a comfortable $30 a day, and he completes a hat in 25 minutes. Willie's hat shop is Waikiki Beach, which he roams daily looking for customers. He's his own timekeeper and can always knock off work for a swim, a chat, or a snooze. He thinks his profession is much better than engineering and he meets such interesting people. His clients have included the Bob Hope family, actresses Ann Blythe and Betty Hutton, and even the British Royal Family's milliner. His hats are being worn by people in all parts of the world.

Willie came to Hawaii as a Civil Service employee, working for the army base engineer at Hickam Field, shortly after he had been discharged from the service. He had never made a hat in his life, and the closest he had ever come to what he is now doing was when he learned basket weaving in school as a kid.

Thimble collector Mrs. Roy J. Le Mire, of Seattle, Wash., and part of her exhibit

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL EARLY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THIMBLES

A FEW YEARS AGO, Mrs. Roy J. Le Mire, of Seattle, Wash., lost her only thimble—a silver heirloom—in a streetcar on the way to visit a friend. She was deeply distressed, but her loss turned out to be gain. To console her, the friend gave her 3 old silver thimbles that had been in her family for years. As a result of the experience, Mrs. Le Mire determined never again to be without a thimble. She began picking them up wherever she could find them. What started out to be just a precaution soon became a highly satisfying hobby—a collection of nearly 2,000 thimbles from all over the world, believed to be the largest and most varied in existence. She has thimbles of gold inlaid with jewels, of onyx and deerhorn, of Dresden and Royal Doulton china. She has a thimble with a built-in pocket containing a needle, miniature knife, and thread. Several are decorated with pictures of Aesop Fables. She has obtained them—nearly 2,000—by buying them, trading them with other collectors, and acquiring them from friends who, knowing of her hobby, pick them up in their travels. Her husband has added many unusual thimbles. He made one from the handle of an umbrella, another from a bedpost. Mrs. Le Mire's collection is valued at several thousand dollars.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAN WAYMAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

George L. Espenlaub, expert on Everglades, with a party in his "swamp buggy"

SWAMPS

GEORGE L. ESPENLAUB, of Clewiston, Fla., who takes travel adventurers on unique tours through the Everglades swamps, feels sorry for the rest of the world. Other people work all year to enjoy a short vacation; George vacations all the year round and gets paid for it besides. His specially built truck, which he calls a "swamp buggy," can crawl, creep, float, or run through any kind of terrain. He is regarded as one of the nation's top experts on the Everglades, where he was born. He takes parties on snake, alligator, and crow hunts. Some of his passengers like to study flowers, others take pictures. The youngest person he has taken on a trip was an 8-year-old boy, who wrote an article for his school paper. The oldest, a woman of 76, slept like the others in a jungle hammock and had the time of her life. People come from all over the country to take George's safaris, which last from one to 5 days. He is 52 years old, was born in Horse Creek, Fla., and has a wife and 2 daughters.

The Cross-Eyed Cupid

(*Continued from page 45*)

knew. "*Si*, you sure been gypped. Everything here worth perhaps three hundred . . . I give you one thousand for whole business."

Gail stared suspiciously. "Why?"

"Lease is not finish' for six months, and my son want the shop now for repair electric things. These stuffs never sell," she added scornfully.

They certainly wouldn't, but Gail asked, "Hadn't you better talk it over with Uncle Ned—with your husband, I mean? Or doesn't he like your son?"

Mrs. Vertucci said simply, "A man always like his son, but they do not see each other often. For thirty years my son and me in Sicilia, Eduardo in America."

Gail stared at her, then whispered, "You were married to my uncle thirty years ago? And there was no divorce?"

"In my church a wife is a wife. Always."

"But then he wasn't married to my aunt at all! It was bigamy!"

Mrs. Vertucci picked up her lamp, moved expressive shoulders. "I do not know about these things in America. A man far from home—who knows what mischief he does? Now I must go, for my son will be soon for his supper. You wish sell stock, okay. You not wish, okay. I am wanting only a good, clean shop for my son."

The door closed behind her, and Gail heard steps mounting the stairs. She sighed. Now that her aunt was dead, what Gail had just heard didn't touch her emotionally, though no doubt it would cause various twirlings beneath the family graves in the Old Granary Burying Ground. Still, the Edward Vertucci whom she and Aunt Flo had first met in a Roman art gallery had seemed so cultured and gracious—at least, to the dazzled eyes of an aging spinster and a very young girl.

Perhaps the whole business served Gail right. She had been so anxious to see Aunt Flo happy that she had quite gaily mortgaged her own small capital to forward the romance. Now, with a year of college still ahead, the money had become monstrously important.

"Hello!" It was a familiar voice and it came from behind her. She whirled around. A rear door, facing on an alley, stood open. Leaning against the jamb of the door was the young man of the wedding party.

"How dare you come back!" Gail said furiously. "And how many doors to this confounded place are there, anyway?"

There was a stir beyond the young man, and something large and blue with brass buttons sauntered in. "There's no call to be disagreeable," it reproached. "This gentleman just didn't think you should be down here alone after dark. And quite right, too."

The young man came around from behind the crate. "Well, I brought you a chaperon," he said complacently.

The patrolman's eyes were merry. "I'm Officer Reilly, Miss Vertucci, and this is my good friend Dirk Standish of the Boston *Daily Journal*."

"Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard," Standish put in without undue modesty. "Also, seven splendidly worded rejections from assorted magazines."

"A Standish of the Miles Standish family—although a bit removed," Officer Reilly chanted antiphonally.

There was a little silence, then Standish said, "You're not impressed?"

"I don't know what it's all about," Gail countered flatly. "I come from the Midwest, I go to Ohio State, and my name is not Vertucci; it's Gail Terhune. All I know about Miles Standish is that he asked the wrong woman to marry him—"

"Oh, *no!*" Dirk moaned.

"So your silly little traditions don't mean a thing to me," she went on relentlessly. "They certainly don't give you the right to follow me, to—to *molest* me!"

"Now, now," Reilly said soothingly. "I don't think you can say that Mr. Standish is molesting you. He was just worried."

Mr. Standish gazed at the ceiling. "A few years ago I saw a sign that read: 'Please Do Not Molest the Flowers.' I used to lie awake nights, wondering how a flower can be molested." He paused. "Now I know," he added.

Gail's throat exploded in a funny little choke. She didn't want to, but she laughed. After that, it was no use being too haughty. "Well, if you two can be patient five minutes more, I just want to glance through these crates. I'm hoping against hope to find *some*thing that's salable."

Officer Reilly remained in the doorway, keeping a figurative eye on his beat. The other two began probing in the crates. Most of them were empty, but when Dirk Standish began to examine one that was still half unpacked, he let out a whoop.

"Looky—cupids!"

As soon as Gail saw the rows of small plaster figures, she turned reproachfully to him: "But not cross-eyed."

"Maybe it was just one freak." He poked through the box, but the other layers of cupids returned him the same direct stare. He looked around disconsolately. "I'm still sure I wasn't seeing things." His glance fell on a small cardboard box that stood alone on a shelf. He lifted it down and, placing it on a crate, opened the lid. On two layers of cotton lay two layers of cupid heads. Their necks were jagged where they had been severed from the bodies. Standish picked one up and handed it to Gail with a flourish. "There! Apologize?"

As she took the head from him, her lips curved unwillingly. The coloring of the eyes had been stamped on; and in this case the stencil had slipped. Looked at from one angle, the right eye had an antic wildness that was irresistibly engaging. At a different angle, the effect was less amusing. The leer became somehow macabre.

"Well, you win," she said. "For your sake, I'm sorry they're all broken. But, frankly, I don't think it's the happiest kind of engagement announcement." She said, puzzled, "I wonder why the heads were saved."

Officer Reilly craned his neck, came forward then. "That's easy. Vertucci gets these things from Italy. He's sending them back to the manufacturer as proof they're defective—and that he isn't selling them on the side. Saves postage by just sending the heads."

Gail nodded. Then she looked with disfavor at her grimy hands, searched for her gloves and slipped them on. "Well, I'm ready to go." She paused and asked the police officer, "By the way, how did you get in the back door?"

He looked at her severely. "I found it unlocked four days ago, and since we couldn't get in touch with Mr. Vertucci, the Chief told me to slap a padlock on and keep the key. Your uncle will have to pay the costs of material and labor. It's asking for crime to leave a door unlocked. Your uncle's got to be more careful," he repeated.

She remarked to the room at large: "Mr. Vertucci is *not* my uncle, merely a connection by marriage. I hardly know him." And wondered instantly why she had bothered to make the statement.

Officer Reilly looked mildly confused.

Dirk Standish said, "Interesting but irrelevant. What I really want to know is, where would you like to have dinner? I'm starved."

"I don't dine with engaged men who are also strangers." Her tone was devastatingly affable. "Though no doubt Pocahontas wasn't at all fussy about whether Miles Standish was engaged or not."

Dirk said furiously, "Oh, good grief! I can't believe my ears!"

Reilly eyed them both judiciously. "She's pulling your leg, pal. I've got to ring my box in five minutes. That'll give me just time to see you to the bus stop, Miss Terhune." As the other man still stood there mutinously, Reilly added with heavy humor, "Run along now, Dirk. You want me to report that a Standish has been molesting a flower?" . . .

The next morning had additional moments of surprise; in fact—shock. She had taken a taxi out to Uncle Ned's Commonwealth Avenue house, and found

that she had waited too long to make this call. His illness had not been a ruse. He had been buried two days before. The house was shuttered and empty, the wreath still on the door. And neighbors confirmed a fact that Mrs. Vertucci must have known even while she talked with Gail in the shop.

From now on, a lawyer would have to take over the tangled affair. Her roommate's father, Mr. Jackson, had given her the name of a Boston attorney, but he could not give her an appointment until the following day. There were to be more lost hours. Gail left the hotel and walked across the Public Gardens and through the Common.

Life was not too completely dreadful, she decided. There were, for instance, the government bonds which she had determined to use only in a dire emergency. If this present business didn't work out by August, she could always sell the bonds, take a secretarial course, and manage some kind of living. As for the immediate weeks ahead, she could safely allow herself another two weeks in Boston, then accept her roommate's invitation to summer with the Jacksons on the Cape. If her lawyer needed to see her from time to time, she would still be nearby.

At the Park Street subway entrance she paused. Was there any chance that somewhere in the shop there would be a key to the Commonwealth Avenue house? A half-hour later she was at the Shipmate. There was a battered desk at the right of the door, and one drawer held at least two dozen keys, only two of them bearing tags. There was a key labeled for the back door of the shop, and this she laid aside. The other key was simply tagged: "John R."; she put that aside, too. The remaining mavericks she pawed through hopelessly. To find the key to the Commonwealth Avenue house would be a matter of trial and error—if she ever dared try.

She found a paper bag and dumped the unmarked keys in it, and managed to crowd the parcel into the depths of her shoulder bag, but before leaving she idly thumbed through a battered ledger. Apparently most of the sales had been small cash transactions, as might be expected in such a shop, in such a neighborhood. Scattered through the book, however, were numerous charges against the name of "John R." or "J. R." or simply: "John." One of the entries had an added notation: "Revere." Revere Beach, undoubtedly. But why that single notation? It could mean that similar merchandise generally went elsewhere than to Revere; equally, it could mean that it *always* went there.

Only the merchandise itself was entered. There were no corresponding figures in the cash or credit columns.

Apparently John took the goods on consignment. It was also apparent that he was the customer for all of Vertucci's plaster monstrosities. Gail meditated. Ned had a key to John's place, whether that place was shop or amusement concession. That, plus the fact that there were no cash entries, suggested that Ned was a partner of John. At any rate, it was obvious that Ned felt so much in control of the situation that he hadn't bothered to enter any figures. He had only made notes of the quantity and nature of the merchandise sent from Shipmate to John.

It might be interesting to wander out to Revere Beach and look for a concession that featured Ned's stock of plaster figurines. A hidden partnership, Gail thought ruefully, is an excellent means of transferring assets. Well, that was a matter for accountants. . . .

The beach at Revere was crowded, but Gail stayed on the esplanade. She bought a bag of popcorn and began doing the rounds of those galleries where prizes were offered for bowling, shooting, and allied activities.

The first two concessions displayed plaster figurines similar to those in the Vertucci shop. But not identical. And when she asked with elaborate carelessness whether John were around, she met with blank incomprehension. Sauntering idly along, she paused and gazed into a restaurant window, her glance wandering to the interior of the café. Wandered, then fixed.

Sitting at the coffee bar, his back to her and his long legs entwined around the stool, sat the ubiquitous Mr. Standish.

She did some rapid calculation and decided that this time, at least, she could not accuse him of following her. Nor was it actually too much of a coincidence. Already she had discovered that with a spell of excessive heat, Boston tended to take off for the Cape, the North Shore, or Revere.

She was not conscious that her gaze was regretful as she stared at the broad, lazy shoulders. But she was regretful. She suspected that Dirk Standish would be interested in her quest, that he might even be sympathetic. But he had his own dignity. He might not be so willing to laugh off the way she had snubbed him in front of Officer Reilly. Reluctantly she moved on.

She turned into a side street and saw another shooting gallery just beyond the corner. A group of young men stood nearby, marking—with the stony appraisal of their kind—the girls who passed on the esplanade. Hands pocketed, eyes squinted against the smoke of their cigarettes, their faces were imperviously bored while their eyes fled everywhere, ceaselessly.

Gail hesitated, but the young men were obviously not waiting to use the gallery. She went to the counter and peered at the prizes arranged along the side walls. Well—finally!

There were French dolls, blankets, and ash trays. There were toasters, lamps—and cupids. They were exactly like those at the Shipmate. Identical. Gail put money on the counter and the attendant gave her a rifle. He looked over her head at some strollers who had halted to watch Gail's marksmanship. It wasn't good. As she sheepishly started to lower the rifle, the man said with raised voice:

"Well, now, miss, you didn't quite win one of the best prizes. But we aim to please, especially the pretty girls! You can have your choice of any one of the fine prizes on this shelf here. Get that, folks? Come on over. How can you lose?"

"I'll take a cupid," Gail said.

The concessionaire slapped a cupid on the counter, his interest already focused on newer prey. Gail turned the cupid over between her palms and murmured regretfully to herself, "I was hoping it would be cross-eyed." Realizing that she had spoken aloud, she flushed. Still, she *was* disappointed.

The man's eyes came back to her instantly, and his voice ceased to include the entire neighborhood: "Cross-eyed? Listen, lady; you want a cupid with eyestrain, you gotta find him in a bookstore. *Our* cupids stay healthy, don't get nothin' but fresh air and sunshine!" He grinned, almost seemed to expect a retort to his witticism.

Gail hardly heard him. She looked up from the cupid. "Does anyone named John run or own this concession?" she asked abruptly.

The attendant slammed the rifle back into the rack, and his tone was surly: "Never heard of him. . . . You going to take another ticket? Because if you ain't, the people behind you could use the counter." She turned away, and he snapped, "Here, you forgot your cupid! Or ain't it good enough for you?"

Gail was already several steps away, but perhaps he felt she had disparaged his prizes in front of potential customers. She said over her shoulder, pleasantly enough, "Not at all. It just happens I have dozens at home just like it."

As she passed the four young men, one of them shifted his cigarette to the other corner of his mouth and commented, "And where might home be, beautiful? A doll like you don't need no cupid, let alone dozens. How's about giving me a few? With *my* face, I need sumpin to sell it!"

But Gail had already walked by, her expression composedly blank. Behind her, she could hear the other young men bark approval of their companion's humor.

She headed back down the esplanade toward the restaurant. Mr. Standish had probably left, but he might still be in that general neighborhood. Now that she had actually found some cupids like those in the shop, she had a reasonable excuse for speaking to him. She could say, and quite plausibly, that in spite of the attendant's disclaimer, a cross-eyed cupid might be found in that array. And she needn't feel she was pursuing him.

After she had been walking briskly for some minutes she saw the four young men from the shooting gallery coming toward her. Even as she recognized them, the crowds on the sidewalk shifted again and the men were temporarily lost from view.

It was ridiculous to suppose that they were seeking her out deliberately. And yet . . . they must have circled around several side streets in a hurry to be coming from this direction, a direction *opposite* from the gallery she had left. Anyway, she didn't care to run into them again. She turned and retraced her steps. They were still far behind her. Unless

their sauntering gait changed she could lose them quickly enough. A curve of the street allowed her to glance back without seeming to do so. The young men were perceptibly nearer. Their hands were out of their pockets now, their cigarettes had vanished as though they needed every breath for a pace that was just short of running.

There was a little hurry in Gail's own throat. She turned into a glass-fronted café at her right. At this hour the place was empty of customers, lighted only near the kitchens. After a moment her eyes adjusted to the comparative darkness and found the Powder Room sign. This lounge was comfortably bright, and she sank into a chair by the vanity table and tried to laugh at herself. Suppose the young men *were* following her? She was on a crowded beach, wasn't she? And there were plenty of policemen around, weren't there?

She sat very still and tried to reason away this small, senseless panic. She had made a mistake with Dirk Standish yesterday. Was she going to turn into one of those females who assume every male in sight has designs? True, she knew these men and their species. As a pack, they urged and sparked one another into coarse and futile antics. Once they had chosen a victim, their weird pride forced them to continue the pursuit as long as it was at all feasible. . . . Well, if she ran into them again it was still not too serious. The only thing that could be hurt was her dignity, and even that should be proof against any persistence.

She rose, resolutely did not allow herself to linger too long over cosmetic repairs. The young men must have passed the restaurant at least ten minutes ago, no doubt thinking they still followed her.

She left the brightly lighted boudoir and walked briskly the long length of the darkened restaurant. Only when she reached the door did the young men rise from their booth in a corner. They rose quietly enough, the four of them. It was only the smoke from their cigarettes that had caused her to turn inquiring eyes in that direction.

Gail was out on the sidewalk in a second. She twisted an agile way through street traffic and headed, half running, toward the largest crowd in sight. She might be able to lose her pursuers in that crowd. With a ruthlessness new to her, she edged and elbowed her way almost into the center of the massed pleasure-seekers. She had little more to do now than to keep her own footing, for the thrusting wave of humanity made her part of its own surge. She even had a moment to untie the scarf around her neck and tie it about her head, for she knew that her hair was a shining beacon, particularly under the sun. Now, finally, she could draw a long breath and see where she was being carried: to the largest roller coaster.

There was a tall, enormously stout woman in front of Gail. The woman had a small boy and a small husband in tow. From one of her massive fists hung a string shopping bag that bulged with over-ripe bananas and the remnants of mashed sandwiches. That bag was a menace to the spotlessness of Gail's suit; nevertheless, she grimly decided to stay close to the woman. She was the most formidable barrier in sight. If Gail could only slip in front of her it would be even better.

At the turnstile she managed to do that, and ignored the muttered rumble of indignation that ensued. Beyond the turnstile she continued to keep pace with the woman, though, once at the roller coaster itself, she could hardly keep up with this barnacle-like role without causing comment.

The coaster was motionless at the moment, for its recent riders were just regaining the platform. Girls were still shrieking, clinging to their escorts, staggering or pretending to stagger. An attendant raised a signaling hand. The incoming crowd began hurrying to find favored places in the cars. But the massive woman still stood massively. It appeared that the small husband, at this late moment, had elected to watch from the ground. His spouse was complaining.

It was then that Gail felt each of her elbows gripped. Her hands were still free but she could not move. Nor could she catch more than a glimpse behind or in front of her. The four young men had caught up. Now they surrounded her. She gasped, protested, struck vigorously with a sharp heel at the nearest shin. The shin dodged agilely. And all the time the young men were laughing, shouting loudly at her and at one another, drowning out her voice. Inching her forward to the cars.

Horseplay at the beach. Rather rough horseplay, even for an amusement park. The attendant glanced over, frowned, yawned with boredom and disgust. Then he turned his back again and began assisting women into the cars. The small husband was the only other man who remained nearby. Gail called out to him vigorously, "Tell these men to let me alone!" she implored. "I don't even know them. Call a policeman!"

Her captors laughed. "Keep outen it, bud," one advised in high amusement. "She's welchin' on a ten-dollar bet and she ain't goin' to get away with it!"

The small husband's grin was sickly, embarrassed. As he watched, the girl opened her mouth as though she were going to scream, really scream, when one of her boy-friends playfully shoved a portion of her scarf into her open mouth. The small man looked away disapprovingly. Perhaps it'd teach her to be a little more careful about the company she kept. Anyway, he didn't want to get mixed up with that rough bunch of hoodlums.

"Okay, okay, Ethel," he said hastily; "I'll take the ride. Always makes me sick though, so don't raise Cain if I can't eat no supper."

The man and woman began to move past the group around Gail, pointedly ignoring them. Only the small boy hung back, entranced with the rough, playful struggle.

The scarf folds had been thrust only loosely in Gail's mouth, yet that very looseness made them difficult to dislodge. The sheer silk clung to teeth and tongue. Panic and rage betrayed her, and with every inhalation the fabric plastered itself again to the roof of her mouth. And all the time their little phalanx was moving inexorably toward the filling cars.

Who would show more than mild curiosity if, at the end of that ride, a half-fainting girl were carried tenderly away by her four escorts? They were almost at the roller coaster now. It was hard to believe that only three or four minutes had passed since her arms had first been

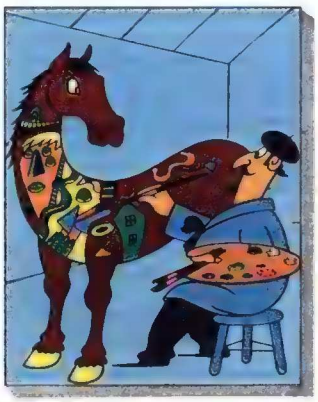
"Certainly, I still love you. Who's this calling?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY GUSTAV LUNDBERG

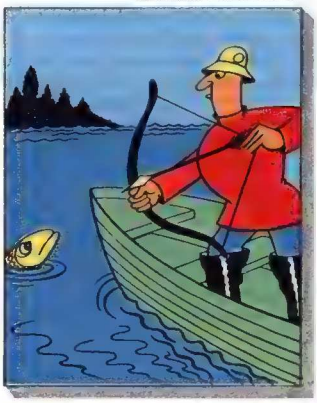
IT'S THE LAW!

by Dick Hyman

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW

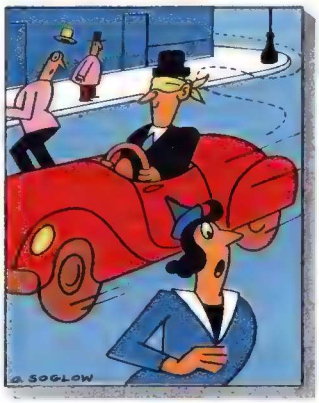


It is a crime to paint a horse, according to Vermont statutes



Catching fish with bow and arrow is now legal in New York State

Michigan law prohibits out-of-state bees from entering the state except in sealed packages



In Birmingham, Ala., it is against the law to drive an automobile while blindfolded

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it to "It's the Law!" The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We will pay $5 for each acceptable contribution. None can be returned.

seized. Already it seemed that she had been gripped for hours, figuratively as well as literally, in this paralysis of terror. Ahead of them, the stout woman turned, looking for her son; came back to snatch at his hand and lead him away from this noisy group.

Gail sagged, suddenly gave up struggling. The hand that held one of her elbows relaxed a little in unconscious reflex. Quick as a flash Gail's own hand and arm shot out then. With a violent gesture she wrenched the shopping bag full of fruit from the fat woman, pulling it toward her. The bag fell open. A banana and a bulging sandwich plumped richly to the platform.

"Well, I *never!*" screeched the fat woman. "Thief! Police!" Her eyes bulged with incredulity. "What you think you're doin'?"

"Here, lady, here's your bag," one of Gail's bodyguards said quickly. "Take a joke, cantcha?"

"Joke nothing!" The woman put an immense hand on his chest, sent him reeling back from Gail. And Gail just as quickly pulled the scarf from her mouth. The other restricting hand melted from her left arm. "A gang of pickpockets, that's what you are!" The woman yelled again to the attendant: "Police, you dope, police!"

The attendant said wearily, "Okay, lady, okay. Keep your shirt on." He put a whistle to his mouth, blew it. "But I can't hold up all these people while you pick up your lunch. Stay in your seats, ladies and gentlemen," he warned the craning heads in the nearest car. "Nothin' goin' on here but a little argument about some fruit." He glimpsed a blue uniform hurrying toward them from a distance. "There he is, lady. Tell your troubles to him. I got my own."

He signaled, and the cars began their slow ascent. The small boy broke into wails. "Ain't we goin' on the ride? Ma, ain't we goin'?"

"Not yet, we ain't! Not till we see these here pickpockets put where they belong!"

But three of the young men had already vanished. The fourth lingered a moment, his fingers digging vindictively into Gail's arm. But the uniform was closer. He said abruptly, "I didn't touch your rotten ol' bag, lady! You got nothin' on me, so pipe down." He turned and walked rapidly away. Finally he was running.

By the time the policeman had arrived, the fourth hoodlum was also out of sight. The fat woman was not too upset by this. Her indignation was still centered on Gail.

The girl stood silently, rubbing her bruised elbow while the woman poured out her voluble complaints. But when Gail finally had a chance to retort, her explanation was concise:

"I never laid eyes on those men before, but they've been following me for the last hour. They grabbed me and actually tried to gag me a few minutes ago. No one would pay any attention. I had to make someone notice what was going on, didn't I? And snatching that bag was the only thing I could think of. I *hoped* she'd be angry, I hoped she'd call the police. But I'm not a pickpocket or a thief. I have plenty of money in my own purse and why would I want to grab a bag of fruit, for goodness' sake?"

The fat woman sniffed, snorted, was not appeased. But suddenly the small husband piped up. "They *was* holding her arms," he confirmed, "and one of 'em did push her scarf into her mouth."

"You need a scarf yourself," his wife grumbled, at this treason. But when the officer asked if she wished to press a complaint, she hedged, then surrendered:

"No, I guess not, if it means goin' to the station and then havin' to go to court. But I ain't satisfied. If you know your business you'll ask her a few questions. I tell you she was edgin' me and pushin' me and followin' me, real close."

"I was just trying to keep out of sight," Gail commented without thinking.

The officer grinned, and the fat woman walked haughtily away, husband and son swimming in her orbit like

satellites about an inexorable planet. Now that he was alone with Gail, the policeman was less casual. He did ask questions, and in reply Gail told him how the men had followed her from shooting gallery to empty restaurant, and then to the roller coaster.

When she finished, he asked, "Any objection to our seeing this money you say you have in your purse?"

"Not at all."

He looked at the book of travelers' checks, at the change purse, at the modest roll of bills in the wallet. His hand plunged deeper and came up with the paper bag. He hefted it, looked into it. "Keys! What you doing with all these keys, miss?" His face was unfriendly now. "You always carry a couple of dozen odd keys with you when you're out for a day at the beach?"

Gail reddened. "I can explain, but it's rather complicated."

"I'll bet it is," he said dryly. He glanced around, saw that a new crowd was streaming through the turnstiles, "We got an audience building up, so you'd better explain at the station."

GAIL was more than willing. She hoped, in fact, that she would be escorted right to the train eventually. At the station she found it was to be very complicated indeed. The keys bothered the sergeant, too, and her explanations sounded involved and unconvincing even to her own ears, especially as they could not be confirmed at the moment. The store, Shipmate, was, of course, not listed in her name, and the sergeant found it quite a coincidence that Mr. Vertucci had just died and that the Commonwealth Avenue house was empty.

The patrolman had gone back to his beat and now she was alone with the sergeant.

"Can't think of anyone else who could give you some kind of reference?" he urged. "Right now I can't spare a man to go back to the hotel with you and check your story. I mean, those papers you got that give you a right to cart keys and things out of the shop."

"If you'd seen those men, you'd know they were mobsters. Do I look like the kind of person who'd run around with mobsters?"

"Well, we didn't see them, and you can't even give us a good description." He added, "And you'd be surprised to know what characters some dames run around with."

"But what on earth would I want with an old lunch bag!"

He said flatly, "You could be a klepto. They'll snatch anything. Fruit—or keys."

"Klepto?"

"Kleptomaniac. People that steal things just because they got an urge to take something, even if they don't want or need it." He gazed over Gail's head, embarrassed now. "Most kleptos are women and we generally hafta hold 'em until their families catch up with 'em."

Gail came to a sudden decision: "I did see a man here this afternoon who knows me, knows about the shop. But I saw him from a distance and didn't have a chance to speak to him: Mr. Standish, Dirk, a reporter on the Boston *Daily Journal*—"

"Dirk Standish?"

"Yes. He was sitting in the Seaview Café about two-thirty."

The sergeant glanced at his watch. "He won't be there now, but maybe he's around the beach somewheres. . . . Why didn't you say so before?" he grumbled. His palm went down on a bell, and the clerk thrust an inquiring head out of the other room. "Put the loud-speaker on Dirk Standish. Tell him he's wanted at this precinct station."

The clerk disappeared. The sergeant glanced at Gail as though wondering why she still stood there. "That's all, miss, until Standish shows up—if he does. You can sit over there by the window. Smoke if you like."

Gail didn't like. Her throat was still parched and dry from its struggle with the scarf, her heart was still pounding with remembered fear. She smoothed her hair with hands that were still icy in spite of the damp heat of the room, rubbed futilely at the dark smudges on her elbows, where the mobsters' hands had gripped. . . .

A man strode into the room, and the sergeant said accusingly, "Took your time."

"You spoiled a shooting streak," Standish countered. "I was hitting 'em on the nose every time. Office want me to call?"

"No." He gestured at Gail, who had risen, who was moving forward uncertainly. "Young lady here who wants you to identify her."

Dirk Standish swung around, stared. "Miss Terhune!"

"Yeah. Seems she claims she's been molested, but—"

"Not *again!*" Dirk Standish clapped a hand to his forehead in mock despair. And Gail conceded gloomily that for once that sardonic smile of his was amply justified. . . .

OUT on the sidewalk a few minutes later, Dirk looked down at the girl. "Well, what now?"

Her voice was very meek: "I'd like to accept that dinner invitation I turned down last night. Or is your fiancée with you?"

"No, she—uh—lives in New York. Besides, I told you she hasn't said 'yes.' And judging by the letter I had this morning, I doubt if she ever will." His tone was not too disconsolate.

"Then you aren't interested in cupids any more? I saw a place where there might possibly be some cross-eyed cupids."

"So did I. A shooting gallery. Which reminds me that I want to get your horrible adventures quite straight in my mind. But we'd better save that for the dinner table. Where would you like to eat?"

"Not here." Gail's shoulders moved in a little shiver. "Boston." . . .

Long before dinner was over her own color had returned and her eyes were a shining dark velvet. He accepted his coffee and nodded approvingly. "Now you look relaxed, so tell me the tale of woe from start to finish."

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When she ceased speaking and picked up her cigarette he said, "Too bad you don't remember the men more clearly."

She was apologetic. "Well, of course after one of them spoke to me at the shooting gallery, I made a point of *not* looking at them. And on the street and in the café they were at a distance."

"Yet you recognized them. Flashy shirts? Something like that?"

"No. Two of them wore plain blue shirts and two had on soiled white ones. The ones that grabbed my elbows managed to keep a little behind me, but I remember they were short. The only one that I saw well was the man in front of me. He was bigger than the others and had light brown hair and a boil on the back of his neck."

DIRK groaned. "Only a few thousand young men that answer that description, boils and all."

"I'm sorry, but when they were close to me, the only part of my scarf that wasn't in my mouth, was blowing in my eyes all the time. The one on my left had an onyx ring."

"Oh, fine!" Dirk said with mournful sarcasm. "We can pick *him* up in a jiffy!" He added, with some curiosity, "How did you happen to present them with such a leading remark—that business about having dozens of cupids at home? Can you remember the conversation verbatim?"

"Let's see. The cupids were exactly like the ones in the shop. So when the attendant gave me the prize, I guess I was thinking out loud." She flushed a little. "I said, 'I thought maybe it would be cross-eyed.' Of course I was really talking to myself. And the attendant said something about his cupids being healthy and not having eyestrain."

"Try to remember the exact words."

"Well, he said I might be able to find a cupid with eyestrain in a bookstore, but that *his* cupids were healthy. I suppose he was trying to be funny. And he was cross when I didn't take the cupid. There were customers waiting, and perhaps he thought I was running down his prizes in front of them. So that's why I said I had dozens at home. Just trying to be polite," Gail added unhappily.

"And one of the hoods picked up the remark and said how about giving him a few. And you properly snubbed him and they set out to punish you for it." Dirk nodded. "It happens all the time but it's still incredible—the workings of that type of mind, I mean." As they left the dining room he went on, "What are you doing tomorrow? Not planning to burgle Vertucci's house, I hope?"

"I'd like to find the books that should have been in the shop. He's been claiming right along that he was running a big secondhand book business. Some good ones, too, first editions and similar items. Well, where are they? In his house probably, if he was afraid I'd foreclose."

"Or in other bookstores, if he sold out instead." Dirk hesitated. "It's a long shot, but the thought occurred to me a while ago: There is a bookstore called 'Reynold's.' And Reynold's first name is John."

She shook her head. "No. According to the ledger entries, my John R. didn't have any books sent him; just the plaster figurines. The shooting gallery I went to evidently wasn't the right one, even if it had some of the Shipmate cupids."

Dirk said quietly, "Perhaps it *was* the right concession. The attendant wouldn't have been Reynold himself, but if he works for Reynold in Revere, he'd also know that Reynold owned a bookstore in Boston. You mention a cross-eyed cupid and he says to himself: 'Glad I'm out here, instead of getting eyestrain in the bookstore.' If you figure it that way, his remark to you was natural enough."

"But he didn't know any John," she reminded him. "Still, I suppose there's nothing to lose by looking up the Reynold bookstore."

They were entering the lobby of her hotel, and Dirk said, "But we'll go together, remember. I'm tied up until four tomorrow but I'll pick you up here at that time. You can amuse yourself by hunting around the shop for another cross-eyed cupid. I'd still like an unbroken one. Or, even better, run out to Concord and Lexington and do some sight-seeing."

"That's an idea." Her eyes were innocent. "I've always wanted to see where Nathaniel Hawthorne fired the shot heard round the world." . . .

ON HER return from her sight-seeing tour the next day, Gail was disappointed to find Dirk's written message at the desk: "Unexpected assignment out of town. Will be back late tonight and hope to keep four-o'clock appointment tomorrow, instead. Please stick to sight-seeing."

He hadn't stipulated what kind of sight-seeing, she told herself a little too ingenuously. And to saunter by Reynold's store could fall into that category if one stretched it a bit.

The shop proved to be in the crowded hinterlands behind the State House. It was newly painted, its plate-glass windows shone. In the showcase, an early folio of Hogarth's plates lay chastely on turquoise velvet.

Gail felt a rising hope. If John Reynold proved to be Vertucci's partner or manager, as Dirk had suggested, half of Gail's troubles were over. This was a prosperous shop; it was, in fact, what she had expected Shipmate to be. If the best items in Shipmate had been transferred here—well, good auditors should be able to dig out those facts. She doubted if it would come to that. J. Reynold would probably prefer to cough up Gail's forty-seven hundred dollars than be involved in a lawsuit. So would Signora Vertucci—if the woman were really Ned's widow.

She entered the store. It was long and narrow, with concealed lighting. The left wall was lined with open shelves of used books that looked to be in excellent condition. The entire floor was so luxuriously carpeted that her feet did not make a sound on the dull-green fabric. Along the right wall there were six glass-doored cubicles, each holding a leather-topped table and a single lighted lamp. It was all very pleasant and formal, yet the hush, somehow, suggested a jewelry shop rather than an academic silence.

EVIDENTLY one of the far cubicles was occupied, for the door was closed, but Gail found herself the sole inhabitant of the outer shop. That is, if one did not count the typist who sat in a mezzanine gallery at the end of the store. Even as Gail stared around her, a door beneath the gallery opened and a man came toward her deferentially. "Yes? May I help you?"

"I'm interested in books—but even more in the shop," Gail said rather bluntly. "I've never seen a bookstore quite like this one."

He smiled. "Oh, we're not unique, I'm afraid. But most of our custom is in rare books, and our clients prefer quiet. And privacy."

"You're Mr. Reynold?"

"No, I'm Mr. Porter, the manager. Mr. Reynold died recently. . . . Please feel free to look around, even if you are not in a buying mood."

Mr. Porter was slim and quick, with a shock of white hair and an unlined face. Gail's eyes slid past him to the nearest cubicle. Her eyes touched the table, the lamp. Touched something else. And fixed. "I'm always in a buying mood as far as books are concerned, but I've never had the money to collect first editions."

"Ah, well, time accomplishes a lot. You may be one of our future customers."

His smile was so sympathetic that she didn't hesitate to step into the cubicle. Very casually, she picked up the small figurine that stood beside the lamp. Her eyes were merry as she turned to him: "You know books—and I know ceramics. Would you be offended if I say this cupid hardly belongs in your lovely store? He's bad art, to begin with, and his eyes aren't even on straight!"

Mr. Porter followed her into the cubicle, stared at the cupid indignantly. Then he spread rueful hands. "Atrocious! A customer must have left it. And a customer I would not care to see again! Abominable taste!"

He took the figurine from her and with finicky distaste deposited it in the padded depths of the leather wastebasket. In spite of warring emotions, Gail was amused. But the cupid he rejected was important to her. Dirk would want it eventually. And it was some corroboration of Dirk's suspicion that Reynold might have been "John R." It was curious that Reynold, too, had died recently. Perhaps Eduardo Vertucci and John Reynold had been one and the same person?

SHE sauntered out of the cubicle. "I'm afraid I have no business even looking at your best stock. Would it be all right if I just browsed around your open shelves for a while?"

"Oh, do, do! Just signal our Miss Berry up there in the gallery if you find something that takes your fancy. Will you forgive me if I go back to other duties?"

Gail's nod excused him, and he vanished again through the door beneath the gallery. At another time Gail would have been really absorbed in the books, but the customer in the far cubicle might appear at any moment. She seized a Victorian edition of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and signaled Miss Berry, who happened to be glancing her way.

Miss Berry nodded and rose, presumably to descend one of the two flights of stairs that bracketed each side of the mezzanine. The stairs were sealed in; even so, they were short—there would be only a minute at most. As the woman vanished, Gail darted across to the cubicle, seized the figurine from the basket, and crushed it into her shoulder bag. And thanked her stars that she had removed the bag of keys the night before. She was well away from the cubicle when the woman appeared.

"I'm glad you found something," Miss Berry commented as she took Gail's money. "And you were just in time. We close very promptly at five during the hot months."

When Gail had left, Miss Berry sauntered back to the stairs. Passing the closed cubicle, she peered through the glass door, made a little grimace of distaste. The customer's back was presented to her, his head bent as he sat crouched over the contents of the table. The thought occurred to Miss Berry for the dozenth time: Men with a tendency to boils on the neck should be more careful about the cleanliness of their collars. . . .

Gail glanced out the hotel window. A thunderstorm was boiling up from the south and the atmosphere was literally electric. The telephone rang and she picked up the receiver. There were crackling sounds; then Dirk's voice far away and attenuated.

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Springfield, Ohio

"Hi, I'm on my way back from Providence. If it's not too late when I get in, I'll call you again. . . . You all right?"

"Of course. Listen, Dirk; I went to Reynold's—"

"Great Scott, no!" A sputter and snapping on the line itself seemed to emphasize his disapproval.

"Just as a customer," she defended, "and what do you think? There was a cross-eyed cupid on a table!" The line exploded into a gigantic hum, and a half-dozen small voices began plaintively begging for "Operator." Gail raised her voice, "I can't hear you now!"

Suddenly his voice was speaking directly into her ear: "—and that ties them up in blue ribbons! With the cupid in the shop we have them cold!" The voice faded, disappeared again into a welter of noises. Then there was a click and sudden silence. Gail replaced the receiver, her spirits depressed.

She shouldn't have taken the cupid from the shop at all, nor should she have needed Dirk's comment to make that clear. The cupid established a connection between Reynold and Vertucci only if it were found on the premises. But in Gail's own hands, here in the hotel, the cross-eyed cupid proved nothing at all. Dirk Standish would be furious. To be sure, if Mr. Porter was honest and knew nothing of Reynold's private affairs, he might back up Gail in her assertion that the cupid *had* been in the shop. But she couldn't count on it. And, again, if she had only visited the shop earlier in the day, she could have sneaked the cupid back quite easily.

But if she hadn't taken it, wouldn't it have disappeared anyway, in the cleaning that would be done tonight or early tomorrow morning?

A RATHER startling idea was forming: Suppose the cupid were back in the wastebasket, and suppose the basket were emptied before Dirk could get to the store in the morning? Even so, there was a strong possibility that trash from the store would still be in some bin in the basement. The important thing was for the cupid to be found on the premises.

She took the key labeled "John R." and stared at it gloomily. To use it might well land her in the police station. She could, of course, wait for Dirk's return and his help in the matter. But he wouldn't approve of her replacing the cupid if it meant using the key when the store was officially closed. It wasn't fair to involve him. Gail nodded to herself in final decision. She wrapped the cupid in tissue and replaced it in her shoulder bag. Then she scribbled a note to be left at the desk. It read: "If I'm not back by 10 P.M. I'll be at Reynold's —or perhaps some police station!"

In the lobby, the clerk glanced at the blank face of the envelope. "You forgot the name, Miss Terhune." Gail meditated. The note was primarily for Dirk, of course. Still, he might be delayed; and after her Revere experience she had acquired a healthy distaste for dashing off into the unknown. Dirk and the Jacksons were the only people who knew where she was staying. The Jacksons wouldn't try to reach her tonight—and if she hadn't returned by morning she'd certainly be glad to have someone looking for her!

She answered briskly, "The message can be given to anyone who inquires for me before I return."

By the time she was through dinner it was dark enough and she hailed a taxi. At the bookstore, curtains were drawn across the showcase windows, but a dim light shone through them. It was impossible to know whether someone was working late or whether the light was simply a precaution against—she smiled without humor—against burglars.

She pressed the key into the lock and said to it under her breath, "Don't turn!" But it did turn. The lock, like everything else about the bookstore, was smoothly oiled, silent, efficient.

THE outer shop was empty. The light came from a single lamp that burned beneath the mezzanine balcony. Gail slipped the key back into her bag and adjusted the lock so that the door could be opened from the outside. Then she closed the door quietly. If she were caught, her story would be simple: that she had left her gloves here, that she had found the door unlocked and had walked in, assuming that the bookstore kept evening hours for its customers.

She darted across the floor to the first cubicle. The tissue paper rustled as she replaced the cupid in the wastebasket. Such tiny sounds, yet they were like thunder in her ears. It was as though the cupid were stirring furtively, pushing off his wrapping, there in his dark hiding place. She had a horrid fancy that the cross-eyed cupid was turning on her his full sinister aspect at last.

There was a small humming sound. For a moment she was startled, but almost immediately she placed the sound: A vacuum cleaner was being run in the far depths of the region beneath the balcony, Mr. Porter's office, perhaps. The sound stopped, the door beneath the balcony opened, and a vacuum cleaner was propelled into sight by unseen hands. No one followed the machine, but the interval would be brief. The worker had gone back for other implements.

The front door was only thirty feet away, but those thirty feet were too well lighted. The cubicles, on the contrary, were shadowed. So were the sealed-in stairs that ascended each side of the balcony. Gail darted into the next cubicle. If she must announce herself, at least it shouldn't be from the compartment that held the figurine.

A minute passed. She heard the sound of water being drawn from a tap in the rear of the store.

Under cover of that sound she skipped from the cubicle and ran up the nearest stairs to the mezzanine. She crouched close to the low steel files that lined a portion of the railing, and peered down. The balcony was dark, the one light was below and in front of her. She could not be seen unless someone came up here. And then there was always an alternate flight of stairs. She drew a long breath, relaxed a little for the first time in long minutes. With any luck, she would be able to slide from the store unnoticed when the strategic moment arrived.

The actual appearance of the worker was almost anticlimactic. It was a woman who emerged from the door. She was carrying newspapers, cloths, and a large empty basket. She spread some of the papers on the carpet, placed the basket on them, plugged in the vacuum cleaner. Then she went into the first two cubicles and came out, carrying the two wastebaskets. As she returned, her face was clear to Gail.

It was Signora Vertucci.

Gail sighed with relief. Only a woman to deal with, and a woman she had met. Moreover, Mrs. Vertucci's presence here was added proof of the connection between Reynold and Vertucci. It would be stretching coincidence too far to suppose otherwise. Unless . . . Could the woman have left the cupid here, supposing the object might please her employers? It seemed unlikely, considering her scorn of all the stock at the Shipmate. The answer to that last question would be the woman's reaction when she found the cupid.

Mrs. Vertucci emptied the first basket into the large receptacle. She glanced into the second one and for a moment stood very still. Then she reached in and held up the cupid, naked now of his tissue paper. Her heavy dark eyebrows drew into a scowl, her hand swung. The cross-eyed cupid shattered against the edge of the basket. Shattered with such violence that small pieces of the light plaster flew in miniature arcs.

Perhaps the woman had expended what annoyance she felt. For now, and calmly enough, she set about picking up the broken pieces. She laid them on another spread of paper. The large basket was apparently only for trash that could be burned. Then she switched on the vacuum cleaner, ran it about the small area near the baskets, and switched it off again.

If only Gail were on the main floor she wouldn't mind so much declaring herself, and her original alibi might hold up. But however ignorant Mrs. Vertucci was of American ways, she was no fool. Gail's hiding in a dark balcony would have to be explained in detail, and that explanation would completely give the show away. The shattered cupid would vanish, certain ledger pages would disappear. No, Gail must not be seen until she at least had a chance to regain the lower floor.

MRS. VERTUCCI was now emptying the last of the baskets from the other cubicles. She paused to mop her face and to pull still lower the neck of her blouse. The front door opened, and Mr. Porter came in. He turned his back and adjusted the lock before he closed the door. In that instant Mrs. Vertucci's foot went out, lifted an edge of the spread newspaper, folded it over the shattered pieces of plaster. The foot remained there, casually.

Mr. Potter trotted toward the woman with neat, precise steps. "You should never leave the door unlocked," he said. A spate of Italian answered him, and

he brushed it away impatiently. "English, please. You know I don't understand that lingo."

"I say I leave it locked. Always."

"Obviously you didn't tonight. . . . Well, go ahead and get this mess out of the way. Some of the others will be along any time now."

She nodded, and began tugging at a sleeve as though in preparation. But her foot didn't move.

Mr. Porter glanced down at it. "What you hiding there?" he asked suspiciously. His own toe went out, thrust her foot away. The fold of paper fell back, displaying the broken shards of plaster.

After a long pause he said slowly, "So. It was you all the time, you and Toni!" His tone was uncomfortably restrained.

"No, not Toni! Only me, only me!" the woman protested wildly.

"That doesn't make sense. Why?"

"Because it is *bad!*" Her foot lifted, came smashingly down on the plaster. "You are bad, all of you are bad—even my Toni. But he does not know; I swear he does not know!"

Mr. Porter studied her reflectively. "But the police know, eh? You've talked to the police?"

"Police, pfui!" Her mouth pursed scornfully.

He cocked his head, said softly, coaxingly, "But the girl, the Terhune girl? You hinted something to her? And that's why she went snooping around at Revere?"

"Never, not a word! I see her only once—two minutes. I tell you it is always me, only me!"

Mr. Porter poked at the plaster with his shoe, looked up, and demanded abruptly, "Where is it?"

"Gone. Washed away in the sink."

He laughed suddenly, a short, quick bark. "You lie in your teeth! It's been Toni all along, trying to shove us out of the picture. What dopes we've been, thinking Vertucci was trying to get out of the game! He was just trying to ease *us* out, so his son could take over! Oh, very nice!" He patted his breast pocket and his teeth were bared. "Well, when your darling Toni comes in, he can do his explaining right into a .38!"

Suddenly the woman whipped something long and gleaming from a pocket of her capacious black skirt. And the man involuntarily stepped back. But she did not threaten him. "Look!" she commanded. Clasping the stiletto hilt in both hands she lifted the weapon, placed its point lightly against the flesh bared by the open blouse. Rapid Italian phrases poured from her lips.

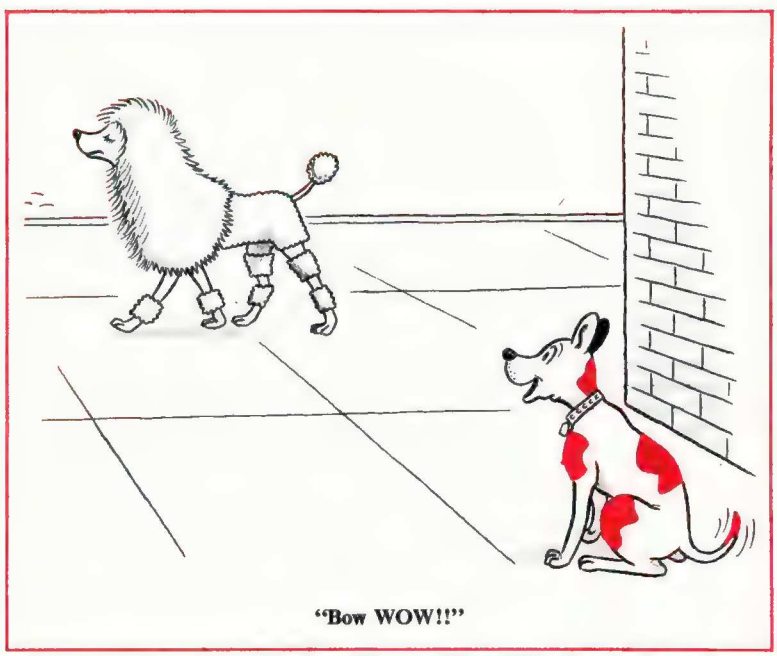
The man's own mouth sneered. "Cut the drama. What's it all about?"

"I am swearing by all that is holy that my son Toni knows nothing of what I have done. Nothing! If I lie, may the saints drive this knife into my heart! I swear by the knife!"

It was stagy, it was corny theater, it was fourth-rate opera. Gail felt bemusedly that she was dreaming, that in another moment a tenor would saunter to the footlights, that a burst of music would waken her . . .

But it wasn't a tenor, it was Mr. Porter. With a catlike leap, he gripped the woman's clasped hands in both of his—and thrust. He was a slight man and the *signora* was a large woman. But he had caught her off balance. She cried out once, a muted cry that was somehow sorrowful and surprised rather than terrified. In her backward step, a foot must have twisted on the broken plaster. She went down heavily. And Mr. Porter fell with her, still gripping her hands.

For a moment the tableau held, then the man scrambled to his feet.



"Bow WOW!!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY ERIC ERICSON

Signora Vertucci lay on her back, her eyes wide. Her noble, archaic face might have been that of a statue that has fallen in some forgotten garden. One hand had dropped to her side. The other still grasped the weapon's hilt. There was no blood. How could there be? The knife had sunk its full length, to the very hand guard.

For Gail herself, there was only six inches to fall. She was already crouched. And she did not know when her cheek slid along the cool metal of the filing cabinet and rested on the floor.

WHEN she could finally raise her head her eyes were clear again. Mr. Porter had found a huge black tarpaulin, and the body was covered. Beneath the edges of the tarpaulin he was placing a few books. To the hasty eye of anyone who might walk in, a curious patrolman, for instance, the mound might well appear to be a pile of volumes.

A buzzer sounded lightly. Mr. Porter trotted down the room and opened the door cautiously. Then he stepped back. Gail was not really surprised to see the light-haired man from Revere come in—the one who had a boil on his neck. Too many shocks had left her numb.

The newcomer gazed at the tarpaulin. "What gives? House-cleanin'?" His hair grew long on a slanting forehead, and dull eyes belied a pugnacious jaw. The jaw was working on gum.

Mr. Porter said calmly, "No, Toni's mother. She just killed herself. Stiletto."

"Pete's sakes, why?" The jaw dropped open, then began churning again.

"Guess what, Flatty! *She's* the one who took the cupid, not the Terhune girl! Been swiping them right along probably. Maybe with Toni, maybe not. We'll be finding out tonight. When I caught her red-handed, she went to pieces. Grabbed the knife and killed herself. You know how she was—excitable."

Flatty shifted his gun. "Toni ain't goin' to like this, see? She's his mother, see?"

"Of course I see!" Mr. Porter was impatient. "But it's Toni who's got to do the explaining, not me. . . . And now you're here, pull her into the back room, the shipping room. She's too heavy for me."

"I don't want nuttin' to do with Toni's mother, alive or dead. Not me."

"You fool! You'd think *I* bumped 'er off! Well, look!" Mr. Porter flung back the tarpaulin. "Take a good look. *My* fingerprints aren't on that knife. Her hand's frozen to it. Bet you couldn't pry her fingers loose."

Flatty bent over the body, touched the cold fingers.

"Go ahead, try," Mr. Porter urged him.

But Flatty stood up. "Well, maybe so," he grumbled, "maybe so. I just hope that hand don't fall off'm the knife while I'm draggin' her. I don't want no argument with Toni." He was about to undertake the task when another thought struggled into his mind. "You didn't ast me about the girl, the Terhune girl."

"She's not important now. I thought

she took the cupid from the basket, but she didn't. It was Toni's mother all the time. And she swore she never said anything to the girl. The girl's in the clear. Probably she's just trying to find some of the dough Reynold owed her. Well, let her look." Mr. Porter smiled sourly.

Flatty cerebrated with visible effort. "But she went to Revere," he brought out finally.

Mr. Porter glanced at the door, tossed the tarpaulin back over the body. "Oh, that. Well, so what? Probably tried a lot of concessions and ran into that one accidentally."

"She's talkin' cross-eyed cupids," Flatty persisted. "I heard her."

Mr. Porter sighed. "Okay, so she's seen a few at the Shipmate, the broken ones. Why wouldn't she make a natural crack like that? If she's got any suspicions at all, it's because you punks roughed her up."

"And she come here today." If Flatty's mind were not swift, it was at least unswerving.

PORTER scowled. Then he glanced from Flatty to the silent object on the floor, and made a visible effort to be genial. "Look; the Terhune girl knows the stuff at the Shipmate isn't worth a nickel. She's looking for the stuff she loaned the dough on, mainly books. Valuable books. So this smart cookie says to herself: 'What did my dear uncle do with all the books, the big chiseler? And if he sold them, where's my money?' So she is going to start with bookstores, looking for someone who bought out his stock. She's going to go to the best-known dealers in rare books—and that lands her here almost the first thing, cupids or no cupids. Get it?"

Mr. Porter spread his hands, added winningly, "Now, Flatty, I admit I was nervous. When the cupid disappears and I think this dame has taken it out of the wastebasket—why, I get twittery. And when you boys follow her to the hotel and find out she's the Terhune girl, naturally I thought she must be tied up with the cupids we've been missing. Well, I was wrong. As far as I know, the Terhune girl is innocent as a dove, so forget her. There's been quite enough violence. I dislike it."

"Yeah," Flatty said slowly, "so Vertucci is a stiff—"

"Reynold."

"Well, whatever you want to call him. And Toni's mother is layin' there. And you don't like vi'lence. That's a laugh. That's really a laugh."

"It was my misfortune to be present on both occasions," Mr. Porter corrected. "Reynold had a heart attack. Ask the Doc and stop hinting things." His hand strayed to his pocket, and Flatty spoke hastily:

"Okay, okay! So the Terhune girl is out. I just thought you'd wanta know she left a message. When I phoned her room the clerk gave me a message without even astin' who I was. You coulda brained me with a feather. She says, is anyone interested, she's at Reynold's. Or if she ain't there—we can ast the police."

Gail was very still, holding her breath. Mr. Porter drew out an immaculate handkerchief, patted his forehead. He glanced about the room, his eyes probing the darkened cubicles, seeking the night-gloom of the balcony. "And the door was unlocked," he commented softly. "Well, well."

But Flatty was still pursuing his own train of thought: "What I don't see is, if she's in the clear, like you say, why'd she be plannin' to come here again tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? Oh, I doubt if she planned to come down here *tomorrow*," Mr. Porter answered smoothly. Flatty shrugged, bent again to his task. This time it was the other who interrupted him. "Never mind that now." His tone was peremptory. "First, look through the office and shipping room and see that everything is jake. And then I want you to take a good gander up and down the alley."

"Lookin' for what?"

"Looking for anyone who's got no business there. Don't skip the parked cars. And when you come back, lock the door. It shouldn't take you more than ten minutes. Or less than five. You're too careless, Flatty."

When Flatty had shambled out, Mr. Porter closed the door behind him, then turned and faced the line of cubicles. He spoke very softly:

"If you're there, Miss Terhune, please show yourself. You have nothing at all to fear. Nothing." He swung about and looked up at the balcony, his eyes squinting against the light. "Don't be alarmed by anything you've seen—or think you have seen. Our eyes often deceive us, don't they, Miss Terhune?"

Gail was silent. The whole place was silent.

Perhaps there is some telepathic communication between hunter and hunted. For now Gail found herself speculating almost calmly:

"He thinks Mrs. Vertucci left the door unlocked and that I may have come in without her knowing it. He isn't sure whether I'm still here or not, so he sent Flatty away on purpose. Flatty must never know that I saw the murder. So, if I'm here, he must find me, and if he finds me, he must kill me. At once. He hasn't much choice, really. . . . Besides, they spoke of others coming this evening—Toni Vertucci. Toni would kill him, and he knows it—whether they're partners or enemies. After all, she was Toni's mother. Suppose I promised him I wouldn't talk? No, he has no time left to listen, only time to shoot. . . . Besides, would I be able to live with myself if I didn't tell? Well, that's something I will probably never know now."

SHE was watching Mr. Porter move from cubicle to cubicle. When he reached the last one, he would start up the stairs to her left, for they were the nearer to him. She rose a little, still half-crouched. The carpeting was heavy here too, and on the stairs. As he ascended, she would race down the flight at her right. She couldn't wait here in this darkness, to

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be clubbed down like a cornered animal.

Mr. Porter vanished from sight, up the stairs to her left.

Still in that eerie communion of minds, Gail knew suddenly that he was not running up those stairs. No, he was moving up them warily, step by step, pausing to listen. He would guess that if she were here at all, she would be alone, unarmed. But he could not be sure.

She rose, fled silently across the balcony to the other stairs, deftly avoiding files, desk, and chairs. At least, her eyes were more adjusted to this gloom than his would be. Halfway down the stairs she paused, her heart thudding madly. Then she reversed her direction, ascended a few steps. The man might be shrewd enough to dodge back to this staircase, guessing her maneuver, and hoping to corner her. So in this macabre game of tag, perhaps it was safer to stay here—leave herself two lines of retreat. She stood at the curve of the stairs, flattening herself against the wall, ready to race up or down.

There was the soft buzz of the doorbell, in three peremptory signals.

Shockingly close, only a few feet below her, Gail heard a sharp breath drawn, heard it exhaled on a smothered cough. The bell rang again. But evidently this caller had a key, and was impatient enough to find and use it eventually. For, within the room now, a voice said, "Porter! Flatty. Where *is* everyone?" But it was a demand, not a question.

At the foot of the stairs Mr. Porter cleared his throat. Then he called out, composedly enough, "Here. And why carry a key if you expect footman service?" He added, "Don't confuse my name with my duties, Toni. You do that too often."

GAIL fled back up the stairs to her balcony refuge. But the reprieve had shattered her false composure. Now that there was a chance, the merest chance, her knees—her whole body—began to shake uncontrollably. The anesthesia of shock was gone, and she was naked to terror.

"More books?" Toni was saying. "We got too many books." He was staring with disfavor at the tarpaulin. He wasn't one of the Revere goons, as Flatty had been. Gail was sure she had never seen him before. But he was the son of the man who had married her aunt, legally or bigamously. Toni might be her hope, and she studied him with a terrible intentness: In appearance he was his father's son, over-handsome, overdapper, with the same obsidian eyes. Only his voice hinted of his mother, soft, authoritative: "Now Papa's gone, let's not go too crazy over books."

Mr. Porter said, "It's a good, legitimate business, and the best front in the world, come tax time." He rubbed

his hands together and smiled. "I keep telling you again and again, Toni, that a rare book is like an antique. There isn't an Internal Revenue man in the country that can prove you haven't lost thousands on some book you can't sell. Or that you didn't buy it for a song, for that matter."

"Catalogued, aren't they, the same as stamps?"

Porter shrugged. "Some, not all, by any means. Books, stamps, antiques, they're all on the borderline. You can make a fool of yourself buying them, you can make a fool of yourself selling them. That's all the Revenue men can blast you for—that you've been a fool. Your father had the right idea. Put most of his profits into collectors' items, not into banks or safe-deposit boxes where they could be dug out."

"Oh, he was smart," Toni said grudgingly. "He had a buyer for the whole collection lined up in South America—and no questions asked. And a flossy rancho for himself all picked out down there. But *now* what? Me, I don't crave to live in South America. No, I wanna spend the dough here."

Mr. Porter's tone changed suddenly: "Never mind books now. There are a couple of things more important to talk about. . . . Toni, see this .38?" He pulled the gun from his pocket, weighed it in his palm.

Toni eyed it. "Yeah, I see it."

"Look; will you swap your Luger for it? Now?"

Toni yawned. "You know I don't tote an iron when I'm off duty. And I won't swap. But I'll see can I get you another Luger."

"That's all I wanted to know," Mr. Porter said. "You see, I'm about to ventilate your chest if you don't talk very fast and convincingly."

Toni's body was suddenly very still. "Okay, what do I talk about? You planning to take over the show all by your little pink self?"

Mr. Porter took a nervous dancing step backward, but the gun did not waver. "I'll put it on the line, Toni. You've been handling the foreign end for five years, and very well too. You got the stuff to us, and except for a few batches, it wasn't cut. We all did very nicely out of it. Then you and your mother got hankering for America. And against my better judgment I agreed with your father that you could come over here. Right?"

TONI's mouth sneered. "Right. I'll also point out that those cupids were something you could never have dreamed up. Or arranged for, if you'd thought of 'em. From the time I fixed that up, you guys could watch Customs operate —and still not sweat a drop. For the first time in your lives. Because why? Because every one of those cupids was whole and headed for a shooting gallery, if anyone was nosy. And if a few of 'em was badly made, who's to know or care? Well, who thought that one up? Not you. *Me!*"

"Don't get too overcome with yourself," Porter said acidly. "Every smug-

WHY DON'T THEY?

STANDARDIZE household faucet washers—or at least put the size on the faucet—to eliminate taking the whole thing apart in order to get the size of the leaky washer and shutting off the water while the washer is being purchased?—*Frank Fellheimer, Aurora, Ill.*

MARKET double-barreled nose droppers to put drops in both nostrils at the same time, and save mothers endless struggle with children over getting drops in the second nostril?—*Mrs. John W. Howell Jr., Haleyville, Ala.*

Double-barreled droppers

INVENT a wristlet of sponge-rubber to wear on the arm when washing or painting ceilings, which would catch the drops that otherwise run down to your armpit?—*Mrs. Grace N. Keene, Medomak, Maine.*

PAINT names of streets with luminous paint, so that they can be read at night without difficulty, especially in small towns, where street lights are often few and far between?—*Mrs. John J. Cahill Jr., Waupun, Wis.*

PRODUCE a breadbox with a drop-lid lined with wood, which would make a handy slicing board?—*Mrs. Muriel Willens, Culver City, Calif.*

Half-size cigarettes

MANUFACTURE half-size cigarettes for the thousands of smokers who take just two or three puffs and throw the rest away?—*L. A. Wells, Tuscaloosa, Ala.*

ATTACH a hook to the end of the ironing board to accommodate clothes hangers? These would be handy for finished pieces of laundry, like blouses and little girls' dresses, that should be hung up.—*Mrs. Charles W. Keegan, Fremont, Ohio.*

PACKAGE sliced bacon in several different thicknesses, so that people can select the slices they prefer?—*Everitt T. Gambling, Detroit, Mich.*

DEVISE a small attachment with a magnifying glass to swing in front of the sewing-machine needle, to assist in threading it?—*LaDonna Peterson, Schofield, Wis.*

Needle-threading aid

PROVIDE paper towels or tissues in self-service produce departments of supermarkets, so shoppers can wipe their hands after selecting wet vegetables?—*Mrs. Richard Pritz, Euclid, Ohio.*

INSTALL rental lockers in movie theater lobbies for the convenience of out-of-town or local shoppers who would like to be rid of bundles while they take in a show?—*Mrs. F. W. Heath, Phillips, Wis.*

INVENT a simple pin or clasp which would hold a woman's shoulder-bag strap in place and prevent its slipping off the shoulders?—*Mrs. Kate Anderson, Port Huron, Mich.*

Have you any ideas no one else seems to have thought of? Send them on a postcard to the "Why Don't They?" editor, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We'll pay $5 for each suggestion accepted. None can be returned.

How to break the ice. A welcome way, at this time of year, is to suggest a tall and frosty mint julep. And it's *especially* welcome if you make it with that perfect julep whiskey—Four Roses. For, so many people prefer Four Roses that it outsells every other whiskey at or above the Four Roses price—even outsells most other whiskies at any price.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

Wouldn't you rather drink

Four Roses

HOW'S YOUR APPETITE?

by Boris Randolph

ADD the word EAT to each of the mysterious groups of letters listed below and you can rearrange them to get something EATable every time. EXAMPLE: Add EAT to G G L N P and you get EGGPLANT. Answers appear on page 77.

1. Add EAT to CIHKOR and get _____
2. Add EAT to ALMO and get _____
3. Add EAT to EGILN and get _____
4. Add EAT to NPU and get _____
5. Add EAT to ACLNOPU and get _____
6. Add EAT to CCHLOO and get _____
7. Add EAT to GHIPST and get _____
8. Add EAT to CERRSSW and get _____
9. Add EAT to BRRRSWY and get _____
10. Add EAT to D and get _____
11. Add EAT to FFKNRRRU and get _____
12. Add EAT to AKRRSUU and get _____

gling racket there is has used toys. Diamonds, heroin, counterfeit—"

"Not this way, not in something that don't come apart. That's plaster, whole plaster, right in one piece! Look, Porter; what's eating you?"

"Just stay where you are. I'll tell you what's eating me! There should be twenty of those special cupids in every shipment, right? So what's been happening lately? We keep finding one of those babies already broken—and empty. Or at least that's what your father claimed, and you backed him up. And like a dope I believed him, because we'd been partners so long. He says it must have been done overseas, or on shipboard. Oh, yeah? Well, I got the pay-off tonight! It isn't a new mob trying to muscle in. It isn't the Terhune girl, or a double-crosser on the foreign end."

"Just tell me and skip the production. I get a very hard feeling about a guy who waggles a rod at me."

Mr. Porter said very fast, "It was your mother, Toni—your mother all the time! Looks like she didn't like the racket. She's been sneaking a cupid whenever she had a chance. And breaking 'em, throwing the junk away. Either that or she's been chiseling the stuff for you to sell on the side!"

"That's one of your corniest ideas, lover boy."

"It's the truth, the truth! I caught her right here tonight with a smashed cupid. The one I thought the Terhune girl had swiped." Porter gestured toward the tarpaulin jerkily. "When I caught her—accused her—she just went crazy, I guess. She screamed and—and stabbed herself!" His voice rose to a slurred gabble: "She's dead, understand? Dead!"

Toni took a single step. The hooded eyes widened. His voice was still controlled, but it began to hurry: "*Non e possibile!* My mother is Catholic. You joke." His breath caught. "It is a bad joke that I will not forget!"

Mr. Porter snatched the tarpaulin away.

Toni wavered, fell to his knees. He was not able to rise, but, like a two-year-old, crept that intervening space on all fours. Then he sat back on his heels. A fixed, incredulous grin of agony bared his teeth. "*Mamma mia, mamma mia! Non credo! Non credo! Dio!*" His voice became an incoherent raving, and he raised shaking, imploring hands directly toward Gail.

She stood up and said very clearly, "It's a lie, Toni. *He* stabbed her, *he* killed her! I saw him do it!"

She didn't hear the shot, but she felt the vibration of the bullet as it ricocheted from the steel file three inches above her right cheek. She did hear the other two shots, but they meant nothing to her until she had recovered enough to peer over the railing again. The room was full of blue uniforms. She supposed that was very nice, although at the moment she couldn't quite think why. She could only realize dimly that somehow she was glad that it was Toni who lay bloody and silent across his mother's knees, and that it was Mr. Porter who was sitting up, surlily nursing a wounded arm as well as handcuffs would permit.

Mr. Porter was going to have a longer, but quite as inevitable a road as Toni. And because he had more intelligence, he would have even less pleasant reflections.

There wasn't time for any more speculations, because suddenly there was a blundering in the balcony, and muttered imprecations. And then Dirk was crouched there too, his arms questioning, his hands frantic as they flew about her. "Darling, darling, you're not hurt? You're all right?"

"I'm all right," she said blankly.

And then she was really in his arms there in the darkness, and his mouth was moving from her hair to her shoulder to her cheek, seeking and not finding her lips. And he was saying, wonderingly, "The loveliest, softest throat—" And then angrily, "But where's your mouth? In the *carpet?*"

And she was laughing quite hysterically and he was finally finding her lips. And a first kiss stained with salt, because he was saying, "No, no, don't cry! Oh, my beautiful, wonderful girl—you'll never have to cry again. I promise, I promise—never!"

She felt considerably better when he added crossly, "You stupid dodo." . . .

THEY had the beach to themselves, for the three Jacksons had decided to take a stroll to the Point. As they departed, Dirk rolled over lazily and sat up. "Don't get too pink," he warned Gail. And then, "There should be a law against a Bikini suit. When we're married I shall wrap you from head to toe in a large robe."

Gail rubbed more oil on the slim round arms. "Just the little old Sultan—but don't carry it too far. For instance, it's been four days now since everything blew up. And it's time for me to know what it's all about. But you and the Jacksons change the subject every time I ask questions."

"Okay. You may fire, Gridley."

The violet eyes glanced at him, looked away. "Were you really almost engaged when you met me?"

"An invention on the spur of the moment, so I could keep you talking."

"Why?"

"Hadn't you better let me sketch it in from the beginning? Of course, the setting is all wrong. In a detective story there'd be a large and respectful audience. Instead, there's only you—oiling your arms like mad. Very pretty arms, incidentally."

"Don't try to be jocular to make it easy for me, Dirk. After all, there won't be any real surprises."

He took her hand firmly. "Well, let's see. As far as I'm concerned, it started when I got a tip from one of the waterfront boys that Vertucci was mixed up in the drug racket. I took the tip to my editor, and he passed it along to the Treasury men. We hoped there'd be a scoop for the paper, but the thing's been hung up for over two years. Shipments

to Vertucci's shop were gone over with a fine-tooth comb by Customs—without finding a thing out of line. Business at the Shipmate was what you'd expect from a shop of that sort, and Vertucci's tax returns were on the up and up."

"But the Commonwealth Avenue house?"

"Rented—and the furniture was modest. He drove an old car. There was nothing at all to indicate any big money, sudden or otherwise. And he'd married a woman with a fine family background, your aunt."

"Did he marry her legally? Not that it matters now."

"I'm afraid he was already married," Dirk said gently. "Records in Italy show a legal marriage over thirty years ago." He went on quickly, "Anyway, your aunt died, and that's no doubt why Vertucci was finally willing to let his real family come over. There's no indication they ever had a suspicion of the bigamous marriage until you told Signora Vertucci. At any rate, after your aunt died, Vertucci spent even less, if anything. Correct picture of aging widower with dwindling income."

"Dwindling? How about Reynold's?"

"No one had the slightest idea until four days ago that he owned Reynold's, that he *was* Reynold. It had looked as though the tip given to me was just a spite proposition—some personal enemy. So after a while the narcotics men went about more pressing business. But it was my first smell of a really good scoop, so off and on I kept snooping.

"I made a point of dropping in at the Shipmate occasionally, enough to get a toe hold, so to speak. And one day, when I saw some of the figurines, I made a wisecrack about them. Vertucci said they were manufactured for amusement concessions, and when I was at Revere last summer I saw some of them. I also overheard a character tell the concessionaire that he'd take a 'cross-eyed cupid.' Naturally, it didn't register with me at all, not until this spring when I heard the exact request made by someone else. Then I began to wonder."

GAIL's eyes kindled. "And you saw the cross-eyed cupid in the shop window!"

"I didn't," he confessed. "That was for your consumption. What happened was that when I began to wonder, I went into the shop again and said something jokingly about a cross-eyed cupid. Just curious and playing a hunch. At first Vertucci seemed to react in quite a pleased way. Then all of a sudden he turned sour. I can see now that I didn't have the right passwords. Then I saw you on the bus and heard you ask the conductor where the Shipmate was. You didn't look the type who'd be interested in that grimy little shop. On the other hand, drug addicts are found in about any social stratum. . . . Anyway, I trotted after you. And deliberately gave you that line about the cross-eyed cupid, to see what your reaction would be."

"And my reaction was innocent?"

"I wasn't sure. But I hung on, got Reilly down so I'd have a real chance to look over the shop. And to look you

A voice out of the past... Some messages never grow old—because the truths they express are enduring. One such message is reprinted here. It appeared 30 years ago this month as the first of the Metropolitan's health advertisements

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's play—
"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land—all misty blue—where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds — not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home — cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivalling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born—
the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation—the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation is *weak*, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies—
die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures—all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks—the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard—
by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

By Congress that has passed the Mothers and Babies Act, under which health boards in every State will be called upon to give information to expectant mothers.

All this is merely a beginning—
The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation—healthy babies — each of whom must have its rightful heritage — An Even Chance—a healthy body.

The call will not be *answered* until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.

Babies of 1952 have a far better chance of growing up to be sturdy and healthy than did boys and girls who were born in 1922, the year in which "The Land of Unborn Babies" appeared.

In fact, the great gains that have been made in protecting child health—through diet, immunizations, and knowledge of infant growth and development—represent one of medicine's greatest triumphs.

Today, the infant mortality rate is, by all odds, the lowest in history. Equally heartening has been the drop in maternal mortality rates. At present the chances of an expectant mother surviving childbirth are better than 999 out of 1000! In these figures there is truly a story of human and social progress.

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over. You began to pass inspection, but when we found the broken cupids I knew I was on to something. It looked as though the defective cupids might be purposely made that way. And, if so, why? My bet was it was to indicate which figurines contained narcotics. Turns out they were scattered through shipments of hundreds. Even if a Customs man smashed one by accident the odds were four hundred to one that he'd hit a cross-eyed cupid. And why should he smash one intentionally, when it was obviously all in one piece? Of course, they know all the tricks about toys that have heads that unscrew and that sort of thing."

"I still don't see how they got a narcotics package into a solid figure."

"The narcotics were in the bulging forehead of the cupid, and sealed in heat-resistant material. Even so, it was a tricky job of kiln-work. The Italian police have nabbed the guy, a Czech who once had a decent reputation in ceramics. He had a special process. The molds of the defective cupids were in two halves, the whole front of the figure and the whole back of it. The heroin package would be glued in the head and brushed over with plaster. Even if the cupid were broken, the package might go unnoticed. Then the halves of the figure were fitted together, painted, and then baked again very briefly. *That* was the tricky part, because the wrapping of the heroin-package was heat-resistant only to a certain point, of course. The Czech kept the exact processing secret even from Toni. That way, he couldn't be eased out of the racket."

"Don't go wandering off into chemistry or kiln-work," Gail begged. "Get to the bookstore."

"I'm afraid you're due for a bad disappointment."

She said quietly, "No, I didn't mean that. What with the drug angle and the two businesses being so mixed up together, I suppose the Government will just confiscate everything and I'll never see a thin dime. Frankly, I don't want to now, it's so tangled up with something terrible. It's just that I want to get everything straight, so I can forget it."

"Well, you know Vertucci was Reynold because you were the one who told us. But he never showed his face in the bookstore, at least during its legitimate hours. He left it to Porter to run. Incidentally, Porter knew his books. The legitimate business was large and profitable, and if he and Vertucci had only been satisfied with it—but they weren't. The other end, the racket, worked like this: As a businessman, Vertucci was known only at the Shipmate. The figurines, the narcotics, were shipped to him there. But dealers never came to the store. Never. They went to the Revere concession, where a confederate passed on their credentials. And remember, these weren't the small-time peddlers—these were the wholesale boys. It was also the place where dealers could find out whether there were any new shipments in. If there were, the dealers would be sent to the bookstore.

"Even then, there would be no conversation with Porter, only a signal. If there was a cross-eyed cupid in one of the cubicles, it was a tip-off that a drug shipment was in and that sales would be made later, after the shop was officially closed. The narcotics squad picked up three dealers, too, that night," Dirk added with reminiscent satisfaction. "They walked right into the shop and right into loving arms—about an hour after your shindig."

"Hurray. But it was quite a system, wasn't it? I suppose when there was no cupid on display, the dealers were forced to read a book!"

"There was always a cupid. Otherwise, Miss Berry—who was quite as innocent as you, my dove—might have thought it odd to see one appearing and disappearing from week to week. But apparently she wasn't too observant, or else she quite properly refused to look at the little horror more than once. Because sometimes it wasn't a cross-eyed cupid but a plain one, and that meant that there would be no sales. All very careful and efficient."

"Not efficient enough."

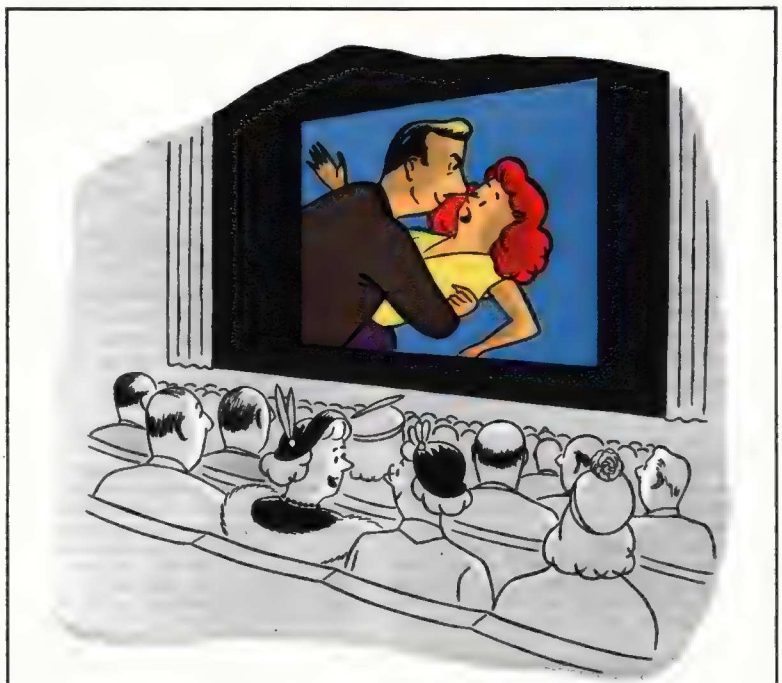
"That wasn't Vertucci's fault. It was yours. He put most of his illegal profits into rare books. Taxes on the legitimate business were large enough so that the income-tax people didn't question the bookstore returns. But by juggling the Reynold ledgers very carefully, he was easing his drug profits into apparently legitimate channels. In a few months he was planning to sell the whole batch to a South American collector, and go down there to live, himself. On a grand scale. But into this scene of bliss and profit *you* came along—swiping keys, looking into ledgers, generally doing a lot of highly questionable poking around. But it worked."

Gail said soberly, "Mrs. Vertucci was already upsetting the applecart. I wonder how many cupids she had already smashed? Well, at least one drug ring is going to get it in the neck."

"I'm not so sure." Dirk was rueful. "Of course, Porter's in for murder, but it's lucky you were a witness, because it's her hand on the knife—and his lawyer's set to fight. We actually saw him fire at you, but he's already claiming he thought you were a burglar! I'll never forgive the police for keeping us all behind that door so long. As soon as the hotel gave me your message I was all for tearing the store apart. But, no, the narcotics boys had to do it the orthodox way—and almost got you killed in the process!"

"Who's getting stirred up now?"

"Okay, okay. Well, the other six that were picked up deny everything, too. Flatty was the only one who talked. He went to pieces when the cops jumped him in the alley. But now he's clammed up, too. Oh, they'll hold the boys for a while on one charge or another. They have Flatty, and the attendant at the Revere concession and your goon with the onyx ring. And the three dealers.

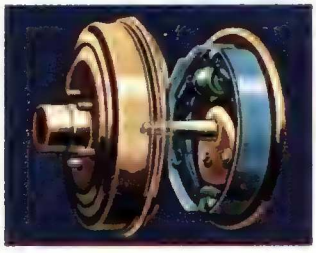


"He tried the same thing on me when we were in high school and I kicked him right on the shins"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY DAN McCORMICK

Lowest Priced in Its Field! This big, beautiful Bel Air lists for less than any comparable model in its field. (*Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.*)

How Chevrolet brings you smoother, safer stops!



BIGGEST BRAKES in Chevrolet's Field. A full 11" in diameter to give you greater stopping power. Self-energizing design uses car's own motion to increase braking action.

BONDED BRAKE LINING. *No rivets to* waste lining or score brake drums! Linings are *bonded* to the brake shoes for *extra thousands* of miles of safer stops.

POWER *Glide "lends a hand" on stops.** It's the only automatic transmission with an overrun coupling for engine braking during deceleration in "Drive" position.

SMOOTHER RIDE Means Smoother Braking. New shock absorber action combines with balanced weight distribution and Knee-Action suspension to check skidding.

*POWERGLIDE automatic transmission, teamed with extra-powerful valve-in-head engine, optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

Here's one "stop" you should make for sure . . .

Drop in on your Chevrolet dealer and look over the Fisher Body beauties in his showroom. Decide what body styles, what colors and color combinations please you most. Ask him to demonstrate some of the wonderful new improvements like Centerpoise Power that "screens out" engine vibration, Quick-Reflex shock absorber action, new E-Z-Eye Glass that "filters out" glare (optional at extra cost). And keep in mind that Chevrolet is the lowest-priced line in the low-price field! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

The Only Fine Cars **PRICED SO LOW!**

CHEVROLET

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

Now They've DONE It!

CONCOCTED an invisible coating you can spray on the insides of windows to prevent fading of drapes, furniture, and floor coverings. Screening out rays of the sun that cause damage, one application is said to last 4 months despite repeated window washing. You can spray it on lamp bulbs, too, to prevent lamp shade fading.

DEVISED a pen which writes with ink whenever you fill it with water. It contains a tablet of ink concentrate, and each filling with water dissolves only enough of the tablet to provide a proper ink supply. Result: You never run out of ink, wherever you are. The concentrate is said to last about 18 months and can then be replaced.

PRODUCED a transparent pressing cloth that lets you see what you're doing when you iron darts, pockets, and pleats.

BROUGHT OUT a toothbrush with a dental mirror built into its handle, so you can look at your teeth as your dentist does.

MARKETED a plastic bottle with a special filter inside that turns ordinary tap water into chemically pure water for use in electric steam irons and automobile batteries. You fill the flexible bottle with tap water, squeeze, and out comes water with minerals and salts removed.

BROUGHT OUT an electric toothbrush that delivers 120 up-and-down strokes per second. It has interchangeable brushes, so the whole family can use the machine.

CONCOCTED a paint-plaster wall-finish combination that lets you paint and plaster in one operation. One coat is said to hide small plaster cracks, fine seams, nail holes, uneven surfaces, and other similar defects. Easy to apply with brush or roller, the finish dries hard and may be washed or even scrubbed repeatedly. It comes in a variety of colors and can be textured with a brush, sponge, or paper.

MADE a small plastic case for the ignition key of your car that automatically snaps the key out of the switch and into your hand as soon as you turn the ignition off. It's designed to prevent auto thefts and other problems caused by forgotten keys.

PRODUCED a vacuum bottle from which you can eat as well as drink. Designed for school or work lunches, it's good for hot soups, stews, baked beans, or puddings, and for cold salads and desserts. The mouth is wide enough so that contents can be spooned out.

INVENTED, as requested in *Why Don't They?* (May, 1952), a cleaning pail with 2 compartments, one for suds and one for rinse water. It saves carrying 2 buckets when cleaning woodwork and the like.

DEVISED unique car-battery caps that convert escaping hydrogen and oxygen gases back into water, and keep the water at a safe level 8 times longer than usual. A chemical catalyst inside the caps does the trick. The caps also prevent corrosion by capturing and washing back sulphuric acid fumes that normally escape. And they warn of overcharge when they become hot to the touch, thus indicating the need to adjust your car's voltage regulator. All told, the caps, which last indefinitely, are said to add 6 to 18 months to the usable life of the average car battery.

CONTRIVED a safety razor with a built-in hone that automatically sharpens the blade, before or during shaving, when you flick your wrist a few times. It uses any standard double-edged blade.

LAWRENCE GALTON

Names and addresses of inventors and manufacturers of items mentioned in these columns will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiries, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

But whether they can send them up for a long stretch is something else again."

Gail looked stunned. "But with heroin actually on the premises?"

"That's just it—no heroin! Only Flatty's babble, which he's denying now. The others never heard of any drug stronger than aspirin. The dealers' story is charming. They just sneaked into the store for a game of craps. They'll admit that, but nothing more."

Gail leaped to her feet indignantly. "What do you mean, no heroin! It's right in the vacuum cleaner! Mrs. Vertucci swept it up right after she smashed the cupid!"

DIRK jumped to his feet, too. "Great Scott, are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure! I saw the little package but I thought at the time that it was just a square piece of plaster. I remember being surprised that the vacuum took it up so easily, and that she hadn't put it with the rest of the plaster! Right this minute I can see her: pushing that package over to the cleaner with her toe and glaring at it and then running the sweeper over it! *That's* where the heroin is, you stupid dodo!" she quoted triumphantly.

But Dirk just stared at her, almost unseeingly. "Well, what do you know! We've got 'em—I think we've got 'em. I'll have to telephone this minute, then take off for Boston!"

He started away, wheeled, and turned back, gripped her elbows. "No, it can wait three minutes more. There's something else to be settled—and please don't argue, honey. You see, there are a lot of people who want to keep a firm eye on you until Porter's case comes up—because you're valuable to the prosecution. And the Jacksons and I want to keep a firm eye on you because you're valuable to *us*. Mr. Jackson and I have it all fixed. You'll spend the summer here on the Cape with them, and we'll be married from this place in September, before they go back to Ohio.

"Now, wait," he warned, as she drew a quick breath of protest. "You can take your senior year at some college around Boston—and I'll do the dishes while you do your homework. After all, where else could you major better in American History?"

"How did you know about the history? The Jacksons?"

"My Sherlock intuition. You scramble your history entirely too well. . . . How about it, darling? I want to sit happily by the fire and have you tell me again about the famous day when General Lafayette stormed Bunker Hill."

He looked down at her, at the rose curve of her cheek, at the downy gold that blew across her temples, at the questioning bow of her upper lip. His voice was suddenly husky, and very humble. "Tell me anything," he said, "as long as I can look at you and take care of you—and love you."

That highly embarrassing word had finally been met and conquered.

They were content to walk back to the house a sedate two yards apart.

THE END ★★

(*Continued from page 36*)

sick. Inside the drawer was a collar box of tooled leather. He took it out and held it in the light.

There were half a dozen stiff collars in the leather box, dress collars that his father wore with dinner clothes. They curled white and blank, and he lifted them up. Under them was the leather pad, forming the false bottom. Under that was the money. Half a dozen clean, crisp bills, three fives, three tens. He looked at them, and he could feel the sweat come out, clammy cool, on his forehead.

"You take one of those," he said, "and you're a thief. You know that." Well, not really a thief. Some of it belonged to him. After all, he was entitled to some money. He hadn't had any allowance for three weeks now; not since the bill had come in from the sweetshop. He shouldn't have charged all that stuff for Harker and the gang. But—he'd had to.

There wasn't any use trying to make his father understand. He couldn't explain that he'd had to charge the stuff just so that he could be with the gang, with somebody. Just as he had to take this five dollars now. Maybe his father wouldn't notice just five dollars. Maybe he wouldn't know exactly how much was in the box.

He put the bill in his trouser pocket and went down the carpeted stairs and out the front door. The sun was very bright and warm for November. The small white house was close to the street, with an attached garage, almost exactly like the houses surrounding it. The Eastmans' dog came out along the cement sidewalk, and stopped. Don put out his hand to it.

"Hello, Gyp," he said; "come here, Gyp." He wanted very much to pat the dog. Perhaps if Gyp had come up close to him he would have stayed in the yard and played with the dog and never have gone down to find Harker. But the dog sniffed at him, drew back, and turned and went to the Eastmans' front porch, walking stiff-legged as if it had no use for him.

So he went on toward the village. As he came around the last corner he could see them, three of them, standing in front of Myers' Sweetshop. Just standing there laughing and looking around. Harker was there, of course.

Harker saw him first, and then they all turned and stared at him and said something to one another and laughed, watching him come up. He came slowly, scuffing his feet in sneakers, trying to act as if he was just loafing, not looking for anybody special. "Hi," he said when he was almost to them.

Harker just kept staring at him. Harker was bigger and taller than the rest, with gray slacks that didn't need a belt, and a soft blue sweater with the right kind of neck. His features were sharp and his eyes bright brown and roving, picking out things to laugh at, to abuse. His hair was black and long, with some sort of grease that kept it glossily in place.

"Well," Harker said finally, "look who's here. Fatso." The others, Danny Wheatland and Sid Summers, didn't say anything. They just looked at Don with unfriendly grins.

"What you doing downtown, Donnie boy?" Harker said. "Looking for somebody?" He put out a hand suddenly and pushed hard, and Don went over against Danny, who pushed him back. They laughed at him.

"Cut it out," Don said. The words came out whiny, almost plaintive, and not at all the way he had wanted to say them. Not crisply, as if he could back it up. He hadn't meant to tell them about the money, either, until he saw whether they were going to be decent. But he did. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out just enough of the bill so Harker could see it. Harker whistled.

"Well," Harker said, "so we're in the money. What did you do, rob a bank?"

Don could feel his face getting red, but he didn't have any answer. Harker didn't expect one.

Harker said, "Are you going to buy?"

Don didn't answer for a minute, just holding the bill in his fingers.

Harker turned away suddenly. "Okay," he said sharply, "stuff it."

Don felt he had to hurry then before they really got sore. Even a louse like Harker was better than having no friends at all.

"Sure," he said; "sure, I'll buy."

They went into the sweetshop. They sat on the tall, plastic-covered stools at the fountain, Harker at one end, then Danny, then Sid and Don. Milly, the owner's daughter, came to wait on them. "You can't charge," she told Don; "your father said not."

"He isn't going to charge, Milly," Harker said. "This is a cash deal."

Milly looked suspicious. Don held the money so that she could see it.

"Chocolate soda," Sid Summers said, "double ice cream."

It was fun sitting at the counter with the gang. "Gee," Don said, not really wanting the ice cream, "the math is tough for Monday."

Danny Wheatland grunted.

"There's two Westerns at the Bijou," Sid said after a while.

"I can't go," Don said. "I got to rake the leaves before my old man comes back."

"He has to rake leaves," Harker said. "He has to tidy up the place. He can't go to the movies."

"He could buy us in, couldn't he?" Danny said, grinning. "He could do that."

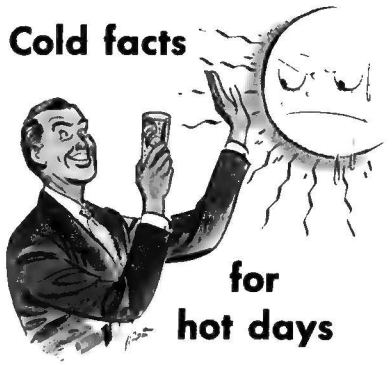
"What do you take me for?" Don snorted.

"And we were going to the town game tomorrow afternoon," Harker said to no one in particular, "and taking him along, weren't we? Too bad."

At the town football game you wandered up and down the side lines with the gang, kidded with the girls, and had a swell time. But not if you were alone.

After he bought three tickets for the

Cold facts for hot days



The cold facts are that you'll not find anything more refreshing or pleasant than long, frosty Wine Coolers made with the authority of Taylor's Rhine or Sauterne, Claret or Burgundy. For these are New York State wines, with *body* and *flavor* bred in! Ask for Taylor's wherever fine wines are served—or sold. The Taylor Wine Company, Vineyardists and Producers.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Wines and Champagnes

From the "Garden of the Vines" in New York State comes this Captured Flavor

From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York

movies Don had little over a dollar left. He stood on the sidewalk after the others had gone in. The sun was behind a cloud and the wind was turning cold. He walked up the street alone into Glynn Road, and the leaves swirled on the cement walk at his feet. He hadn't been gone an hour.

He was raking leaves when he heard his father's car pull into the garage, and he wondered whether it would be that night or the next day or later that Nick would find out about the money. It didn't matter much. The footsteps behind him were light and, when he turned, it was Julie, his father's wife.

"It will look nice back here when you get it finished," Julie said. Her voice was friendly, as if they were discussing the matter as equals. He didn't know Julie very well. She and his father had been married only a few months, and Don wasn't sure of her. She was small and straight and slender, standing beside him, with her cloth coat wrapped tight around her. Her dark eyes looked at him gravely, as if she wanted to know more about him, to understand him. But he only grunted, because he was not sure, and after a minute she turned and went on in through the back door.

It was almost an hour before he came downstairs from washing. His father was sitting in the living room reading the paper. Don got a magazine and leafed through it, stealing quick glances at Nick from time to time.

His father was tall, with broad shoulders and a straight, stiff, uncompromising back. When he moved, the muscles rippled smoothly under the tweed coat, and every action was quick and sure. His hair was blond, like Don's, and there was a strict, hard look to his mouth and eyes. His father had had a rough time of it during the long war, when he flew planes in Egypt, Italy, Germany, and in the Pacific. His aunt, with whom Don had lived during those years, told him about that, a little. There had been hours and days after the war when his father just sat in the living room, staring straight ahead and not saying a word. That was before he met Julie. Now Nick smiled, sometimes. But not often at Don.

"Dinner's on the table," Julie said finally. Her face was flushed from the kitchen. Nick pushed her chair in for her, and his hand lingered, for just a second, on her shoulder as she smiled quickly up at him.

"Are you going to the game tomorrow, Donnie?" she said.

And he answered, "I dunno. If the gang calls. Maybe."

"Hold your fork around straight," his father said, and the boy ate the rest of the meal with his face down to his plate. It was no use trying to talk with them. Not now. Maybe the gang will call tonight, he thought. Harker or Danny or somebody. But the telephone did not ring and, after half an hour, he went on up to his room, because that was the only place where he really liked to be.

Up there the frown slowly left his face. There his eyes went bright, alert. Up there he had all the baseball clippings and pictures of the players, and record books that he arranged and rearranged and figured over. That was the one thing he loved to do, that he did evening after evening, and had done all those long days and nights when he had been living with his aunt.

He knew what DiMaggio hit in '48, and what Berra had done with men on, and whether Williams had really come through when it counted, and Garver's earned run average against top division teams. It was all there, in the books and magazines and in the glossy prints which he had written for. "Best to my Pal Donnie—Bob Feller," "Keep Pitching—Lefty Spahn," and all the rest. Dozens of them. Going through those things, he was one of them. He belonged. He couldn't hear what was going on downstairs. That night it was just as well. . . .

"What's the matter, Nick?" Julie was saying, and Nick Crews turned quickly, half in anger, half in desperation.

The words came out flat and hard, almost in agony: "I think he took five dollars from my dresser. I'm not sure. If I were, I'd—" and his hand came around, slashing.

"No, Nick," she said. "That wouldn't do any good. You've done that. Too much, perhaps."

"What should I do?" he said harshly. "What do you want me to do? Sure, I've licked him. But I've talked to him, too. Plenty. What good does it do? He's no good. His marks are terrible. He doesn't do anything. He's soft and lazy. Three schools have given up on him. All I hear is trouble—that he's smashed eggs against school buildings—cut classes for the movies—charged stuff at soda fountains. And now stealing." His face was desperate.

"Sit down, Nick," Julie said, but he wouldn't. She went on, "I don't know Don as well as you do, but I've thought about him so much. I want to help him. And help you. You're both mine, you know. I was a nurse in the war, and a lot of those boys weren't so much older than Don. I learned some things." She looked up at him, trying very hard, and he relaxed a little.

"You have to remember, Nick," she said, "that his mother died when he was only five, when you were away. And that her sister was so much older and never had children around. She lived in the city, and it wasn't right for Don. Just schools and camps, with never anyone he could turn to who could really help him. Some boys might have weathered it. Not Don. He needs something else. Something that even you haven't given him.

"I don't blame you, Nick. It's been hard for you, too, alone with a new start to make. But there are three things that I think a boy like Donnie needs, three things that are important." She was very serious.

"First is companionship—a feeling of belonging, of being wanted. Second, he must have encouragement, a boost when the going gets rough. We all need that, youngsters especially. And finally, perhaps the most important, he needs something, some activity, some sport, where he excels. Something that really interests him." She looked up at Nick. "They're the answer to the things that Donnie does—to his trying to attract attention. Only, he does it all the wrong way. It's up to us, you and me, Nick, to help him."

"How?"

Julie spread her hands. "Do you know what he is probably doing now?" she asked.

Nick shook his head.

"He's probably up in his room poring over his baseball things," she said.

"I guess the first thing we'd better do is hire us a good guide, eh, Charlie?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY JIMMY QUINN

"That's his great love. You used to play, didn't you, Nick?"

A grin crinkled his eyes just for a second, almost a bitter grin. "I was terrific," he said, "the best first baseman State ever had."

She got up, her eyes very bright. "Then why not help him with that, Nick?" she said. "Show him how."

"You mean try to make a ballplayer out of him?" Nick said dubiously.

"Why not?" she said. "It's the one thing he's interested in. Why not encourage it?"

He looked down at her and smiled. He was very fond of her. "You're really taking hold of this family, aren't you?" he said, and she smiled back.

"I want to, Nick," she said; "you're my husband and he's my boy."

He got up. "All right," he said, "I'll try it. But I don't think it will work. I don't think it's that simple."

She put her hand on his. "Just try it, Nick," she said. "Start tomorrow." . . .

THE next morning, Sunday, his father came into Don's room. Don watched him guardedly. Nick looked at the baseball pictures on the wall.

"You like that game, don't you?" he said, and Don nodded.

"What did you do at school—catch?"

Don nodded again. "I was just a sub," Don said. "I never played in a real game."

Nick looked out the window at a bright, warm day. "Got a mitt?" he asked.

Don didn't move for a minute, and then, grubbing in the closet, he found two.

"Come on out," his father said, "and we'll throw a few." On the way downstairs the boy tripped twice, hurrying.

In the back yard Nick threw easily. He was an athlete, smooth and rhythmical. Don tried hard. He crouched tense and tight, fighting the ball, letting it bounce from his mitt, break through him.

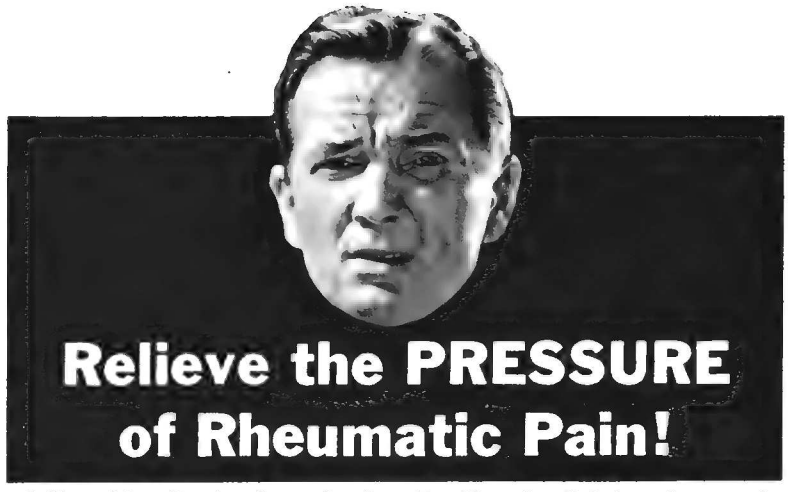
"Give with it," Nick coached him. "Let your hand follow it back. Relax." And after a while the boy did better. But it was a silent game. No talk, no banter.

"You might be a pretty good ballplayer, son," Nick said finally, "with some practice. Maybe we could do this every day or so."

"It'll soon be too cold," Don said.

His father frowned. "We could find a place indoors. The school gym, maybe."

Don didn't answer him. Harker and the others might be around the gym. They'd think it was sissy, playing baseball with his father. They'd rub it into him.



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Doctors generally tell you that rheumatic pain may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become sore and swollen. That torture you feel is Nature's call for help.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

For blessed relief—in a hurry—rub Absorbine Jr. on the sore, swollen areas. This famous pain-chasing liniment actually helps to *counter* pressure which may be causing your misery. At the same time, it warms and soothes those sore spots. You'll be amazed at how fast it works.

Thousands rely on Absorbine Jr. for the quick, comforting relief it brings from rheumatic and neuralgic pain, from sore, aching muscles. Only $1.25 a long-lasting bottle at all drug counters.

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ABSORBINE JR.

"Wouldn't you like to get good at baseball?" Nick said, watching him. "Wouldn't you like to make a team?"

Don nodded slowly. "I guess so," he said halfheartedly, and his father's frown went deep, discouraged.

Nick brought home a new catcher's mitt that week and they played together every day in the back yard. Slowly, Don got better at stopping the ball.

"Throw a curve," Don asked, in their second week, and his father grinned at him. Just a little.

"You'll have to watch it," Nick told him. "Keep your fingers curled." He threw one that broke sharply and down, away from the glove, and there was a smack of ball on bare hand, and Don shook his fingers in pain.

Nick watched him as the ball dribbled away, and the boy came back, crouching grimly.

"Throw it again," the boy said, and Nick gave a sigh of relief.

"Stay in your crouch," Nick called, "and burn it back to me. As if you were throwing to second."

The boy shot the ball back hard, and his father smiled.

Going back to the house they walked side by side. That night it snowed and was very cold.

"We can go over to the gym tonight," his father said. "They won't mind."

Don didn't say anything. Guys would surely be around the gym. He was silent as they drove over. Three basketball players were in the gym, bouncing the ball. They stopped when Don and his father came in.

"Go ahead," one of them said; "we're all through." They sat on the wooden benches and watched. Don was tense and miserable. The ball broke through his hands and rolled, and he stumbled clumsily going after it, his face red.

The next morning at school Harker came up to him. "Going to be a catcher, eh, Fatso?" Harker said, grinning. "Going to make the team?"

The others crowded around, laughing. "Berra Fatso," they said. "Watch out, Ernie Lombardi." All day they crouched, catching imaginary balls, smacking their hands. Don dreaded going to the gym again that night. Harker would be there. He knew he would.

HARKER was there. Harker and three others, sitting up in the last row of the wooden seats, grinning, whispering, not saying anything out loud because Don's father was there. His father paid no attention to them, throwing easily and smiling. Don crouched and tried, fighting the ball, his face flaming red as the pitches broke through too often and he scrambled after them. They had played for fifteen minutes when his father turned suddenly, looking up at Harker.

"Come on down," he said pleasantly, "and catch a few."

Harker did not move for seconds. Then, slowly, he came down. Don gave him the big mitt, and sat down.

Nick threw easily at first, watching

HOW'S YOUR APPETITE?

Answers to quiz on page 70

1. ARTICHOKE	7. SPAGHETTI
2. OATMEAL	8. WATERCRESS
3. GELATINE	9. STRAWBERRY
4. PEANUT	10. DATE
5. CANTALOUPE	11. FRANKFURTER
6. CHOCOLATE	12. SAUERKRAUT

FUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

PROBABLY WILL, TOO: Understandably indignant, a woman store clerk in Indianapolis, Ind., who had been robbed three times within two weeks by the same man, complained: "He walks in here like he owns the place."

LET'S THINK ABOUT THIS AGAIN DEPT.: After a special vote, the Town of Carmel, Calif., discovered that it had (1) okayed a sales tax to finance a pension plan, (2) defeated the pension plan, (3) elected a city council slate opposed to the sales tax.

CAT NIPPED: After the cat he had bought to catch mice had fallen down on the job and turned up nary a one, a man in Cleveland, Ohio, got himself a mousetrap, promptly made a catch—the cat.

FAIR ENOUGH: The weekly *Itawamba County* (*Miss.*) *Times* adopted a new slogan: "The only newspaper in the world that cares anything about Itawamba County."

BLUE MONDAY: In Mandan, N. Dak., a local radio announcer offered, personally, to do the laundry of any listener who could identify the author of the phrase, "So much to do with so little time," gulped when the correct answer (African pioneer, Cecil Rhodes) came from a woman who turned out to be laundress for 300 inmates at the Mandan State Training School.

WRONG COUNTRY: Near Yuma, Ariz., a band of Mexicans, who had crossed the border illegally to search for farm work, ran into a movie company on location, took one look at 60 Hollywood Arabs on horseback, fled back across the border yelling, "The map was wrong!"

PICKLE PICKER: In Yonkers, N. Y., police were looking for a burglar who climbed over a tin roof, broke into a second-story window of a pickle factory, passed up more valuable merchandise, made off with only 3 small jars of pickles valued at 36 cents.

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN: After ramming her car into a tree, a woman driver in Columbus, Ohio, sued a driving school for $28,000, charging: "They should have known before they took my money that I could never learn to drive a car."

NEVER TOO LATE: After suffering along with it for 82 years, a man in Albany, N. Y., explained to the court that he had always detested his middle name of Alexander, got legal permission to change it to Arnold.

FREE BITE: In Berkeley, Calif., a woman who asked $25 damages after her dog was bitten by another dog, was turned down by the judge, who ruled that any dog is entitled to one free nip at another.

WORMS, TOO: A man in Salina, Kans., complained to police that a thief, who stole two fishing poles and reels from his garage, followed that up by taking a spade and digging up his backyard looking for worms.

WITH A BATTERY: An appliance dealer in Tupelo, Miss., got an urgent order from a customer who wanted "A battery radio that will play spiritual songs and lots of preaching. Please, I don't want none with lots of jazz. If you got one of that kind, please send it to me."

READS WELL, TOO: The *San Antonio* (*Texas*) *Evening News* carried a help-wanted ad for: "Executive Director, from 24 to 40. To sit at desk from 9 to 5 and watch other people work. Must be willing to play golf every other afternoon. Salary over $350 to start. (We don't have this job. We just thought we'd like to see in print what everyone is applying for.)"

ULTIMATE: Endowed with the ability to blow smoke through his ears, a man in San Francisco, Calif., got a job illustrating TV commercials. Object: To prove that a certain cigarette isn't just kind to the nose and throat—it's kind to the ears, too.

NO ALIBI: Picked up for vagrancy as he leaned against a hotel, a man in Madison, Wis., who explained indignantly, "I'm waiting for a streetcar," got 10 days in jail and the sad news: The last Madison streetcar had stopped running 20 years ago.

HORSE SENSE: In Memphis, Tenn., a local householder complained that a horse owned by a neighbor climbed up onto his front porch to get in out of the rain.

ARTHUR LANSING

Harker closely. Then he threw harder. Finally he broke off a curve, and there was the smack of ball on flesh and Harker screamed, dropping the mitt, shaking his hand frantically.

The big gym was silent, and Harker stood there rubbing his hand, and then he threw down the mitt and went on out the side door.

"I guess he quit on us," Nick Crews said cheerfully, and, after the others had followed Harker, "They are quitters. Don't let guys like that bother you, kid. They aren't worth it."

At home he helped the boy rub oil into the catcher's mitt, noticing that Don's fingers were getting calloused and muscular.

"If only he doesn't give up now," Nick said to Julie. "If he can only take it a while longer." And she said, "I think he will, Nick."

It wasn't easy. There were jibes from Harker and his gang, ceaseless, sharp, cutting jibes, and Don was all alone. But, somehow, he wasn't afraid of Harker any more. Not since Harker had quit. If only he could show them, in the spring. . . .

It was an evening in March that Mr. Carter came into the gym. Mr. Carter coached all the teams. He had played at college not long ago and had been famous. A rangy, powerful man, very quiet, missing little. For a while he stood in the doorway, watching. Then, as they paused for a break, "Making a catcher out of him, eh, Nick?" he said. "Toughest job on the team, catching." He moved out to the far end of the gym floor.

"Shoot it down here, son," he said. "Make it a peg to second. Hard, now." Don threw from his crouch, hard and low, and Mr. Carter caught the ball barehanded, giving with it. "Okay," he said. "Keep 'em low that way."

On the way home Nick said, "Guess we won't have much more of this. They'll be starting practice in a couple of weeks. You going out for the team?" asking it very casually.

Don looked at him. "Sure," he said. "What do you think?" And his father's voice was gruff when he asked him to shut the garage doors. . . .

It was mid-April when they posted the notice for baseball practice. Don's stomach was a tight knot as he walked out to the field that first day, all alone, tripping a little over the spikes of his new shoes.

There were over forty boys on the sweeping green-turfed field, the bordering trees just breaking into buds, the air gently cool, shrill cries echoing everywhere. Most of the candidates were older than Don, and he stood around, shunted to the less promising players until Mr. Carter, looking very young in baseball cap and uniform, called, "Battery men this way," and Don walked over, self-conscious, hanging on to his big mitt.

There were, it appeared, four catchers, and the pitchers paired up and began throwing. Don had the last two throwing to him—thin, reedy, unpromising boys, with exaggerated windups and little else. They should have been easy to handle, but Don was tight again, clumsy, almost worse than that first day with his father.

"For cryin' out loud, Crews," one of them yelled, "hang on to the ball!" And he chased it frantically. Practice was nearly over before Don began to relax. In the locker room there was a great chatter, but he dressed over at one side, silently, out of it all.

At dinner that night Julie said, "How did it go, Donnie?" all interest and eagerness. And his father said, "The first day is always a mess," encouragingly. "Don't let that worry you." And then they were talking it over, together, and it was wonderful.

"I don't know if I'll get by the first cut," Don said, "but I might be about third string. Maybe."

"Just be out there every day," his father said; "keep working, and relax. You'll do all right."

Don lay awake that night telling himself that he was going to stick, that he was going to make it. And eager for tomorrow, but nervous, uncertain.

THE first cut came at the end of two weeks, and either he or Ives would be dropped. Mangrum was the first-string catcher, Brailey the next. On that Thursday they had a practice game, and he and Ives split six innings against the first team. In his second inning, Duke, of the first team, singled with two out, and Don was sure that he would steal. He called for a pitchout and, sure enough, Duke started down. But, in his eagerness, Don could not handle the ball and, although his throw was good, Duke was in easily.

"Hang on to it, Fatso," the pitcher growled, and Duke scored easily on a long single.

No one spoke to Don on the bench. In his last inning he came to bat, gritting his teeth, bound that he would hit.

"Come on, Crews," his third base coach called. "Do *some*thing!" The ball came up big and easy to see. But it dipped at the plate and he caught only a piece of it, dribbling easily to the first baseman.

In the locker room he heard the squad talking. "Catchers will be Mangrum, Brailey, and Ives, I suppose," someone said, "and the first basemen—"

It was a long walk home alone, and Don was very tired.

"If you don't make it this year," his father said, "go out for the junior varsity. Stay in there."

They posted the first squad that next noon, and he crowded in to look, not daring to let his eyes go down the list.

"Catchers—Mangrum, Brailey, Crews," and the joy leaped up from his heart and through his throat, and he turned, beaming. Then he heard Selden, the shortstop, say, "Lookit that—Crews! They should have kept Ives." And the joy drained out of Don, and he walked away.

Julie and his father were waiting eagerly when he got home that night.

"Well," Nick said, "did you stick?"

Don said, "Yeah, I stuck." He wasn't smiling.

Nick said, "Swell, kid." He looked at Don. "You ought to be cheering."

Don said, "Yeah, it's okay." He couldn't tell them about Selden. But it made all the difference in the world.

He stayed out there, though, catching throw-ins for fungo practice, warming up the third-string pitchers, warming up the bench during games. His catching was good now, his legs and back and arms were strong, and he had lost twenty pounds, but his batting was bad. He didn't get many chances at the plate, being third string, and when he did he was overeager, unsure of himself.

"Loosen up," Mr. Carter told him. "Don't try to kill it. Just meet the ball."

Don tried, over and over, swinging too soon, too late, popping up.

"You've got a good swing," Mr. Carter said. "You're just off in timing."

He knew that. Sometimes, when real practice was over, and he could get someone to throw to him, he could hit pretty well. But not when it counted.

THE season wore on, and the bigger games came up. His father and Julie came to the games. He saw them in the crowd, could feel them watching. And then, at practice the Thursday before the Allen game, it happened.

Al Brailey came into third from first on a single, sliding hard, and there was a crack and he lay there, his ankle twisted backward. They got him into a station wagon and drove him to the infirmary. Don, standing there, heard

them say to Bill Mangrum, "Boy, take care of yourself. You're our only hope."

He told Nick and Julie about Al Brailey at dinner.

Nick watched him. "That means you might play," he said.

Don shrugged. "Not while Bill can move," he said.

Nick got up. "Look, Don," he said; "you're a good ballplayer. You're in fine shape, physically. You've got a good brain. Just get some confidence in yourself. That's all you need."

Don nodded glumly. He couldn't tell them that he didn't *belong* to the team, that he was just out there. He couldn't explain that. On Friday before the Allen game they brought Ives up from the junior varsity.

Mr. Carter spent a lot of time with Don and Ives that day. He let them handle the starting pitchers, watched them, made suggestions. Ives was pretty good. He talked things up, was cocky, confident.

"He couldn't put Ives ahead of me," Don thought miserably.

THE Saturday of the Allen game dawned into a beautiful day. Don hadn't slept much during the night. Nick and Julie drove him to the school, let him off at the gym. Nick gave his shoulder a slap as he got out. His fingers were all thumbs as he laced his shoes.

The Allen game was the first of three big ones, and a crowd of perhaps a thousand parents, relatives, and friends packed the small wooden stands, overflowing along the base lines. The cheerleaders were out in full force, the letters big and bright on their sweaters. In practice the Allen team looked sure and fast, whipping the ball around the infield, swaggering as they walked. Don caught for a while in practice, and some of the nervousness wore off. He wouldn't get to play, anyway, probably. Big Cliff Munson was pitching for his team, and the umpires called "Play Ball!"

It was tough and tight for the first seven innings, with Munson and the Allen pitcher in a scoreless duel. Mr. Carter sat on the bench, watching every move, directing the team. Don spotted Julie and his father and waved.

In the first half of the eighth inning, Cliff Munson threw a fast ball, the Allen batter caught a piece of it, and there was the slap of ball on flesh. Bill Mangrum grabbed his right hand. Mr. Carter was out fast. He turned and brought Bill in to the bench, blood dripping from the catcher's fingers.

"Tore the nail off," someone said. Bill was half crying in pain and anger.

Mr. Carter said, "Get your stuff on, Crews; you're in there," and Don felt himself move, numbly, with an assistant manager buckling on the shin guards and chest protector.

"Let Munson call them for a while," Mr. Carter said, "and don't throw that ball around."

There was a long varsity cheer for Mangrum, a short, routine one for Crews, and Don was taking a few throws from Munson, trying the long peg down to second, with everything automatic. The umpire called "Play Ball!" and Don squatted behind the batter, watched Munson's signal, and waited.

Perhaps Munson was cold after the delay, but the ball came in big and easy and the Allen batter met it square, slamming it between shortstop and third, rounding first and holding up.

"Okay," the infield chattered; "let's get 'em."

The next batter popped to second for one out. But the following man hit another single over second base, and there were men on first and third. They got the next man on an infield grounder, the runners holding, and Don, watching down the third base line, saw the runner look over at the coach, saw him tighten just a little, tighten and be ready, and he thought, "They'll try a squeeze. They'll try for the one run."

He signaled Munson for a pitchout, and Munson shook his head. Munson didn't want to waste a pitch. Don signaled again for the pitchout, and Munson frowned angrily. Then Munson threw. The ball was wide, a perfect pitchout, and the batter tried to reach it, to foul it off, but missed, and Don could see the runner tearing in from third. He blocked the plate, and the runner was out by five feet as the crowd cheered and screamed and roared.

"Good going, kid," Munson said, and the others slammed his back, and Mr. Carter said, "That's using your head, Crews. That's playing baseball."

Don felt good. He tried to get a look at Nick, but the crowd had closed in. His three batters went out in order, and Munson set Allen down in the first of the ninth. Suddenly, Don realized that his turn at bat might come in the ninth.

The first two batters went out, but Selden singled, and Olson, the second baseman, hit a blooper double down the third base line, not deep enough for Selden to score. Runners were on second and third, two men on, and two out.

DON moved out, carrying his bat, and heard Mr. Carter say, "Wait a minute, Crews." He turned, hesitating, realizing suddenly that Mr. Carter would take him out for a pinch hitter.

"No!" Don said sharply, involuntarily; he had to have his chance. This was everything. The stands were still.

Then Mr. Carter came up and put his hand on his shoulder and said, "I think you can hit this guy, Crews. I think you can win the game for us. Take one. Look him over. And then—hit away."

Don moved to the plate, and one voice came through to him over the crowd. "Come on, kid," it said. It was Nick, his father. And suddenly Don felt strong and confident. He knew he could get on base.

The Allen pitcher towered on the mound. The Allen catcher said, "Here's the easy one, Tom. Here's the pushover." Then the ball came at him, fast and well inside. Ball one. He tensed now, watching the pitcher, bat back, arms taut. The pitcher threw and Don swung frantically. Slow ball, and he missed it by a foot, almost falling in his effort.

He grinned and relaxed, stepping out of the box, grabbing a bit of dirt for his hands. He wasn't afraid any more. He could hear that voice, "Come on, kid," still echoing in his ears. The ball streaked in. Don saw it start to curve, and his bat came around fast. There was that crack, and Monty Summers, the first base coach, was leaping at him, throwing his arms around him, and the roar of the crowd was deep and high and wonderful.

HE WAS back in the locker room, finally, and the gang was all over him. "Boy, that could have been a triple," Moore was saying, "a triple easy. Split the outfield. Golly, you got three more years to play, Don. You'll be all scholastic. Let's get together at my place tonight." And they dressed at his end of the locker room.

When he could get out of there and over where the cars were parked, he heard kids saying, "That's Crews. There he is." He found the car with Nick and Julie; her eyes were red and happy.

Nick looked at him and grinned, and hit him hard on the back. He didn't even try to say anything. They had gone maybe half a mile when he felt that he could say what he had wanted to say for so long. He looked straight ahead.

"You know," he said to Nick, and his voice sounded strange, "I owe you five bucks. I borrowed five bucks from your dresser last fall."

Nick turned to his son. Their eyes met and held. "I know you did," he said, and he smiled. "But I think you paid it back this afternoon."

Suddenly Don felt warm and happy all the way through.

THE END ★★

Don't Give Up on Jughead

(*Continued from page 39*)

recently, its downtown district was transformed into a vast sales and swapping area on the first Monday of each month, particularly April, as sellers with their mules and buyers with their wallets congregated from all parts of Dixie. Mrs. Josephine Kirk, a sprightly Southern gentlewoman, remembers with a shy twinkle: "A lady never knew what might happen when she started to cross the street."

Increasing motor traffic and the advent of industry drove the mules into two large auction barns, and today Columbia seethes with bigger industries than mules ever were. Nevertheless, Columbia is still the place to learn about mules.

Not many of the animals sold there are natives. Most baby mules now come from Missouri, Kansas, Alabama, and Kentucky. Like human babies, they usually are born at night, but seldom need an obstetrician. After a few carefree months with mamma they are sold to wandering traders and wind up on farms in the bluegrass country, where they learn to work. At the age of 3 or 4 they are trucked to Columbia to be sold. Lo-

cal farmers often buy them, work them a few years, then sell them again. I saw one veteran which had been through the sales ring 18 times.

If mules can think, they must get a terrific headache trying to figure out human whimsies. The mule business is loaded with them. For example, a sorrel mule with white patches on its nose, chest, and lower legs will, other things being equal, bring a premium price. Mule men just simply like 'em that way. A "blue" mule is a slow seller, although a farm hand told me: "That's the workingest color there is." But it isn't popular. A white mule, while lucky, is avoided by buyers because it's apt to be old; like people, mules get gray with age. And every farmer in the market for a mule looks for "trace marks"—places on the sides and flanks where harness has rubbed off the hair.

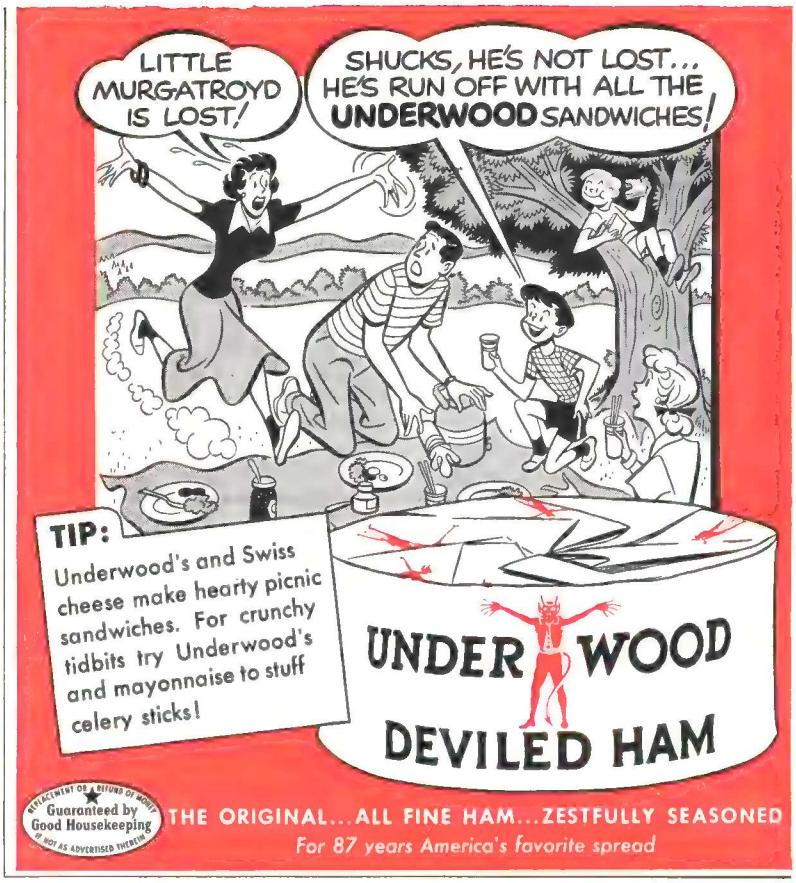
MULE buyers are strictly sharp. The big buyers are wholesale traders or agents for groups of farmers in other states. Those I met at Columbia were unanimously keen-eyed, laconic men of late middle age who knew exactly what they wanted. They had to know. When I was a barefoot bumpkin, a mule was a mule. Period. But nowadays, like doctors, many mules are specialists. They fall into three general classifications.

First and commonest is the all-round farm mule, including a helping of lunkers that used to be called mine mules before mines were mechanized. These are the $100 babies. One cut higher are bigger, slicker critters called cotton mules because they are built to negotiate the twists and turns of hillside fields. Tobacco planters in Virginia and the Carolinas prefer cotton mules because they're sure-footed and careful; they can mince through tobacco fields all day without bruising a leaf. They sell for $150 up, and I saw one wholesale trader from North Carolina buy $19,000 worth one day without blinking an eye.

The largest and strongest animals are called sugar mules because they can take the rugged going in the cane fields of Louisiana. Lately, lumbermen in east Texas have been in the market for these giants, and prices have jumped to $200 or higher. But this is chicken feed compared to a new demand just beginning to be felt—a demand from society horsewomen who have suddenly adopted the mule because they think he is cute.

Cute is one of the last words us tired ex-skinners would have thought up to describe old bafflebrain, but the ladies are so bemused they are paying $1,000 and up for handsome specimens with show-ring possibilities.

This spring, at horsy estates in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and elsewhere, fancy mules were being trained for riding, driving, jumping, and racing. They were prancing in teams and tandems, with pompons on their craniums, and I saw one silly-looking youngster learning to waltz. I was told that many society horse shows this fall will have special events for mules. If this keeps up, old jughead may metamorphose from an honest working stiff into a social sissypants.



This must vastly perplex the mule, which has never asked or given special quarter in all his centuries of association with humans. He has been fighting his own battles since long before Moses was found in the bulrushes, and winning them because the human who could out-general him has never been born. This is not a family trait, for mules can't have families.

But before we start prying into his background and boudoir behavior, let's assemble the serious students in history and biology and settle down for a somewhat delicate discussion. . . .

Unlike the birds, bees, and butterflies, little mules don't come from big mules. In all history, there have been less than a dozen reports of a lady mule producing a baby mule, and not one has been authenticated. No, Junior, the stork doesn't bring them. Just be patient.

In the animal kingdom there is a species called *Equus asinus*. This is the ass family. The familiar burro of our Southwest belongs to this family, but it is a stunted social outcast. The classy asses live in Europe and Asia Minor. Smaller than horses, they have thick heads, long ears, slim legs, small feet, partially hairless tails, and dispositions like hornets with a hotfoot. They hate nearly everything up to and including work, are stubborn and lazy, and are so stoical that they hardly ever notice insects, rugged weather, or rough treatment. Papa ass is called a jackass, and mamma ass is called a jennet, and they have been joyously producing sassy little asses since time no man knoweth.

A separate species in the animal kingdom is called *Equus caballus*. This is the horse family. There have always been more horses than asses, and they have always been more tractable. Where the ass is phlegmatic and ornery, the horse is high-strung and co-operative. Strong and willing, he will break his heart trying to win a race or pull a load. He has a better coat than the ass, and better teeth, but he can't take the physical handicaps. Papa horse is called a stallion, and mamma horse is called a mare, and their offspring run true to family styling. . . .

And then there is the mule. Man likes to think he invented the mule, but he didn't. Nature did.

Away back on a day before history began, a strange thing happened in the primeval wilderness of the Middle East: a lady horse and a gentleman jackass fell in love. There was doubtless a good deal of braying and neighing about it, but no family objections could stay the course of romance. The mare and the jackass were wed, and precisely 333 days later they called in the neighbors to see their first-born.

This infant was like nothing that ever was before on land or sea—a mule. It looked mostly like papa, but was big-framed and good-natured like mamma, and many marriageable young folks of both families thought it was kind of winsome. So mixed marriages became a popular pastime, and soon the pristine glades

were echoing to the patter of little mules' feet and the dreadful sound of their baby braying. Inevitably, the eligible lady asses and gentleman horses who were spurned by their own kinfolks worked themselves into a jealous lather and turned to one another for companionship. Their progeny turned out to be creatures which looked like mules, but weren't. They are called hinnies. Modern farmers don't think much of the hinny, which is apt to be puny, but it takes a professional to tell a hinny from a mule.

Thus the mule, like the hinny, is a hybrid, a cross between the asinine and equine species, and there is nothing like it in nature. For one thing, its hormones and genes are scrambled, so that while it inherits many of the best traits of each of its parents, it is denied the ability to reproduce its kind. The poor thing doesn't realize this. Lady mules and gentlemen mules often fall desperately in love, but little ones never come to bless their happy homes. Jealousy between stallions and jackasses which began in that distant time has never died out. To this day, the gentlemen are blood enemies. Given a chance, they will fight to the death. The stallion tries to brain the smaller jackass with its front feet, while the jack uses its teeth to tear at the stallion's throat like a bloodthirsty tiger.

Lady mules and lady horses, on the contrary, are the best of friends. Pastured together in a field, mules of both sexes will cluster companionably around mamma horses to chat and chaw, and mule men usually keep a wise old mare to act as bellwether and queen of the paddock. Mules will follow her anywhere.

Even the dumbest mule is smarter than either of its parents. Like papa, it can endure insects, weather, and rough handling, but will avoid them when it can. Like mamma, it will work willingly, but won't kill itself trying to accomplish the impossible. If it knows it can't do a job, it won't try. It has an amazing sense of right and wrong. When farmers were ordered to plow growing crops into the ground during the New Deal's agricultural control program, mules which had drawn plows and seeders to prepare the fields flatly refused to destroy the young plants.

Many old-time mule men believe the mule has a psychic sixth sense which enables it to see spooks and foretell dangers. After a disastrous fire killed 250 animals in a Tennessee auction barn last winter, stablemen recalled that the mules had been in a state of panic hours before the blaze began. Yet when they were driven from the burning building they gathered around a fear-crazed white mare—and followed her back into the flames.

IF YOU are mystically inclined, you may care to toy with the notion that the mule's prescience may result from long association with Biblical prophets, for they have been companions of man since the 36th chapter of Genesis. It was a character named Anah, father-in-law of Esau, grandson of Abraham, who "found the mules in the wilderness." He must have caught and tamed them, for Scripture mentions them many times thereafter.

Philosophers of ancient Greece were intrigued by the mule's capricious personality; Homer wrote about it. Roman emperors rode mules and drove them harnessed to chariots; they were favorites of royalty until modern times. When Columbus returned to Spain after discovering the West Indies, Queen Isabella was driven to the water front in a golden chariot drawn by high-stepping mules. And 300 years later, a Virginia planter named George Washington developed the first fine mules in America from a handsome jackass presented to him by Lafayette. By 1925, the nation's mule population stood at 5,900,000, its all-time high.

This is not bad going for a creature "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity," as mule men like to say, and it is not surprising that legends cluster around old jughead's pointed ears.

"It makes me plumb unhappy," said Uncle Jesse Motlow, "the way people libel the mule. He's the worst-slandered animal there is." Uncle Jesse is 76, a big man with gentle eyes and a shy smile. A bunch of us were sitting on a patch of grass near the distillery he operates at the head of a holler a mile outside Lynchburg, Tenn. Uncle Tom Motlow, who has been the Lynchburg banker for 51 years, was there, and three or four of their nephews.

"They talk about the mule being dumb," said Uncle Jesse. "Why, sir, in the old days we could load 'em up with a couple of barrels of whisky and start

AMERICAN FAMILY PROBLEMS

THE OPEN DOOR

How to handle a jealous pet

AMERICANS cater to their household pets probably more than any other people in the world. And, in the process, they often allow the pets to dominate their lives. The jealous pet, in particular, is a problem, as Mrs. W. R., of Youngstown, Ohio, writes in the following letter:

"I have a 3-year-old cocker spaniel that we raised from a 6-week-old puppy. She was sweet and good-natured, and admittedly, in the process, we spoiled her. When I found I was expecting my first baby, I tried to teach the dog that she would have to share the spotlight with a newcomer. I took her around children, trained her to stay out of the nursery, and followed the general procedure recommended in these cases. My baby is one year old now, and she and the dog play well together, as long as they are alone. But when a third person enters the room, the dog gets excited, noisy, and jumps on the person, jealous for the attention given to the baby. I can't feed, change, or bathe the baby without the dog jumping and barking around my feet. Loving my pet, I try to be patient, and I really would hate to part with her. However, something must be done. Have you any suggestions?"

We consulted Dr. Leon F. Whitney, a noted veterinarian, of Orange, Conn., for his views on the subject. Here is his answer:

"This dog is obviously using the family as slaves: She is not being handled like a dog but like a spoiled child. All she needs is firmness to make her behave. Would Mrs. R. allow another child to behave in this way? I think not, yet dogs are not of the same level of intelligence as children. It should be a simple matter to break the dog of her bad habits by teaching her what NO means. Apparently this dog is so used to being allowed to have her own way that she 'can't take' any opposition—as if life were all attar of roses.

"A dog needs both punishment for misdeeds and rewards for right doing until proper habits are established. Mrs. R. should watch a mother dog teaching her puppies what NO means. A little growl—the word for NO—comes first, and if that is not heeded, the pup feels a snap from his mother's teeth, and he may find himself thrown against the wall of his pen with real force. He yells—surely. But that's nature's way of educating dogs. Mrs. R. should apply it—not with a gentle slap, but with severity until her dog understands what NO means. Thereafter, the word without the punishment will be sufficient.

"To admit that such a simple training stunt as this can't be accomplished is to admit we are the dog's slaves, instead of the dog being ours."

The Open Door invites you to submit your problems—either those you have solved yourself or those for which you seek guidance. We will pay $25 for every letter we publish. Write not more than 500 words. No letters returned. Address: The Open Door, The American Magazine, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

'em down the road, and they would deliver those barrels to the freight depot at Tullahoma. That's twelve miles. And they'd come right back for another load."

Stocky Reagor Motley, president of the firm, grinned appreciatively. "Did they bring the bill of lading, Uncle Jesse?"

"They purely did," the big man said stoutly. "The freight agent tied it to the bridle, and they fetched it back."

"That's gospel truth," said tall, black-garbed Uncle Tom, the banker. "They're smart, mules are. One time I was riding over the mountain when I met a mule, all alone, hauling a big saw log at the end of a chain. When the log got stuck on something, maybe a stump, he'd look around and size up the situation. Then he's swing around and haul the log the right way to get it free, and away he'd go down the trail."

This sagacity, which sometimes seems coupled with an unearthly foresight, has endeared the mule to generations of empire builders. A caravan of settlers following Daniel Boone's trail along the Wilderness Road picketed their horses one twilight in a grassy clearing, but an old mule stubbornly refused to leave camp. Farmers in the party realized that the mule sensed danger, and posted double guards, who saved the group from death when Indians attacked several hours later. During the construction of the first transcontinental railroad, a mule balked at crossing a field of shale on a mountainside where men and horses were working. Shortly afterward the field was buried under an avalanche.

In WAR, however, the mule willingly shares the hardships and perils of soldiers. Old Indian fighters often mounted their scouts and outriders on mules, believing the beasts could see more and hear better than any human. Mules, unlike horses, learned to hate and fear the redskins and would fight viciously to avoid capture. Even now, the Indian who can handle a mule is a rarity.

Col. George Crook, a famous Indian fighter known as the Gray Fox, rode a mule in preference to a horse, although he admitted a mule "can swap ends quicker'n a woman can change her mind." His men, however, did not share his enthusiasm. Preparing for a battle deep in enemy territory, Colonel Crook ordered 200 infantrymen mounted on the mules of his wagon train. None of the beasts was broken to the saddle. The impromptu rodeo which followed wreaked more havoc than did the battle. "It was thrilling," wrote a war correspondent, "to see soldiers shooting up in the air like rockets from the backs of their bucking chargers." But the mules settled soberly down to business when the battle was joined, and the redskins were routed.

While military annals are loaded with stories of heroic mules, old soldiers remember their peacetime peculiarities even more vividly. One, for instance, whose name has been forgotten, hauled the milk wagon at Fort Reno, Okla. She knew every door to which milk was to be delivered, and every detail of the job. If a new milkman left one bottle instead of two, she would refuse to budge until the error had been corrected.

Another quaint character, Molly, hauled the plumbing wagon. She worked without reins. Faithful and steadfast, she would stay on the job without complaint —until 5 P.M. At that hour, regardless of regulations or emergencies, Molly went home. She would go straight to the shed and back her wagon into the proper stall, snorting impatiently if she missed the opening the first time, then stand braying furiously until someone unfastened the traces and let her trot to supper.

Snowball, one of the army's best beloved animals, had a curious distinction: He loved children. Most mules don't. His job was to break the "shavetails" to harness. A shavetail, now the sobriquet of a second lieutenant, was then the nickname for an untrained mule. When not working, Snowball had the free run of the post, and his great delight was to pick up a backful of youngsters for a sight-seeing tour.

One day he was thoughtfully munching posies in the colonel's flower garden when he saw a runaway team of horses thundering toward a group of children playing marbles in the street. "With courage above and beyond the call of duty"—as his citation later proclaimed —he charged like a battering-ram into the runaways, hurling them off the street, through a picket fence and into a compound where they were easily captured.

The ability to do the right thing at the right time is not confined to military mules. W. D. (Hot) Hastings, pioneer president of the *Columbia, Tenn., Herald,* remembers a big sorrel mule which hauled the dray of a local groceryman who also bought and shipped bales of cotton. "It was a good half-mile from the store to the railroad depot, right through the heart of town, but that mule often went the route alone. What's more, it would back up at the proper door at the depot to deliver the load, there being one place for groceries and another for cotton. It was never known to get into trouble."

Keeping out of trouble is one of the mule's specialties. In a kickfest, a mule will inevitably crowd so close to the kicker that it can't be hurt. If it runs away, it will seldom go so far that it can't get home in time for dinner. It knows instinctively whether the handler is afraid of it; if he is, the mule never stops deviling him. If a mule misbehaves and gets away with it, he'll watch for every opportunity to misbehave again, but if he is punished he is cured for life. He will ask for no more trouble.

High in the Tennessee hills above the village of Santa Fe, one day recently, I talked with a stanch mule man, farmer Charlie Skillington, and two of his strapping sons. Mr. Skillington made local history a few years ago by riding his prize mule, Headlight Nell, 50 miles to Nashville with a ceremonial message to the state's governor. "I was real proud of Nell," Mr. Skillington said. "Although she had never been off the farm before, she never paid the slightest attention to automobiles whizzing past. She was only interested in the strange mules we met. Seemed like she wanted to ex-

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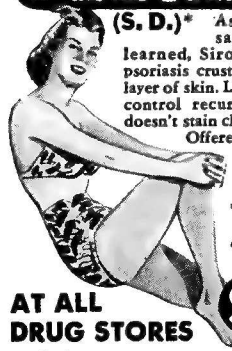

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TODAY'S FABULOUS FIGURES

THE UNITED STATES, with 6½ per cent of the world's population, now has 76 per cent of all private passenger cars.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN'S INCOME after taxes in 1951 was $1,434—7 per cent more than in 1950.

CLOSE TO HALF of all families in the United States have no children of their own under 18 living with them, according to estimates based on a recent Census study. About one fifth of all families have one child, and about 32 per cent have 2 or more children of their own living with them.

THE UNITED STATES OIL INDUSTRY now produces about 7,000,000 barrels of oil daily and employs 2,000,000 workers at over 50,000 wells, 350 refineries, 165,000 miles of pipe line, and 200,000 service stations.

EIGHT MILLION AMERICANS received divorce decrees in the last 10 years. Three of every four divorced persons now remarry within 5 years.

THE 6,637 REGISTERED HOSPITALS in the U. S. admitted 18,237,118 patients last year, one every 1.7 seconds.

TWELVE PER CENT OF THE NATION'S VOTERS did not make their decision as to how to vote until two weeks before the 1948 Presidential election. And, according to a study just published by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center, it was this group who decided the election. Harry Truman received three quarters of their votes (which was 17 per cent of his total vote), and thus came up with his unexpected victory over Thomas E. Dewey.

AMERICANS NOW WRITE 14,000,000 checks a day, 5,000,000,000 a year. Checks take care of 90 per cent of the exchange of money.

MORE THAN 30,000 FOREIGN STUDENTS from 126 nations are now studying in the United States.

COFFEE WAS THE LEADING COMMODITY imported from abroad for consumption during 1951, representing 12½ per cent of all imports. The 2,693,000,000 pounds brought in were valued at $1,300,000,000.

INSTALLMENT CREDIT has risen from $5,500,000,000 outstanding in 1940 to $13,500,000,000 in 1951.

MOST HOUSE MICE stay within an area having a 12-foot radius, according to a recent study. Male mice, a little more adventurous, average 2 feet farther in range than females. Conclusion of the study: Because of the limited cruising, many baits well distributed throughout all infested portions of a building are needed.

MORE THAN 30,000,000 CHILDREN are now enrolled in elementary and secondary schools, both public and nonpublic. By 1960, enrollment is expected to increase by 8,000,000.

OF THE 60,000,000 CAR DRIVERS in the country, not more than 15 per cent ever had any formal training in driving. To train the new generation of drivers, 8,000 high schools gave driving courses to more than 700,000 students last year.

THE GREATEST DEPTH in the ocean is now reported to be in the Mariana Trench, 200 miles south of Guam, where it is 35,220 feet—more than 6 miles—to the bottom.

TOTAL U. S. PRODUCTIVE CAPACITY is now 50 per cent greater than in 1945, about 80 per cent greater than in 1941. By next year it is expected to be about double what it was before we entered World War II.

FLOOD DAMAGE, becoming more and more costly each year, is estimated to have cost $5,000,000,000 in the last 50 years. Fully $1,000,000,000 of the total damage was caused in 1951 and thus far in 1952.

ONE REASON FOR TODAY'S NEED FOR ENGINEERS: While it required 153,000 engineering hours to design the first B-17 less than 20 years ago, it took more than 3,000,000 engineering hours to develop the B-52.

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SEVENTY PER CENT of the U. S. population is susceptible to poison ivy.

LAWRENCE GALTON

plain to them what she was doing." She ambled 40 miles the first day.

Until last year, Columbia celebrated the coming of spring with a Mule Day festival which attracted thousands of visitors. According to Lewis Amis, Chamber of Commerce manager, it was discontinued for a peculiar reason: Modern mules are so pampered that their owners won't make them walk to town, and it costs too much to send trucks for them. Thrilled visitors, however, still remember how Farmer Skillington hooked up a 20-mule team to a farm wagon weighted down with saw logs and, with his boys, John Robert and Joe Frank, drove them around town with a single 90-foot rein, without so much as scratching a curbing.

"The credit belongs to the mules, not to me," said Mr. Skillington. "A mule is too smart to take a chance on hurting himself. Like the day a team of mules ran away up there on the hill and jumped a barbed-wire fence. They got tangled in the wire. Horses would have plunged around until they cut themselves to ribbons, but those mules just stopped like they were shot and never moved a muscle until I went over and untwisted the wire." . . .

Some people like the movies for recreation, and some like football games, but the Skillingtons' notion of perfect entertainment is to attend one of the Thursday auctions in Columbia. I don't blame them; mule auctions can get to be habit-forming. I found that out on my first visit as I watched tall, grave, well-dressed Norman Parks, head of Columbia's Horse & Mule Commission, conduct a rip-roaring sale. It was a comedy-drama I shall not soon forget.

From the high roof of the barn, dead-white lights blazed down. On one side was a bench behind a stout wooden barricade. The bench was about 3 mules long and a mule and a half high. In the center sat the auctioneer, tired-looking young Joe Parks, son of the proprietor, grasping the microphone of a public address system. Next to him sat alert, fidgety Verne Eller, clerk of the auction, behind stacks of scratch paper and piles of pencils. I sat next to Verne, and all around us, in the inches between our chairs and the wall, stood assorted characters breathing down our necks. I never found out who they were.

Before and below us was the showing ring, which was really a rectangle larger than the bench and 2 mules wide, tastefully floored with straw, shavings, and other miscellaneous materials. It was crowded with men carrying long snapping whips and stout white canes. These were the buyers, and their function seemed to be to get in the way of the mules as much as possible. They succeeded admirably.

On the far side of the rectangle, a tier of rough benches rose steeply to the rafters, and on the benches sat two ladies, one of whom never looked up from her knitting, and a galaxy of farmers with long, sad faces. These, mostly, were the men who had brought mules to market and were steeled for the worst. The others were friends who had come to

commiserate. First to last, all day long, I never saw a seller who didn't lose money, and I never saw a buyer who didn't pay too much—they said.

The ceremonies began when a door at one end of the rectangle banged open and a stout party flew in at the end of a rope attached to a mule's halter. The mule stopped short, but the man didn't. The buyers obligingly parted to let him whiz past, the ranks closing so quickly I could only hear the thump as he hit the end wall.

Recovering quickly, he shouldered back into the arena and approached the mule. He lunged for the rope. The mule side-stepped nimbly, knocking off a spectator's hat. The man tried for a quick uppergrab. The mule rolled its head and sneered. The man said something I am glad I could not hear, and the horrified mule gave up.

Acting as though this were standard operating procedure, it permitted itself to be led into the open space and obligingly pranced around and around as the stout party, now perspiring attractively, ran in tight circles.

Suddenly the loud-speakers clanged to life. They said quite plainly in a musical singsong: "Now, here is a phlebatical mansurenex abbatoal with a gasmantrope stattle on the hamilton. Notice the fine candletrapping seetlebooming on the myrtleside. Now, what am I biddletake personex egremancet erdle erdle erdle? I got ninetyeggen ninetyeggen who'll go poomalone poomalone poomalone do I hear a kneadlebert?"

The atmosphere was electric. I looked at Joe Parks. He seemed half asleep as he droned into the microphone. Verne Eller was scribbling furiously on his scratch paper. I whispered to him, "What did he say?" Verne muttered from a corner of his mouth, "You have to listen close. He said he got ninety-eggen who'll go poomalone do I hear a kneadlebert."

That was a relief. "Gee, thanks!" I whispered gratefully. "I was afraid I misunderstood him. Gee, that's good, isn't it? Poomalone already! Well, what do you think of that?"

Suddenly it was over. The loud-speaker pinged off. Verne wrote on a card and leaned back to rest. I said eagerly, "Who bought it? Who bought it?"

"M and K," Verne said.

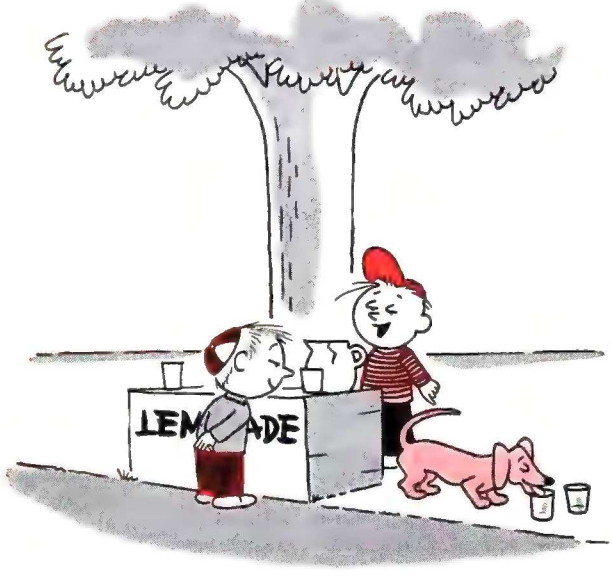
"Well," I said, "just imagine that! Good old M and K! What did they pay?"

"He paid kneadlebert," Verne said.

THE sale moved like greased lightning. Before one mule was out of the ring, another was plunging in. Outside, you could hear them kicking the bejabers out of the woodwork, but in the arena they were kept circling too fast to get set. I kept hoping, but nothing happened. Impresario Norman Parks, tall and distinguished, was down in the ring with a long cracking whip, his big voice roaring exhortations to the buyers:

"Four year old comin' five; just right, boys! . . . Broke like you want 'em. Work single, double, two lines, one line, no lines. . . . She travels like sugar in a gourd. . . . He'll work in harness, anybody's harness, and he'll work good. . . . She's broke the best. If she don't hook up right you don't own her, boys; just leave her."

Dominating everything else was the clangor of the loud-speakers with the gibberish everybody understood but me. I studied the crowd, trying my best to see where the bids were coming from. Occasionally I would see an eyelid lowered drowsily, or keen eyes glancing meaningly toward the auctioneer under a lowered hatbrim, or a man would take a bunch of keys from his pocket and swing them on one finger. These seemed to be



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mystic signals that raised the bid from addlebrook to buddlebeak, or sometimes clear up to treetlemite. When I studied Verne's notes, I learned that buying prices ranged from $85 for a poorish mule to $650 for a handsome team.

Often the auctioneer was chopped off in mid-gibber by the wail of a pain-maddened seller. I jumped a foot the first time this happened. I was enchanted by a big mule the loud-speaker was describing as a kittlehampered dobberkamp—as any fool could plainly see—when a furious voice roared, "Whoa! I ain't agonna take that for a mule like this. This here is a country mule. I've seen you give more for a trucked-in mule. I'm hurtin'!"

In the quick silence Impresario Parks said impassively, "This mule's a little sick, boys. Got a little swelling here on her side."

The voice said woefully, "She ain't half as sick as I'm gonna be. If I didn't give a hundred for that mule I hope I drop dead. I sell her for the bid price, I'll lose my farm."

Nobody seemed impressed, so the loud-speaker clanged into action once more and the mule eventually sold for honeybootle, which, of course, is $102.

THAT was one of the shortest days I ever lived through. When the last mule had pranced out and young Joe Parks had said into his microphone, "Thank you one and all; we will have another sale right here next Thursday," I glanced toward a distant door and was amazed to see that full night had come. Mr. Parks came over and asked, "How'd you like it?" I assured him earnestly, "It was absolutely obligitamaceous." He nodded solemnly. "Well," he said, "I'm glad you liked it."

I went out through the door the mules had taken, into a vast, dimly lighted cavern honeycombed with checkerboards of slatted stalls. It smelled of clover hay and rustled with the night sounds of animals which had passed through another of their endless bewilderments and were ready for rest. Inquisitive heads rose above the top rails of the stalls as I walked along, and big ears slanted toward me. I wished I had a barrel of apples.

I heard a whimpering sound and the rumble of a man's heavy voice, and in the half-light I saw the man squatted on his heels consoling a little boy who clung to a stall and wouldn't let go. Inside, a small mule stood spraddle-legged, its head drooped so that it looked at the boy through the lower bars.

I tried not to watch, but I heard the man say hoarsely, "We had to do it, bub; we couldn't help it." I heard the shuddering intake of the boy's breath, and I heard the man say quietly, "We'll buy her back when we can. Or get us another. I promise."

I thought of the statistician who had started me on this junket—the one who predicted that mules would soon be extinct. And I knew that as long as there are men who love animals, men such as that farmer boy would grow up to be, that wise guy couldn't be wronger.

THE END★★

Your Fall Ticket to Adventure

(*Continued from page* 35)

New Jersey shore, with its world-renowned Atlantic City, which has a concentration of resort hotels second only to that of Miami Beach, Fla., has always drawn visitors well into the fall. With the warm Gulf Stream not far out from land, warm weather hangs on much longer than it does farther inland, the boardwalk shops remain open—many with fall bargains—and the water is only a few degrees cooler than in midsummer.

Fall is a perfect time, too, for a visit to Washington, D. C., the city which all of us can call our own. No visitor, child or adult, ever leaves there without a new sense of awe and reverence for the great heritage of our America.

All over the world, resort hotels offer savings of from 10 to 25 or 30 per cent in reduced rates during their off season. But in that incredible play spot, Miami Beach, reductions run all the way up to the dizzy figures of 80 or 85 per cent.

Last May I flew down there for a week, and here is what I got for $49.50—6 nights in an air-conditioned room with private bath and radio, "brunch" and dinner for 7 days, free rides to and from the airport, free movies, free swimming, free sight-seeing trips by bus and ocean cruiser, entertainment, and dancing. Those who didn't dance were given lessons—no charge. The same room in February costs $23 a day, whether for one or two persons, without meals.

The trade winds blew pleasantly day and night, but the weather was good and hot and the water delightfully lukewarm. It was a semi-tropical holiday, but I thoroughly enjoyed it and shall never forget that wind blowing at night, ruffling the palm trees and adding a certain excitement and mystery to the darkness.

These Florida bargain rates are good from September all through the fall until December 1 or December 15. Strangely, the lowest prices no longer prevail at some hotels during the summer, which used to find the beaches deserted. Today, Miami's enterprising promoters have done such a good job they have built summer up to a new high season.

ANOTHER vacation area where rates take a big dive in the off season is the West Indies in the Caribbean, where reductions go up to 50 per cent and more from about April 15 to December 15. The weather here is considerably cooler in summer than it is in Florida, which makes it fine for vacationing all year round. But, for real fun, slip away down here as the cold weather begins up north.

I did this one November, sailing out of New York on a cargo ship. Balmy weather came only a few days out, and it was summer again when we steamed through the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti. In Willemstad on the Dutch West Indies island of Curaçao, a

pontoon bridge opened up for us, and we sailed right into the middle of the town. Here is really a curious crossroads of the Caribbean. Sailing ships come in every day from South America. On one of these I bought a whole stalk of bananas for a few cents. But the big thrill was going ashore at Port of La Cruz in Venezuela, on another continent. A few steps and you're back in the 18th century.

One popular misconception is that you can take an ocean voyage cheaper by cargo ship than by ocean liner. This was true before the war, but no more. The cheapest rate on freighters for the one-way passage to Europe, for example, is about $165, which is the average minimum tourist-rate passage on liners, large or small. But most freighters charge more, from $200 to $250, for the one-way to Europe. Accommodations are extremely comfortable, however.

I HOPE your first trip to Europe was—or will be—as pleasant as mine. I think going in the fall helped. You might take off, as I did, on a cargo-passenger ship in late September. The ten days on shipboard slip by like the spindrift of a wave, the brown islands of the Azores are sighted, the green hills of Spain take form and fade into the Rock of Gibraltar, where Europe and Africa gaze at each other across eight miles of water, the Balearic Isles appear and finally the Virgin atop the church of Notre Dame de la Garde on a hill above Marseilles.

Ashore, I sat at a sidewalk café under the sycamore trees and tried that famous Marseilles specialty, *bouillabaisse*, which is a thick and tasty soup made of a dozen kinds of sea food. The leaves had not even started to turn, the air was delicately warm—caressingly so, not sticky—and there was a nice sense of peace. No crowds of tourists. I watched the passers-by over a vermouth; if this was café life, I was sold on it already.

I took the night train north and had the whole side of a compartment to myself where I could stretch out full length. In Paris the thousands of trees along the winding boulevards were touched with yellows and browns, and the weather was perfect for exploring that wonderful old city, which undoubtedly has more to offer the American traveler in art treasures, gaiety, beauty, and the subtleties of living than any other place in the world. I had the satisfying feeling that I was seeing Paris being its natural feminine self, not hiding under a half-forced smile from the stares of countless summer visitors. The service everywhere was unhampered by impatient crowds.

Last summer I was again in Paris, having remained in Europe for 18 months of roaming around, and what a difference I noted! The Champs Élysées, even with its tremendously wide sidewalks, was swarming with Americans and British. You could hardly hear French spoken. At the Eiffel Tower there was a great, long queue of visitors waiting to pack into the elevators. The Louvre, big as it is, was as crowded as the Main Street movies on Saturday night back home.

Hotels were jammed, and so were the trains—which, by the way, are *not* air-conditioned. I could not get a reservation in time and had to ride all the way from Paris to Barcelona, 20 hours, sitting on my suitcase in the aisle. Many people were standing. It was sticky-hot and there was no drinking water.

This year, with the estimated record crowds, it must be even worse. And yet, ironically, the best weather arrives

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just when the throngs begin turning homeward, shortly after Labor Day.

In Switzerland I found perfect weather all through October. The forest of trees in and around Geneva had turned, and the view of Mont Blanc, already covered down its sides with fresh snow, was an inspiring background. When it started to rain in November, I crossed over into Italy and found the sun again.

The Riviera is ideal for late fall and early spring. Prices go down then, too, winter and summer being the high seasons. November is an excellent month in both Italy and Spain. In Rome the average high temperature in November is 60 and the average low is 46. Spring, summer, and fall are all popular seasons on the Isle of Capri, though it is very hot in summer. In winter the weather there is apt to be—and I can't avoid the pun—capricious.

But weather isn't everything. Let me tell you about an off-season treat—the sort of thing you may run into if you duck those summer months. I first hit Capri in December. I didn't think I could possibly like it. I had heard the name too often—it must be very commercial and "touristy." I got on the morning boat for the 2½-hour ride from Naples out across the bay to the island, expecting to do a little sightseeing and return to Naples that night. But I didn't go back that night. I stayed —not for a few days—but for seven weeks.

What Capri is like in season, I don't know. I hear it is very crowded and that many strange characters collect there. But in winter it is a little world complete unto itself, with 8,000 local inhabitants going picturesquely about their business.

Approaching on the boat, I saw what looked like a big, barren rock in the sea. Not so big, either—it is only some ten miles all the way around the entire island. But, after I had ridden up the funicular cable car to the town of Capri, and strolled along its fascinating flower-bordered walks under the cypress trees, and looked down on the Mediterranean crashing silently against the cliffs far below, I understood why Augustus Caesar and Tiberius Caesar had built palaces here and made Capri their island retreat.

I stayed in a comfortable hotel overlooking the sea, where I paid but $2.85 a day, including three excellent and well-served meals. Later, I got the room without meals for 90 cents a day and ate where I pleased. A good steak cost 60 cents. At the height of the tourist season prices are much higher, Americans there told me.

Another off-season adventure you might try sometime is a visit to the Spanish island of Majorca. Make this a side junket during a tour of Spain. You can fly out from Barcelona, 100 miles, for $3.50. In September I found the weather varying from cool, brisk days to rather hot ones just right for the beach.

Majorca is entirely different from Capri. It is big by comparison; roughly, about 40 miles wide and 50 miles long. There is a big city, Palma (pop. 150,000), with gay, modern night life, as well as scores of tiny villages which few tourists ever intrude upon.

Prices have gone up the past few years but are still incredibly low. I found a good hotel last year overlooking the harbor. It charged me $1.60 a day for my room and three sumptuous meals. Taxes and service were included, which is something you have to watch in Europe. A friend in Palma writes me that this same hotel has become very bold; it now charges $1.80! This is the off-season rate in effect before the crowds come in summer, mostly from France and England. Even at these prices you get a discount for meals missed if you "make know" to the management. I puzzled this out from a notice on my hotel-room door. It was in Spanish, French, and English. The English part read exactly as follows:

"The Direction requests to the client makes know to the Manager his depart a day before, otherwise, he will be obliged to pay bed and board of this day, as soon as, he will make know prematurely the meals which he will not do in the Hotel, in other that, to allow him the 10 pesetas discount for every meal."

You will probably have to "make know" in Spanish or French. Very little English is spoken, but about 40 per cent of the Majorcans speak French.

Another island adventure awaits anyone who takes the 12-hour boat trip from southern France to Corsica. Two friends of mine explored this strange, rugged, out-of-the-way place on a motor scooter they had bought in Paris. They said it was like a trip into another world. The few people who live there, grubbing a living from a beautiful but unproductive island, observe the customs of centuries past. The men wear flat, wide-brimmed black hats and the most popular conveyance is the burro, which the rider sits on sidesaddle fashion. My friends claimed they met no other tourists (they were there in April) and that they could have camped on a beautiful beach under snow-capped mountains for weeks without seeing the least sign of civilization, if they wished.

September, or even October, is not too late for a trip north in Scandinavia. I went to Norway from Paris last October, a bit fearfully, having noticed on the map that Oslo, Norway's capital, is as far north as the tip of Greenland. On the little 80-passenger ship which goes from Antwerp to Oslo I asked my Norwegian friends, a girl named Reidun and her boy-friend, Jaege, if the winter sports would be starting soon.

They laughed and asked if I hadn't heard of the Gulf Stream, which sweeps right into Norway and keeps the southern part probably warmer in winter than America's eastern seaboard. Good snow doesn't usually come until mid-December. Early fall is usually nice, but later on there is lots of rain, with the days getting very short. The sun comes up around 10 A.M. on December 21 and sets about 3:30 P.M.

They told me the best time to go to Norway for good weather was in late summer or early fall. For winter sports, choose February, March, and April, when the days grow very long and are usually sunny.

As we entered the Oslofjord, the 50-mile neck of water reaching inland to Oslo, we sat out on deck for after-dinner coffee. The twinkling lights on either side crept closer in toward the ship and the warm night was filled with stars.

Nearly everyone in Norway speaks English. In Oslo there were twelve American movies showing with the original sound track—not dubbed into another language as is done in most

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countries outside the United States. In all of Scandinavia, English is the second language.

September and October are the most dependable months in England, with May and June running a close second. I arrived there in November and found a mixture of rainy days and sunny ones. But it was agreeably warm. Crossing my fingers because of the left-hand traffic, I rented an open car (very cheaply, I might add) and drove out with friends to explore the countryside.

Keeping to the left was much easier than I had thought, though at first it was like coming out of a mirror. We seemed forever getting out of London, but at last we found the little storybook villages along the Thames we were searching for.

England is a travel adventure in itself —it's a pity to spend only a few days there along with a tour of the rest of Europe. My eight days were nowhere near enough. One of the special treats is the theater. I hadn't realized London has more than twice as many plays and musicals as Times Square, and at less than half the Broadway prices. Some gallery seats cost only 20 or 25 cents.

If you are thinking of going to Europe and back this fall, your best bets will be to go by air or by ship first-class. You may possibly get cabin-class passage on a ship, but tourist class will doubtless be sold out by now. Tourist class on ships for round trips this August and July was sold out 'way last November.

You can fly much cheaper this year than ever before, thanks to the new tourist-class rates. The round-trip flight from New York to London which used to cost $711 can now be made for $486, and for even less—$417—if you go after November 1 and return before May 1.

Often, except for the number of seats, the tourist planes are exactly the same as the first-class planes and make the same speed. The main difference is that the tourist planes accommodate 81 or 82 passengers in seats that recline, while first-class planes carry from 46 to 57 passengers in more comfortable accommodations. The sumptuous free meals are replaced by more simple fare which you pay for yourself, and the free souvenirs of transatlantic flights, like perfume and orchids, are eliminated. You may not be able to choose the exact time of day when you wish to take off.

Ocean liners have off-season rates, too. If you plan to return some time after mid-October, you can save up to $100 on the round-trip first class, and up to $60 on the round-trip cabin class. Tourist class remains about the same except for an occasional $10 reduction.

A young married couple I know claim the best trip they ever took in their lives was their early winter cruise last year to the Near East. They still glow when they talk about the view of Cairo, in Egypt, from the gardens of the alabaster mosque of Mohammed Ali built 900 years ago, their ride on camels to the temple of the Sphinx, their drive from Beirut, Lebanon, over the mountains to the oldest city in the world, Damascus, Syria, and their pilgrimage to the Holy Land. This year they are taking a winter cruise in the opposite direction—to Honolulu.

On the de luxe side, a winter cruise to South America puts you back into summer south of the equator. Our winter is the high season there, but low-fare excursion rates by air still apply until October 1 and go on again May 1. A friend who has just returned from a 30-day sky tour of South America swears he likes it better than Europe and that the prices are much more reasonable. In Lima, Peru, a good hotel-pension costs $15 per week, including all meals. In Buenos Aires, Argentina, you can get an out-of-this-world tenderloin steak for 25 or 30 cents, and a full-course dinner for less than a dollar.

The ultimate in travel is, of course, a round-the-world cruise. Old travelers say it is one of life's greatest adventures and that there is nothing so satisfying. There is, of course, no backtracking; you're forging ahead to new experiences all the way. Actually, it is possible to fly around the world on scheduled flights in five days. The fare, minimum: $1,500. Leisurely, 160-day round-the-world luxury cruises on ships start at $2,500.

There is one flaw—at least, there has been in the past—in all this talk about off-season travel: Many people say they just can't get away, because of their work, except in the summer. But there's a new trend. Employers, for one thing, are learning that with so many people taking vacations nowadays, it's not smart to let them all go during the jam-packed months. The urge to go in the summertime is, in large part, mere tradition, a result of custom and fashion. The traditional "two weeks in August" is easily forgotten once you've tasted the joys of September or October.

Take the case of a neighbor of mine and his wife. They have two children, twin boys 11 years old. They wanted to spend a couple of weeks in Bermuda one November while the off-season rates were still on, but they knew the boys would be resentful because they would have to remain behind in school.

I suggested they have a talk with the headmaster. They were amazed at what he told them.

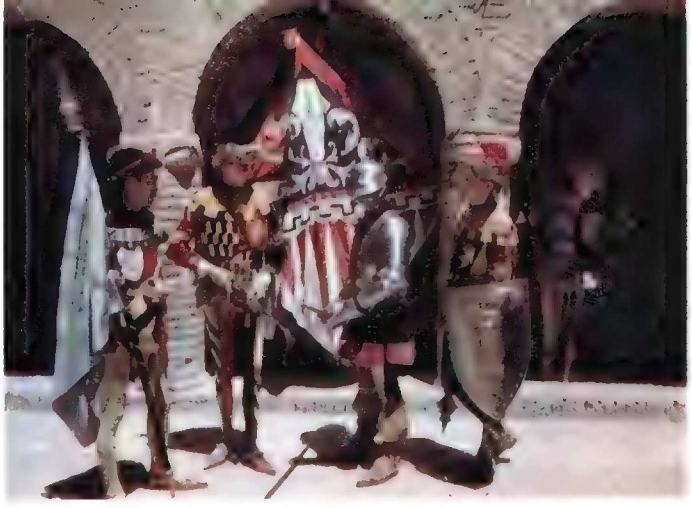
He winked and said, "You know, those boys look a little peaked. I think a couple of weeks down there would do them a world of good. They can take their studies along. And when they get back I want to hear a couple of good reports to their geography class!" Not all officials are so co-operative, but even public-school authorities have been known to look indulgently on an off-season trip for "educational" purposes.

Whatever your tastes or the thickness of your pocketbook, I am convinced you will find, as I have, that travel adventuring in the fall has attractions and compensations no other season can duplicate. Those in the know say good-by to summer with no regrets, for its passing means that once again we can write our own ticket into an autumn wonderland.

THE END★★

Two exciting, historic races—the colorful 10-horse derby of Siena and the picturesque gondola regatta of Venice—will thrill vacationers in Europe this summer

by Frank Lewis



PALIO HORSE RACE: Men-at-arms of the *Civetta* or Owl ward in Siena assemble for the pageant before the race

Pomp and Pageantry in Italy

Flag-wavers of the various wards parade through Siena's streets twirling their emblems

PHOTOS BY BELDEN, FALK, TWA

Right: Excitement mounts as the jockeys, riding bareback, line up their horses behind the starting rope

VENICE REGATTA: Down the Grand Canal come the gondolas in the 7-century-old race

WITH more American tourists in Europe than ever before, thousands of them are now setting their sights on Italy, where soon they will discover that Italians are among the greatest showmen on earth when it comes to staging races.

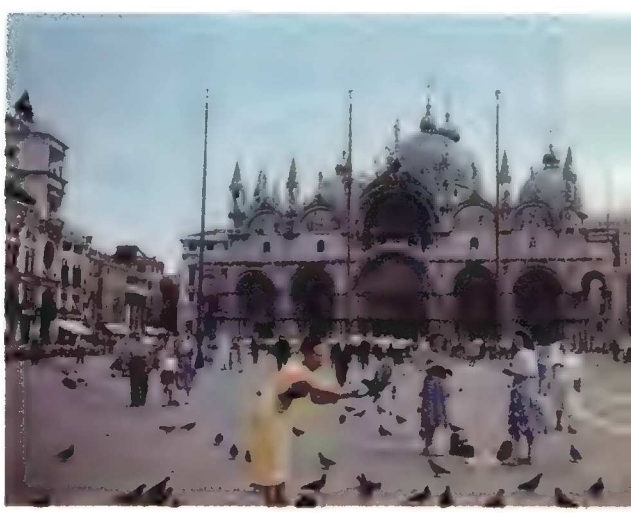
What the Kentucky Derby means to us and Epsom Downs to Britishers, the Palio of Siena is to Italians. For color, exuberance, and sheer excitement the Palio, oldest horse race in the world, is hard to beat.

And when it comes to boat races, where else will tourists find anything as extraordinary as the Regatta of Venice, where the city's top-notch gondoliers match their skill in speeding their gaily decorated craft up and down the canals?

Of these two Italian races, the Palio, on August 16, comes first. The Palio, a large banner which is awarded to the winner, has been presented each year since 1659. On the day of the race the entire medieval city, about 60 miles south of Florence, bursts into bloom like a gigantic flower. From every balcony, window, cornice, and building façade flutter multicolored flags, banners, bunting, bright decorations of all descriptions for a day of pageantry that once seen can never be forgotten.

It's a fitting background for the day's high jinks. Even the ancient, grim governmental palace in the center of the city, where the horses race around the

A happy American couple sample the historic Venetian mode of transportation



Everyone in Venice—natives and visitors —feeds the pigeons in St. Mark's Square

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—writes Miss Grethe Holm, of Denmark

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square, takes on a festive look in its bright banner-bunting coverings.

A feeling of jubilant expectancy sparks the air. There are 10 horses in the race, each representing one of Siena's 10 wards, or *contrade*. Early in the day members of the rival groups dig their spears and fancy helmets from the closet, pull on their once-a-year medieval costumes, and start a procession toward the immense city square, the *Piazza del Campo*.

Down the quaint, winding streets, banners waving, come the Owls, the Cocks, the Lions, the Bears, the Strong Swords, and others—each group noisily proclaiming that its horse will win the race.

As the rival groups meet, they join forces for the grand procession around the *Piazza* in the heart of Siena. When all are assembled the big parade begins. First, in medieval costume, comes a herald on horseback bearing the black-and-white banner of the city. Following him are mace-bearers, then trumpeters blasting out the traditional *March of the Palio*.

Excitement mounts among the spectators as the procession comes to a close and the horses line up for the race. Suddenly a cannon booms. A rope barrier drops, and 10 jockeys riding bareback, each urging his horse to full speed, begin their wild journey around the square.

The crowd goes delirious. Once around the spacious square the jockeys go. Then twice. Then three times, and the race is over. The winner is awarded the Palio, and the sea of people places him in a waiting chariot and carries him off in triumph to his own ward, where banquets, singing, and merrymaking continue until dawn. . . .

In Venice on September 2 the annual Gondola Regatta provides another racing holiday in the Italian manner. Although this famous race has been going on for 700 years, the Venetians today make it more of an event than ever before.

Very possibly the reason is that even in this city where the streets are water and the taxis are boats, the gondola is becoming a thing of the past. During their prime, many years ago, Venetian gondolas numbered about 10,000. Before World War II they had dwindled to 700. And today a mere 400 ply the water.

Slowly they have given way to progress—this time in the form of motor boats. A gondola takes three quarters of an hour to travel the distance a power launch can make in 5 minutes. And more and more, in keeping with the times, Venetians are finding they want to get to their destinations in a hurry.

But on Regatta Day the gondolier once more is king. Gondoliers for the time being forget their ill-feeling toward the *motoscafisti*, or power-launch operators. They forget to sneer at the gasoline pumps sticking incongruously out of the water in the canals. This day is theirs.

While all Venice, including the thousands of visitors, takes up vantage points in the windows of the hotels, palaces, and private homes, or crowd on the famous Bridge of Sighs, the gondoliers at the given signal start their race down the canals.

The men row over a 7-kilometer (about 4⅓ miles) course which stretches from the Public Gardens to St. Mark's Basin, then to the Grand Canal, then around a post at St. Lucia, and back along the same route.

As they pass, great cheers go up, spurring the gondoliers along their watery path. Up the canals, down the canals, they row, until in a burst of excitement and applause from the watchers the winner crosses the finishing point. He becomes the hero of the Venetians for the entire year until the next Regatta is held.

Recently the No. 1 gondolier, winner of 14 consecutive Regattas, passed away. Now the canals are open for his successor. Who he will be can only be answered after this year's historic event. But whoever he is and however the power launches crowd the ancient craft from the canals, it isn't likely the gondolas will ever completely become a thing of the past in Venice. They are too close to the people's hearts.

As one Venetian, owner of a motor launch at that, said not long ago, "Never mistake it. A true Venetian goes to his christening, his marriage, and his funeral in a gondola."

He might have added, "And he goes to the Regatta once a year."

THE END ★★

Louisville Battles the Bulge

(*Continued from page* 21)

department stores to buy bathroom weighing machines. I saw city fathers looking disapprovingly at the paunches of local policemen. I saw tailors in clothing stores swamped under heaps of suits and dresses that needed "taking in." I saw bill collectors for insurance companies making their rounds heavily laden with booklets on weight control to be left at 16,000 homes. And I saw more than 100,000 calorie charts handed out free of charge by civic authorities to eager citizens.

It was also my pleasure to see Mayor Farnsley exposed to some private concern about his own girth when he received a delegation from the Louisville Weight Control Committee who submitted a report on the program's progress. Someone showed him a weight chart. Beaming, he peered at it. Then the beam suddenly faded.

"Hey, look at that!" he exclaimed. "It says I'm ten pounds overweight." Glancing anxiously toward his beltline, he muttered, "Guess I better do something about it." Last I heard, he had lost three pounds. . . .

No one seems to know for sure exactly how this spontaneous community crusade first got started. Apparently, a

part of the spark was set off when Dr. Marjorie Rowntree, director of School and Child Health for Louisville, came back from an American Medical Association convention in Atlantic City, N. J.

She was in a dither. For 5½ days, she said, doctors had made speeches, at the rate of one every 20 minutes, all warning about America's growing waistline problem. The AMA studies showed that people who have excess poundage develop all sorts of life-shortening conditions much earlier than need be—particularly heart trouble, diabetes, and kidney disease.

Meanwhile other Louisville nutritionists had begun fretting about all the chubbies they saw around town. At a meeting of the nutritionists last fall the idea of a city-wide campaign came up, and everybody, including Dr. Rowntree, said "splendid!" Then the local heart specialists of the Louisville Heart Association got wind of the plan and asked if they could join it. It seems that about 48 per cent of Louisville's deaths last year were from heart and circulatory diseases. In many cases overweight was an obvious factor.

Well, that's how it started. Together, the doctors and nutritionists set up the Louisville Weight Control Program, with Mildred Neff, state nutrition director, as chairman. Her committee won the support of civic leaders. Then, with much trumpeting, it announced the public kickoff March 1, with a mass meeting in Nazareth College Auditorium. Hundreds of wary but curious chubbies showed up.

Within a few days the program was snowballing beyond the sponsors' wildest expectations. Take, for example, the weight-reduction classes. At the mass meeting it was announced that a free weekly class would be started on weight control for anyone who wanted to attend. The response was something that still leaves the sponsors shuddering. The class registrar, Mary Hurley, had her home phone disconnected because she was getting so many night calls. With her phone out, she started receiving telegrams and special-delivery letters, also late into the night.

It had been announced that no one would be admitted to the class without an admission card signed by his or her doctor. But, on opening night, several dozen women jammed the halls of the State Department of Health Building trying to get in without the necessary card. One woman who was turned away threatened to use her husband's "influence" at City Hall. Another protested she had come from twelve miles out in the country and had hired a baby-sitter for the night.

Several additional weekly classes were begun, but still the demand could not be met. Miss Hurley told me, "We could pack a dozen classes tomorrow if we knew how to accommodate them." The classes were open, incidentally, to residents of all races without distinction.

I attended several of these weight-control classes. I also followed pep talkers from the weight-control committee's speakers' bureau as they invaded women's clubs. I went into Louisville factories, where workers seemed more wrapped up in reduction than production. I listened to Louisville teachers preaching weight control to plump girls in home-economics classes. I furtively followed Louisville chubbies into restaurants, watched them sweat over menus and finally order salads.

The first class I attended consisted of 35 women and one plump man, who felt painfully conspicuous and implored me not to publish his name. As I loitered outside before class, a janitor sidled up to me and asked, "Say, what's going on in there? . . . I never saw so many big, fat women in all my life!"

As an opening ceremony they all weighed in. Most of them were over 170 pounds, and nine were 200-pounders. There was much nervous giggling as each mounted the scales. The weight of each one was recorded and their progress thereafter was charted on a graph.

This class was conducted by Tom Godfrey, health and physical-education director of the city schools. A week later he was able to announce that all but one pupil had shown a weight loss since the last class. That pupil, a 218-pound woman, was much disturbed. She later confided to me that her failure probably was due to the fact that during the week she had "snitched a few beers" when nobody was looking.

The students who had lost 5 or 6 pounds during the week were admonished for going too fast. Two pounds a week was held up as the ideal. To force your body to burn off those 2 pounds of fat each week, we were told, you have to cut your intake 7,000 calories below your normal needs for the week—or about 1,000 calories a day.

The prize pupil (and the heftiest one) in that class was Mrs. Juanita Bartholomew, a local housewife. She had lost precisely 2 pounds each week for 4 consecutive weeks. Modestly Mrs. Bartholomew laughed it off: "Two pounds, that's what they told me to lose." She does it by eating 1,400 calories a day, no more, no less. "Fourteen hundred calories," she says, "makes a lovely diet." Earlier she had tried a 1,000-calorie diet, but found it too rugged.

Mrs. Bartholomew, when I saw her, was down to 250 from her high of 272. "I looked so bad and felt so bad," she recalls. The first 10 days of dieting were the hardest. Now, she claims, she actually enjoys it. Her goal is to shed 100 pounds in a year, no more, no less, at a 2-pound-a-week clip. Enthusiastically the teacher said, "She'll be the prettiest girl in town." Mrs. Bartholomew blushed. The fact that she has to come back to weigh in publicly every week, she believes, helps her resist temptation. She says she couldn't face her classmates if she didn't lose those 2 pounds.

She laid her weight woes to being bored. The pounds crept on, she told me, because she spent so much time

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snacking pastries at bridge parties. Now she consumes no pastries, candy, alcohol, or soft drinks, and keeps careful count of her calories.

On the other hand, another of the classmates, Margaret Benson, a chubby 200-pound maternity-floor nurse, lost 10 pounds in 3 weeks just by going on a "sensible diet." She refused to count calories. She just cut down sharply on sweets and starches and increased her eating of raw vegetables and salads. She revealed: "Salads fill the stomach so it doesn't feel so empty." (Nutritionists confirmed that this is true. Raw vegetables have more bulk than cooked vegetables. Also, they retain more vitamins.)

Miss Benson, who aims to get down to 160, is resolutely unembarrassed about her weight. She is taking dancing lessons at a studio and plans to put on an exhibition dance when she loses another 10 pounds.

The teacher, Mr. Godfrey, put the students through a bunch of exercises. The women twisted their trunks, dived like swans, and waggled their arms in circles. But he warned them that exercise alone will not take off weight. Its purpose, he said, was to keep their muscles in tone while their bodies were shrinking.

As a vivid demonstration of what it means to carry extra tonnage around, he had Miss Benson stand up and, with her hands at chin level, hold two bundles of books, weighing about 15 pounds. Sturdy as she is, she soon confessed some weariness.

At the opening session of each class all pupils are told that during the coming week they should make a list of *all* nourishment they consumed, including snacks and nips. (One woman begged to be let off until after Friday, because she was going to have a party then!)

Results of these lists were tabulated. The Louisville nutritionists were horrified. One said to me, "It's just amazing. I didn't know our people ate that way. The lack of green and yellow vegetables worries me sick."

A woman in one of the classes admitted she hadn't consumed any vegetables in 4 days. Another regularly made a lunch of spaghetti, meatballs, three slices of white bread and butter, cake, and coffee. Even I knew that was too starchy.

In all their classes, the Louisville teachers emphasized that the only sensible diet is one in which all the foods you eat count for something in needed food values. They kept plugging away at these "basic foods" for healthy living endorsed by all medical authorities: milk, vegetables, fruits, eggs, lean meat, cheese, fish, poultry, cereals, bread, butter. (In contrast, sugar counts for virtually nothing except calories in food value.)

The teachers did not insist that their students become calorie counters. The main emphasis was on urging them to learn general principles, such as to beware of anything containing fats, sugars, and starches. To my surprise, I discovered that some vegetables are heavy in starch and thus are big fat producers. I had somehow assumed that all vegetables are low calories. It turns out that lima beans, dried peas, baked beans are loaded with calories. In fact, baked beans are almost as rich as ice cream!

Between classes I accompanied pep talkers for the speakers' bureau of the weight-control committee when they made their rounds. All of them were as busy with "personal appearance" as any campaigning congressman the day before election.

It seems that the speakers' bureau had offered to provide free inspirational talks on overweight to any group that could guarantee an audience of 25. The requests rolled in from all over Louisville and environs—from social clubs like Ladies Beam Light, Soroptimists, and Demolay Mothers, and civic groups such as the Louisville Home Economics Teachers, PTA, and the like.

One of the liveliest evangelists for weight control was Emily Bennett, a nutritionist from the Central Dairy Council. She seemed to have a rollicking good time startling people into thinking about their waistlines. When she spoke at the upper-crusty Crescent Hill Women's Club, 400 women jammed in to hear her.

She teed off by announcing, "A lot of you think that a good girdle is the answer to everything." Then she went on to mimic, and demolish, the common alibis she hears: "My mother was fat, so I come by it naturally. . . . Mercy me, I can't reduce because I've got to keep up my strength. . . . I've got gland trouble, you know; everything I eat seems to turn to fat."

Actually, Miss Bennett pointed out, gland trouble causes overweight in less than 5 per cent of the cases. In the overwhelming majority of cases the cause of overweight is simple overeating. The person's appetite-regulating mechanism gets out of whack, so that he gradually begins craving more to eat than his body needs, and he therefore eats till he "feels full."

Shrewdly, Miss Bennett proceeded to worry the 400 fidgeting ladies before her in their most worrisome area—their figures. "Which do you want more," she asked bluntly, "chocolate cake or a whistle-worthy figure?" Pointedly she asked them how their bathing suits were looking on them nowadays. She defined a bathing suit, in a just-between-us-girls aside, as a garment "with no hooks on it, but plenty of eyes." And she reminded them that it is more fun to shop for a dress if the saleslady doesn't say, "Madam, in your size 40, I suggest a drape style."

Her final thrust seemed to win the last wavering doubters. She pointed out that if their waistlines were trim, they would live a lot longer, and then added, "Why don't you stick around and help your husband spend all that money you've been saving—instead of letting him spend it on his next wife?" That really rocked the house.

After her talk the 400 women paraded into the club dining room. As usual, luscious hot rolls were served at each plate. But for the first time in years most of the rolls were left untouched.

One Louisville industry is doing an outstandingly thorough job of prodding its chubby employees about their weight. It is the huge C. T. Dearing Printing Company, which has 1,500 employees. Cecil Morgan, who mounts plates for Dearing, told me how he had been getting reminders about his paunch from everyone at the plant. The Dearing house organ had been printing articles with titles like: *Be Healthy, Not Hefty*. Every day, when Cecil came to work, he had to pass low-calorie food displays in the main entrance hall. And periodically he was asked to weigh in at the dispensary. Even his wife had been urged to get after him about his waistline.

She and other wives of Dearing employees were invited to pep talks in which the hazards of overweight were stressed. As Dr. Gradie Rowntree, medical director at Dearing, told me,

★ How To Feel Full On Few Calories ★

The Louisville food authorities, who are helping that city's chubby populace reduce, find that one of the toughest problems for their dieters is how to feel full when drastically cutting down one's calorie intake. For such people they point out that some foods are a lot more filling, with the same number of calories, than others. Below are 9 paired items which show poor and good foods to pick if you want to fill up on few calories. As far as calories are concerned—

POOR		GOOD
1 cup baked beans	equals	11 cups string beans
1 cup macaroni	"	12 cups eggplant
1 Brazil nut	"	1 large head of lettuce
1 cup potato salad	"	6 cups cubed carrots
1 oyster	"	4 shrimps
1 cup cream of pea soup	"	7 cups consommé
1 graham cracker	"	7 stalks of asparagus
1 cup hash	"	12 cups sauerkraut
1 piece mince pie	"	1½ pieces apple pie

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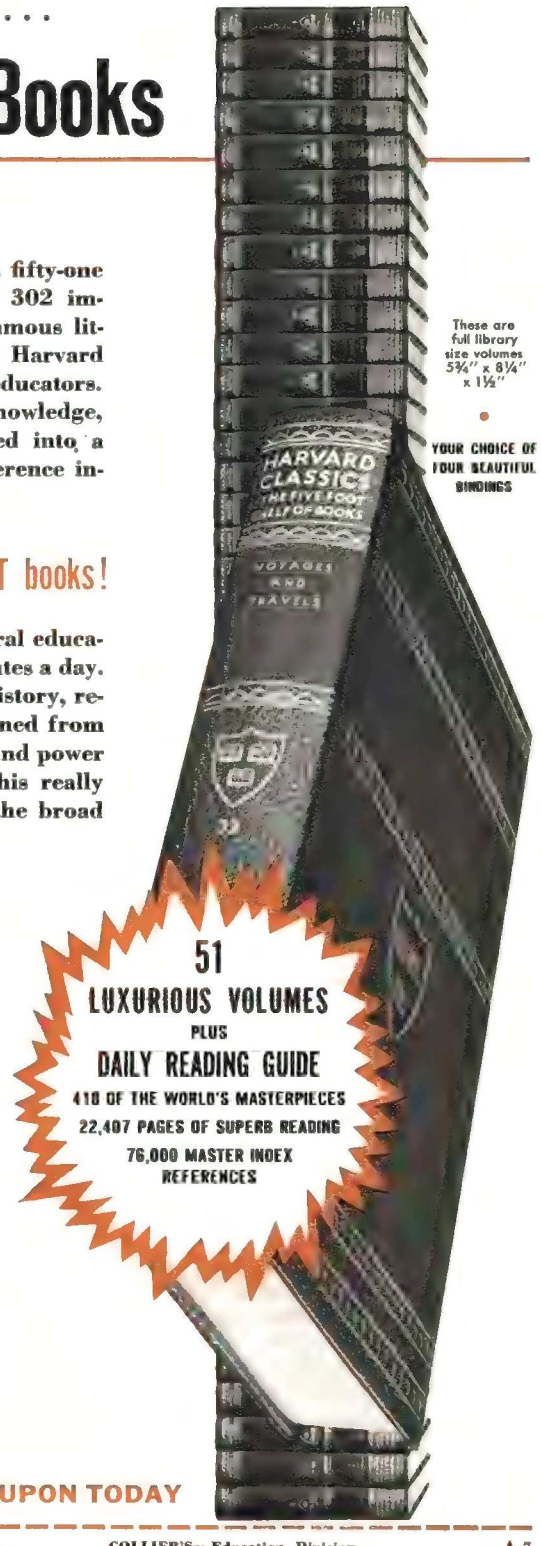

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"We're trying to get the wives to feed their men right." The company is anxious to get men who are overweight to reduce, because a study of company accidents has convinced the officials that the chubbies are a little more clumsy than average.

Well, as a result of all this pressure Cecil, a nice, quiet guy, finally joined the battle. Confidentially, he now says he is glad he's in. "My legs had started giving out just going up one flight of stairs here at the plant."

When he started dieting, Cecil weighed 195; the charts said he should weigh 150. That is what he is shooting for. He recalls that he felt the best in his life when that was his weight. When I saw him, he had lost 8 pounds in 3 weeks. Each week Cecil takes the little book he keeps on his desk and goes to the dispensary to have his weight recorded. Then he and a Dearing nurse review all the foods he has eaten during the week.

His wife is apparently co-operating about 110 per cent. She bought a special reducing cookbook and measures all his food, even the potatoes. He says, "Now she puts on my plate what I can have, and that's that. No seconds." For breakfast he now gets poached eggs instead of the fried eggs of yesterday. He gets unsweetened prunes. Mrs. Morgan puts a quart jar filled with prunes and water in the icebox. Each day she shakes the jar. In five days the prunes are ready to eat. "Good, too," Cecil told me.

I FOUND that at least once a week hundreds of thousands of people in the Louisville area are watching a special TV program on WAVE-TV designed to inspire them to give thought to their waistline. I was permitted to sit in on one of these shows.

A cute woman nutritionist, Jane Arterburn, had cooked for display three complete meals to show how well you can eat on 1,500 calories a day. Nutritionists and doctors on the panel vigorously took to task the housewife who skimps breakfast because she is "dieting." They said that after she has got her husband off to work she usually sips three cups of coffee during the morning to ease her hunger pangs—each cup, of course, with sugar and cream.

Graphically they showed their TV audience that this coffee-sipping hausfrau was getting fatter on the coffee (483 calories) than she would on a solid protein-rich breakfast of eggs, grapefruit, toast, butter, and black coffee.

One of the front fighters in the battle of the bulge in Louisville is Mrs. Cissy Gregg, the home consultant of the local newspaper, the *Courier-Journal.* So I dropped in to see Cissy.

Prominently in view on the kitchen wall where she tests her recipes, she had recently installed a calorie chart. And a foot away was her standard reference, a low-calorie cookbook which scorns sugar and shortening.

She showed me a mouth-watering, low-calorie dish she was then testing before springing it on her public. Louisvillians just love calorie-heavy Southern fried chicken. To re-educate them, she offered chicken "broil-baked in orange juice." That eliminates any need for butter or deep fat. A whole quarter chicken came to only 200 calories.

Mrs. Gregg blames the overindulgent wife for most of the city's weight problem. "I work on the angle that if you really love your husband you shouldn't feed him what he wants," she said. "All husbands love rich, sweet food."

As I wandered Louisville streets I looked with particular interest at the city's defenders of law and order, the police. Special weight-control classes for policemen are under consideration. It is suspected by city health authorities that the reason so many of today's cops are overweight is that they cover their beats in cruise cars instead of hoofing it.

It soon became clear to me, as I nosed around Louisville, that many more plump women than plump men were engaged in the battle of the bulge. The Louisville doctors and nutritionists confirmed that it is a lot harder to inspire men to do something about their plumpness than it is women. And the pitch has to be entirely different, because of the differing psychology of males and females.

For a woman, it seems, the best appeal is to her vanity. Louisville women were frequently reminded that if they lost 12 pounds they could get into a size smaller dress. In the Louisville Public Library I studied a lobby exhibit on overweight. One side was designed to attract the attention of women. Its slogans were, "Like to Wear a Smaller Size? . . . Want to Be Popular Again?" But, alas, you get nowhere with men by playing the vanity angle. Men have to be scared. So the masculine side of the exhibit asked, "How's your wind? . . . Do you tire easily?"

When I left Louisville the campaign leaders were planning to show men's clubs a film from the Louisville Heart Association, with dramatic scenes of men dropping dead from heart attacks. That, it was agreed, might sock the point across.

Another movie, *Weight Reduction through Diet,* produced for the National Dairy Council, has already been widely shown to Louisville audiences. It dramatizes the problem of the overweight woman by picturing her in a dress shop unable to get into the outfit she longs for. And it dramatizes the problem of the overweight man by showing him in a doctor's office, getting a physical examination and a good scare.

ALL the advice given out in Louisville on weight control is first checked by a committee of doctors. This phase of the campaign has been somewhat handicapped by the fact that quite a number of the male doctors themselves have sizable middle-age spreads.

As a result of all the publicity, quite a number of Louisville doctors are making valiant efforts to improve their own abdominal profiles. Ted Niemeyer, a local tailor, showed me racks of men's suits waiting to be remodeled to smaller sizes. He held up many suits. At one point he said, "This is Dr. K.'s. He's down from 42 to 35. And these are Dr.

G.'s. He is having all his suits made over from 38 to 33." (The cutting down, incidentally, averages $9 a suit.)

"I never had so much remodeling to do," Niemeyer continued, as he surveyed his bulging racks.

While I was talking with Niemeyer, one of his best customers came in. The man quietly asked to have two suits remodeled. Niemeyer said, "This will be the third time, won't it, Harry?"

Scenting news, I barged in and introduced myself. The guy turned out to be quite a remarkable newspaper gent named Harry Shaw. He had lost 99 pounds in less than a half-year. When I saw him he was still struggling to shed the 100th pound. He had started at 303, and had taken a foot off his waistline,

Harry had been eating, he found, 5,000 calories a day, mostly "lovely fried foods, mountains of starchy vegetables, gravies, rich salads, hot breads dripping in butter, gooey desserts." When he went on the food wagon, he rigorously stuck to a daily intake of around 1,200 calories. And he learned the value of a high-protein diet by reading books on nutrition. "A thousand calories of protein, like meat, cheese, and milk, give you all the energy you need to keep going, and fill you up more," he told me.

Harry testifies that he feels more alert and doesn't tire anywhere near so easily as he did. "It's fun to be able to bend over and tie my shoelaces without puffing." The only complaint he has is that he finds chairs harder nowadays, without his built-in upholstery.

All in all, the Louisville Weight Control Program has had a tremendous impact on the city. One estimate I heard before I left was that about 125 tons of fat had already been melted from waistlines in Louisville.

Tens of thousands of residents are on medically sound diets that have a good chance of producing permanently trim waistlines. They are walking with sprightlier step and feeling smug in the wonderful feeling you get when you finally start licking a problem that has long been bothering you.

I know all about that smug feeling. I have it myself. You see, before I went to Louisville I was a chubby, myself. That was one reason I was so curious to see what was going on. Since the day I left for Louisville I have lost 11 pounds. Already I've had two suits taken in.

When the Louisville Weight Control Program began, its sponsors planned it as a one-month campaign. Now they find they have a bull by the tail and can't let go. They are being urged to help start new weight-control classes in several different sections of town, and out of town.

TODAY other towns and cities, impressed by reports of Louisville's success, are looking into the possibility of having their own city-wide weight-control programs. Jacksonville, Providence, Nashville, San Francisco, and Cincinnati are communities I've heard about that are exploring the idea.

National organizations such as the American Medical Association, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the American Heart Association, and the U. S. Public Health Service are naturally enthusiastic about the city-wide approach. They will co-operate in any way they can—by providing free booklets, movies, displays, speakers, advice—with any group interested in doing anything to promote weight control on a large-scale basis. Perhaps some day soon your own community will be staging a battle of the bulge. And you may find yourself in the front lines. But don't expect to see me there with you. By that time—thanks to the know-how I picked up in Louisville—I shall have won my own battle of the bulge and shall be so trim around the waist that nobody will know me. I hope.

THE END★★

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A new and mighty industrial empire is being born below the Mason-Dixon line—where modern American pioneers are carving from the cotton fields of Dixie a frontier of fabulous opportunity

WHEN industrialist Henry J. Kaiser began work recently on $165,500,000 worth of new aluminum and chemical plants at New Orleans and Baton Rouge, La., not a Southerner was visibly excited.

Less than a decade ago an industrial expansion of that magnitude in any Southern state would have touched off hosannas from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico, but nowadays it is merely one more episode in a swiftly growing, tremendously important true story—the story of the industrial birth of the South.

Almost unnoticed by most of us, this rebirth of a nation is becoming an epic drama comparable only to the conquest of the Far West in the last century.

Through the cotton fields of Dixie are marching modern pioneers armed with slide rules and blueprints, and in their footprints is rising a new industrial frontier which already has reshaped the economic map of America, added billions of dollars to the national wealth and the national income, brought substantial prosperity to a region traditionally considered poor and backward, and sparked new jobs by the tens of thousands. And the transition has only begun.

To appraise the facts I have devoted almost a year to investigations inside every state below the Mason-Dixon line. What I have found almost baffles the imagination.

Where I remembered sorry dirt farms and tumble-down cabins, I found bright new factories producing a myriad things—steel, aluminum, ships, automobiles and accessories, household appliances, textiles and clothing, paper, printing equipment, chinaware, leather goods, and hundreds of necessities from petroleum, including tires and pharmaceuticals. Where crossroads settlements had drowsed almost forgotten since the War Between the States, I found bustling, prosperous, modern cities.

This metamorphosis extends through Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, the "Middle South" states of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, and deep into east Texas. It is so widespread, has developed so rapidly, and is building at such a headlong pace that I found no authority willing to estimate the number of billions already invested in land, factories, and equipment.

There are, however, certain significant yardsticks. For example, since World War II new factories in the South have opened for business at the rate of one every working hour of every working day. Workers' incomes have increased from 110 to 250 per cent, and their total now is in excess of $30,000,000,000 a year, four times greater than in 1940. The average employee in a Southern factory turns out more work than his counterpart anywhere else in the nation—a crushing rebuttal to the contention that Southerners are lazy.

Better living conditions are resulting in dramatic betterment of public health; the South's death rate, once shocking, is now officially classed as "unusually low." Higher wages are reflected in soaring sales of new homes and furnishings, food, clothing, automotive goods, and other requirements for better living. Retail sales in the South are $13,500,000,000 more than a few years ago, and the rate of increase is phenomenal; the U. S. Department of Commerce recently found Southerners buying 333 per cent more lumber, building materials, and hardware, 268 per cent more home furnishings and appliances, 394 per cent more food, 265 per cent more clothing, and 303 per cent more automotive goods than at the height of prosperity in 1929.

Employment is at such a peak that of all individuals engaged in the textile industry, second largest employer in the nation, more than half are now working in the South. So are half the nation's lumber workers and two thirds of all employees in tobacco products. And when steel, iron, and aluminum plants now in construction are completed late next year, authorities predict further spectacular shifts of workers in those fields.

BEHIND all this are the experiences of men named Ed and Marty and Bill and Rafe and countless more who are making it come true. Most are Southerners from away back, Southerners who refused to let their homeland sink farther into desuetude and who rose up to fight for it. Of all the stories I heard, none is more typical than that of Ed Dixon. . . .

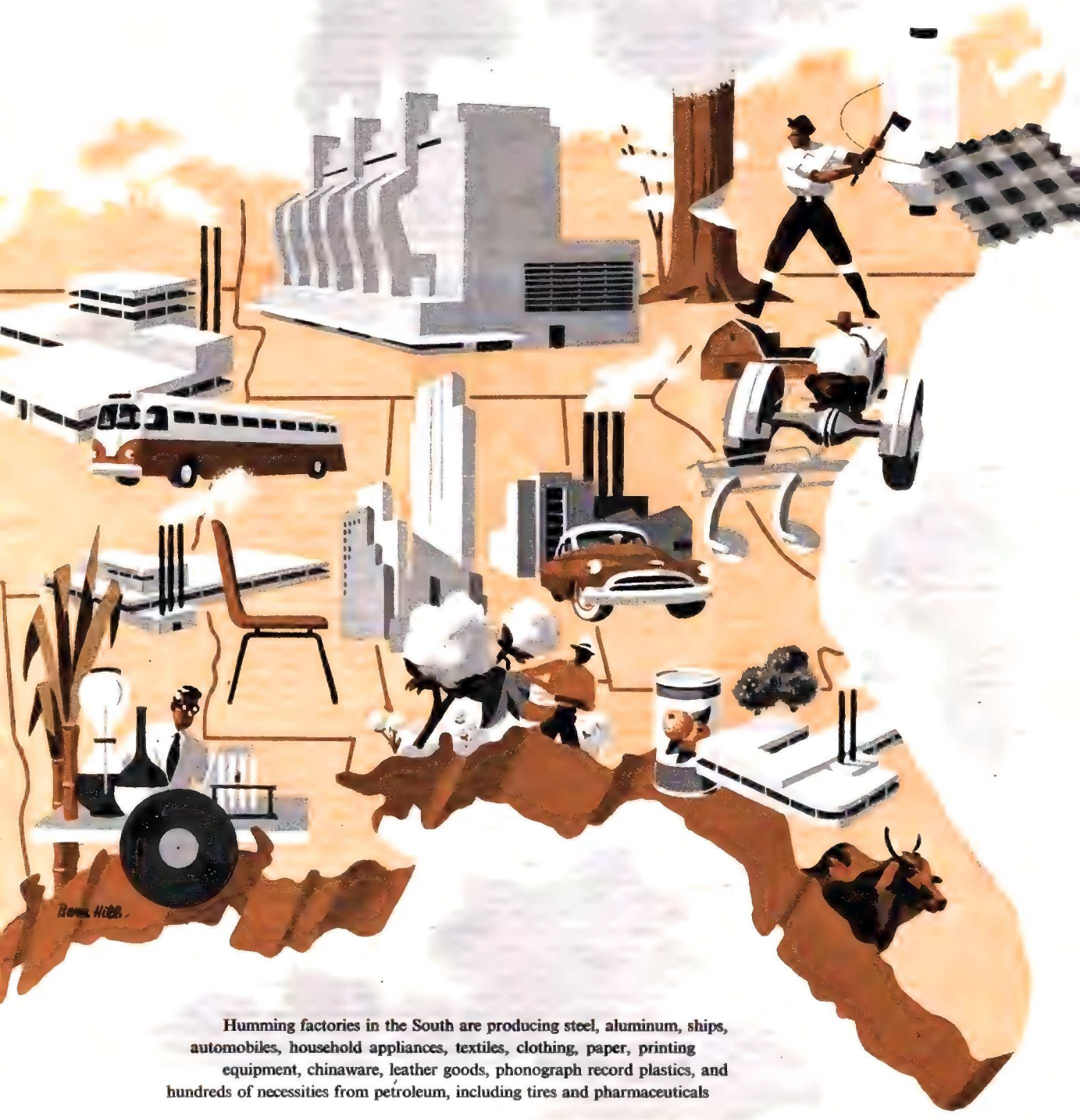
One raw November day in 1950 a group of men met across a desk in the Atomic Energy Commission's offices to discuss a question with a momentous connotation—whether private industry could hope to succeed against government competition in the enlarged area which TVA was preempting in the South.

The leader of the men was Edgar Dixon, resourceful young president of Middle South Utilities, Inc., which had produced so much electricity during World War II that not an hour of brown-out had been necessary in its territory.

With him were Marshall Luthringer, Central Illinois Public Service Company; Allen Van Wyck, Illinois Power

by Steve King

on the March



Humming factories in the South are producing steel, aluminum, ships, automobiles, household appliances, textiles, clothing, paper, printing equipment, chinaware, leather goods, phonograph record plastics, and hundreds of necessities from petroleum, including tires and pharmaceuticals

Company; R. M. Watt, Kentucky Utilities Company; and J. W. McAfee, Union Electric Company. These utility presidents had never worked together and some of them had never even met one another. The others were officials of the Atomic Energy Commission, which was preparing to erect a massive new installation at Paducah, Ky.

While the question of private-versus-government industry was not put into words, the nature of the discussion made it inherent. The AEC had assumed that only a huge government agency such as the Tennessee Valley Authority would be able to provide the astronomical quantities of electric power the new atom plant would require. Dixon had assembled his associates and come to ask whether private power companies would be permitted to submit competing bids. Now, to his argument, the federal officials spelled out the rules:

An electric power plant able to meet the AEC's requirements at Paducah would have to be the largest single steam-driven plant built as a unit known to exist in the world. It would cost approximately $140,000,000. It would need an assured long-time supply of fuel—in this area, coal. It would have to be completed in less time than any great power plant had ever been built in before. And it would have to be engineered with such precision that the cost of each unit of electricity it would produce could be computed before the first earth was turned. Dixon said soberly, "Nevertheless, we'd like to figure on it. How much time can you give us?"

The AEC official said, "That's your first handicap. Your plans and estimates would have to be delivered to us one week from today." An extension was later granted—an extension of one day.

On its face, the task was impossible. Dixon and his associates had no precedents to study, for nothing of this magnitude had ever been attempted. Finding a suitable tract of land was, in itself, a major undertaking. Arranging private financing for a $140,000,000 plant would, alone, normally require months of negotiations. Working out the intricate technological details of a project so tremendous could be expected to keep a small army of engineers and mathematicians busy at least a year. And, at that moment, Dixon had no more than the backing of his associates and a savage determination. Dixon immediately called upon Ebasco Services Inc., an engineering firm, which assigned to the job a team headed by an electrical engineering wizard named Tony Seal. For 7 days and 8 nights Dixon and Seal subsisted mainly on sandwiches and coffee, sleeping only in fitful catnaps of exhaustion, pausing only for barrages of long-distance telephone conversations with financial heads of other power companies and with operators of coal mines, many inactive owing to labor troubles, throughout the Midwest and South.

Dixon rushed off to New York and called on some of his friends in the financial community. The financial heads of two great institutions, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and The Prudential Insurance Company of America, sensing the chance for private capital to show what it could do, agreed immediately that they would lend up to $140,000,000 for 25 years at 3 per cent interest, in order to make the project possible.

On the eighth day, haggard, but triumphant, Dixon handed the AEC completed estimates for the enormous installation. A site had been found and an option taken to buy it. Financing had been arranged by the five private companies and a new company called Electric Energy, Inc., had been set up to handle the project. Not a cent of government money was involved. Fuel had been assured by arranging to reactivate coal mines over sections of Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas—incidentally promising rejuvenation for a depressed and dejected mining district. Most amazing, the figures revealed that this behemoth of private enterprise could be expected to produce electric energy at a lower cost than had been quoted by the Government's TVA.

EDGAR DIXON, *pioneering young president of Middle South Utilities, Inc., sparked largest private steam-electric plant for Southern industrial development*

Faced with facts and figures, which the private interests believe the AEC had never expected to receive, the Commission hastily revised its program.

Then, although the companies had been given one week in which to come up with a proposal, it was three weeks before the staff of the Atomic Energy Commission finished its studies and the AEC took action on the proposal. The project requirements were increased to 1,000,000 kilowatts and the private companies were invited to re-submit their proposal for supplying one half of that amount. TVA was given the other half, even though the entire power requirements of the AEC Paducah project could have been supplied without the expenditure of a single taxpayers' dollar. And TVA is spending in excess of $100,000,000 of government money at Paducah, although the exact amount has never been published.

When I was there a few weeks ago, 12,000 workmen were swarming over the rapidly rising walls of this great, new private installation at Joppa, Ill., keeping pace with other thousands building the atomic plant and the TVA's power unit at Paducah just across the Ohio River. Completed, the Joppa plant will mark not only an all-time record for greatness and a shining victory for private industry, but another major step in the industrialization of the South and a lasting tribute to Southern enterprise.

That is the inspiring pattern of the South's rebirth, and it is being duplicated on a smaller scale every day in every state in Dixie. Southerners themselves, in most instances, are creating their own prosperity. I found a typical example at Flowood, Miss., a fast-growing town near Jackson.

Flowood's rejuvenation began when a factory was built to make glass bottles. A group of Southerners saw an opportunity to manufacture shipping containers for the bottles, and built a box factory nearby. A big cosmetics firm which uses the bottles decided it ought to be on the scene, and built a laboratory at Flowood. It was so successful that all three plants—the laboratory, the glassworks, and the box factory—were shortly doubled in size.

Youngest addition to the group is a factory which buys waste glass from the bottle works and processes it into reflectors for highway and airport markers. This firm has grown so rapidly that it has tripled its size in two years. Today, although Flowood was so unimportant that most maps drawn before 1950 don't even show it, it is a booming beehive of substantial homemade industry. The glassworks alone employs more than 700 local residents.

At Sledge, Miss., another town so small most map makers overlook it, I found a flourishing furniture factory begun in 1949 as a spontaneous local effort to create work for displaced Latvians employed on nearby plantations. When townsfolk found that many of their immigrant neighbors were skilled cabinetmakers, a small shop was set up to keep them busy during the winter.

Today, the Latavia Furniture Manufacturing Company is a financial bulwark of the town, a prosperous concern producing desks, chairs, and tables of such high quality that the entire output is under purchase contracts for years in advance. Its products were highlights of a trade show held recently at the International Trade Mart at New Orleans.

In Arkansas, for generations, mothers have made their children a tangy summer drink from native wild grapes. One night at Camden, a town 100 miles south of Little Rock, a group of reminiscing Arkansans wondered whether the elusive flavor could be captured for commercial purposes. They each chipped in a few dollars and began experimenting. That was less than a dozen years ago. Today this small-town home-grown company is a Southern giant, with 300 bottling plants in 43 states, 9 in South America, and 4 in Canada—all from an idea.

At Conway, Ark., an even smaller town at the foot of the Boston Mountains north of Little Rock, blacksmith Dave Ward was bitten by an ambition to build something big, like a highway bus. He had plenty of time; the smithy he had

inherited from his father was going to pot. "I couldn't see much future in it," Ward told me dryly, "but it seemed to me we could use more busses, like for hauling school children and such."

With what money he could scrape together, he built a bus, and sold it. He built another, and another. As business grew, he hired his townsfolk. In 5 years, the blacksmith shop doubled in size 10 times. Now it is a mammoth factory turning out 60 to 100 busses a week on contract, many for the Air Corps, and has branches in Mexico City, Mexico, and Austin, Texas. Dave Ward, just turned 47, still sits in the driver's seat.

THE stories of accomplishment are endless and extend through all types of manufacturing—shoes, watches and clocks, electric-light bulbs, farm machinery, wallboard and roofing materials, even zippers—virtually everything to keep the world humming. Indicative of the phenomenal growth in earnings, federal tax collections have increased 1,500 per cent in one state (Mississippi) alone.

In Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and the Carolinas, as elsewhere, paper mills are springing up to utilize the South's vast forest resources, and alongside them are rising countless new plants specializing in pulpwood, processed fuel wood, and fine veneers. More than half the nation's lumber mills are now in the South, and the total payroll of forest industries is second only to textiles. A scientific reforestation program—two or three new trees planted for every one cut down—assures plenty of timber for generations to come. Underground, too, the expansion is almost fantastic. Coal, always a substantial source of Southern income, is dwarfed by recent discoveries that three fourths of the nation's known petroleum reserves lie beneath our Southern states. Talking one day with a roustabout in a new oil field, I learned that a mineral called barite is almost indispensable to modern oil drilling—and I found that alert Southerners were mining most of the barite.

Aluminum plants, I discovered, are rising in the South, because 95 per cent of all the aluminum ore, called bauxite, produced in North America comes from one Southern state, Arkansas. Glass plants are going South because enormous reserves of almost pure silica sand have been discovered below the Mason–Dixon line. The story is duplicated to some degree in many other minerals—manganese, gypsum, titanium, zinc, lead. And you can even buy genuine American-mined diamonds.

Agriculture, while eclipsed by industry as the South's foremost occupation, is at an all-time peak of prosperity. Southern farm income has increased almost 300 per cent in 10 years, much of it due to scientific practices. A new breed of Southern hog, for example, often weighs 200 pounds when 4 months old. A new type of hybrid corn developed for Southern growing conditions looks like a runt. It has very short stalks. But it has greater resistance to insects and disease and much higher oil and protein content. Prior to 1945, the average yield of Southern corn was 16 bushels to the acre; new types last year produced 160 bushels to the acre. A new type of tomato ripens from the inside out. Using a drug called colchicine, Southern scientists have succeeded in crossing American and Asiatic species of cotton, producing fibers of extraordinary strength. And the labor has been taken out of pecan harvesting by a machine which grasps even the largest tree in giant claws and shakes it until the last nut drops.

Cattle production is rising with the introduction of Brahma bulls from India, massive beasts which thrive in humid heat and generate their own insect repellent. Increased milk production is being utilized by a new process which permits the canning of whole fresh milk, and by scores of spotless new factories producing a distinctive new Southern cheese which commands premium prices from epicures. Even the quality of sugar is being improved by the introduction of new types of cane. And it remained for a Southerner to tie agriculture and industry into one neat package by using sugar cane to make phonograph records. His name is Bill Gibbens.

A few years ago, after service as a captain of field artillery, square-jawed William Joseph Gibbens Jr. became a part owner and salesman of a New Orleans wholesale hardware firm. His hobby was chemistry and he was intrigued by the sugar business, so he foreswore the city and went deep into the bayou country as an employee of the Valentine plantation and field sugar mill.

The mill made raw sugar, which it sold to big refiners for processing into the finished product with which we are all familiar. Gibbens, however, knew that raw sugar could be put through a simple process which lightened its dark color to pastel yellow, and that this product, locally called turbinados, was preferred above all other sweetening by those master chefs, the Creoles and Cajuns. If they preferred it, he thought, why shouldn't commercial bakers and candymakers?

HE MADE some samples—and hit a jackpot. Chocolate makers found it imparted a unique savor to candy. Bakers found it lent zest to cakes, frostings, and many spicy pastries. They liked it so well, in fact, they were willing to pay a premium price above the cost of white sugar. Sales already exceed $1,500,000 a year and the demand is increasing. But Gibbens was only getting started.

Hating waste, he was appalled by the mountains of crushed sugar cane, called bagasse, left over from the milling process. Some was burned in the plantation steam plant, but still it piled up in overwhelming quantities. It was not only a nuisance; its disposal was expensive. Bill Gibbens felt sure it must be good for something. But what?

Driven by his curious mind, he set up a homemade chemical laboratory in a corner of the sugar mill and began experimenting with this messy waste stuff. At first it was a spare-time project; quickly it became a full-time obsession.

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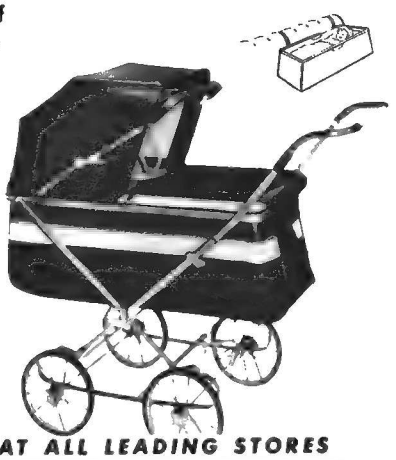

GOES IN THE CAR

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Often he worked around the clock. After a year he enlisted another young man, Thomas Robert McIlhinney, a lanky Iowa scientist who had, for the first time in history, made a plastic from cornstalks.

At the end of another year they came up with a substance never seen on earth before—a brand-new type of plastic, a synthetic commercial resin, coal-black, moldable under heat but hard as nails when cooled, bearing no resemblance to the matted sugar-cane fiber from which it was made. They were granted an international patent on it and named it Valite. Now they had it, what was it good for?

A phonograph company provided the answer: It made excellent records. The first order overtaxed the little laboratory and experimental processing plant. They started growing and have never stopped. Other phonograph companies sent large orders. Before long, 15,000 records monthly were being made from this substance which grew out of nothing but a man's curiosity and determination. Most important, it has made the phonograph record all-American for the first time, eliminating shellac and rare gums which previously had to be imported from the Orient. Today, newer records in your folios are stronger, have smoother tonal quality, and last longer than ever before, thanks to a Southerner's development and use of agricultural waste.

Many other uses for Valite are being discovered. Already it is making better switchboard panels, vacuum-cleaner attachments, radio and television insulators, spark plugs for gasoline engines, ceramics, table-tops, fishing reels, gears for many types of machinery. A New Orleans iron works which wore out fiber gears in a heavy stamping machine every 45 days substituted Valite gears, and has used them 40 months without visible deterioration. Valite is now being developed as a binder for plywood to meet all military tests. And it costs 10 to 30 per cent less than the materials it replaces.

Today, with hundreds of employees and 1951 sales exceeding $5,000,000, Gibbens' enterprises are burgeoning Southern industries. Bill Gibbens is president of his companies; Scientist McIlhinney, vice-president. Recently they dedicated a $200,000 research laboratory for further experiments. Even before its completion they had succeeded in another experiment and had another project under way—making paper from the sugar-cane waste, bagasse. Since most paper is made from trees, which require years to mature, and since cane can be grown almost limitlessly in a single summer, this may turn out to be the most important accomplishment of all, another triumphant stride in the rebirth of the South. . . .

For countless Southern families all this spells an exciting introduction to an abundant new life. Land values are rising as industry expands, bringing prosperity to owners of long-depressed plantations. Banks are bursting their seams with new deposits, many from people who had never been inside a bank before. Hometown merchants are widening their inventories, stocking—and selling—luxuries which would have gone begging not many years ago.

To meet the demand for new motorcars, two of the largest automobile manufacturers have established mammoth plants at Atlanta, Ga., and others have settled elsewhere in the South. New factories are producing quality goods such as television sets, electric stoves and refrigerators, automatic washing machines, and a wide range of appurtenances for feminine beauty.

They are being purchased in large part by people who, a few years back, could not have dreamed of affording them. At Charleston, S. C., on Sunday, I interviewed 26 families in a cluster of pretty new homes recently purchased by employees of a nearby factory. Twenty-one of the families had lived on farms; 17 had been sharecroppers; 14 had never had electricity or running water before. Now each had all modern conveniences and customary appliances, and each family had an automobile.

To the world and to the nation, the rebirth of the South is of incalculable importance, adding a mighty industrial empire which will be vital in peace or in war. To all of us it is an inspiring achievement in the finest American tradition, a job which is being well done, a triumphant accomplishment worthy to be chronicled alongside the stories of those earlier pioneers who conquered adversity to build a bright and shining land.

THE END ★★

All My Friends Are Handsome

(*Continued from page* 15)

second hand for counting pulse. At that time I believe I could see as well as many others who must depend upon glasses.

During my first year at the hospital I was invited for an evening at the home of friends. There I met the man I eventually fell in love with, Alfred John Barr Dixon—Jack, for short. At twenty I was a registered nurse, and a year later, in February of 1925, Jack and I were married.

Life then in the "roaring twenties" had much to offer. With enough nursing to keep my license in effect, I had four years of movies, dancing, picnic outings, and fishing trips. I had almost forgotten the old bugaboo of blindness, when the doctor's prognosis became a reality shortly after the birth of our son, Harry Burr Dixon.

There had been a noticeable lessening of my vision during my pregnancy but we kept in touch with eye specialists and it was hoped and expected that the condition would improve after the birth of our child. And, indeed, as I recovered my general health there was some slight improvement. Then, quite suddenly, when Harry was about a year old, my sight began to fail rapidly. Within three weeks my horizons narrowed down to a few feet. At first I couldn't distinguish people across the street. Newspaper headlines became indistinct. In broadest daylight the corners of a room seemed to be filled with fog. I was constantly burning my hands at the stove and bumping into furniture. Familiar objects in my home became booby traps.

Of course, we consulted an eye specialist. He could give me no hope and, mercifully, he told me the truth immediately. I was frightened and confused but not panicky. There wasn't time for that. Each day brought problems that demanded a solution. There were meals to cook, beds to make, dishes to wash, and, above all, a youngster to care for. Harry was a lively toddler by now, and like most children of that age he was a going concern. It never occurred to us to employ outside help. It was my job and I managed somehow—even after the darkness closed in on me completely.

To my surprise, I found that being blind was not so rough. It was a nuisance, all right, but one learns that there are ways and means of overcoming the mechanical difficulties.

Of course, there are many things which I am denied—participation in golf or tennis or bridge, or watching TV and movies. Contrary to the general belief, there is little entertainment value to the blind in movies or TV. Their appeal is to the eye as well as the ear, and how can a significant shrug of the shoulder or an impudent wink be made audible?

I am thankful for the radio. The news keeps me abreast, and since the radio does a certain amount of editing, I am not subjected to all the gore of the most recent crime. I can attend, vicariously, the big-league baseball games and follow the college and high-school basketball and football games.

Blindness could be a grim business. I suppose for some it is, especially to the elderly, for whom any adjustment is more difficult. For me it has been a stimulating challenge, and not the least of my compensations are the laughs I get. Like the time when I went to a lunch counter and drank my neighbor's coffee! This was before I carried a cane or had my guide dog, Holly. I paid a little sixteen-year-old girl to guide me. Engrossed in my conversation with her, I reached out for my coffee. It was sweetened. That gave me the clue, for I never use sugar. I heard an embarrassed masculine cough on my right. My companion, convulsed with laughter, was unable to explain and I was too chagrined. All I could do was mutter an apologetic, "I'm sorry!" and order a fresh cup for him. Perhaps he will read this and know that I wasn't crazy. There was a reason.

Since my eyes, as with many of the

blind, appear to be normal, it was not until after the advent of Holly into my life that this source of embarrassment was relieved. But I'll never forget the time I answered the door, to be met by silence. I sensed that someone stood on the porch. Growing impatient at the lack of response to my greeting, I extended my hand with the query, "Are you handing me something?"

Finally I felt a business card thrust into my hand, but still no words of explanation. After another wait I simply closed the door, still holding the card. Later it was read to me. It stated, "I am a deaf mute. Will you please buy my pencils?"

Holly isn't really so big—just a medium-sized German shepherd. She is controlled with a vocabulary of about seventeen words to which she will respond. The most important of these are: Come, Forward, Right, Left, Stay, and Hop Up, which means, "Tend to your business. Get on with it!" She also understands hand signals and certain manipulations of the harness.

It is often difficult for the sighted to realize that a guide dog is competent and trained for the job of contending with traffic. So should you wish to help a blind person who is working with a dog, most emphatically *never* grab the harness or the leash. The principal means of communication between individual and dog is lost.

Grabbing the blind person's arm is almost as bad. (*Grab* is the word, for many a viselike grip has paralyzed my arm!) The dog's natural reaction is to stop and turn to see why she is not doing her job satisfactorily. She feels she is failing. Also, she may think her charge is being attacked. Guide dogs are not trained to protect, necessarily, but, with any dog, attachment for a person is apt to elicit such a response.

And right here is a good place to correct one current fallacy concerning guide dogs. Like all others of the species, they cannot distinguish color. Therefore, the changing traffic lights mean nothing to them. It is the responsibility of the blind person working the dog to listen for the change in traffic flow and give the forward signal.

Then what can you do to help a blind person on the street? First of all, give directions verbally. And know your directions. I mean, know your right from your left. When I need directions I listen for the footsteps of one who has obviously had military training. He'll know right from left! Give distances in approximate footage. "Two doors down the street" means nothing to Holly nor to me. But "twenty feet to your right" means about fourteen steps before I give the signal to turn.

I appreciate it when others offer their services. I may not always need them, but I love the friendly touch—the companionship it means. We walk along and hear people's footsteps but we never see their smiles. If a voice comes out of that darkness—"Can I help you?"—it is the verbal smile. It gives me pleasure—a sense of being with the rest of the world. Women are not usually credited with gallantry but I frequently encounter it from them. Their directions are generally cockeyed but their intentions are wonderful.

Here are some other tips on helping a blind person: Don't "stick" things in their faces! I don't know any other way to say it. I have had live rabbits, innumerable bouquets, a dish of gravy—worst of all, a flaming lighter or lighted match for my cigarette—thrust under my nose. In extending any object toward a blind person, the tendency is to shorten the distance between what would be the ordinary organ of receptivity—the eye—and thrust the object closer to the face. The simple words, "I have something here for you. Hold out your hand," or, "May I give you this" is the solution. It would help to say, "I have a live rabbit," or a bouquet or a frog, as the case may be!

And then there is the subject of chairs. A chair is congenitally vicious. It attacks without warning. Its most lethal weapon is the back. The chair crouches silently, maliciously, waiting until I bend toward it, unsuspecting. Then it bops me in the eye! I have learned to put my hand before my face when I approach its lair!

I'm told, "Sit down; the chair is right in back of you."

But I know that ol' debbil chair may not be "right in back of me." He seldom is. Mr. Chair is likely to be grinning smugly eighty degrees to the northwest awaiting my inevitable humiliation.

"Here. I'll help you," says the Friendly Soul, innocently falling into the adroit plan. I am grasped firmly by an arm and backed, stumbling, until Mr. Chair strikes me just under the knees. Defeated, I sit down, my dignity crucified.

I have had to learn, as do all the blind, to substitute sound for sight. So, to help a blind person find a chair, rap on it and say, "I am patting the seat of the chair," or the back, or the arm. Make enough noise about it. Then the blind person will walk toward that sound and locate the seat of the chair.

Doors as a class are among the modern world's greatest mysteries! Some of them open out—some open in. Some have doorknobs and some have push-down thumb latches. And some have neither, one just leans on them. They are the dangerous kind. The modern lack of doorknobs is most confusing to a guide dog that is trained to point the knob of a door.

And then we have The Case of the Revolving Door! All the private eyes of current literature would be challenged by this mystery. There is a trick to going through a revolving door with a guide dog. In the first place, I must listen to be sure that no one is charging down upon it, with the intent of beating it out, as people do. When I feel reasonably sure that no one else is going to run the machine I maneuver the door around so the opening is at its widest before me. I enter and line my backbone

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up with the axis of the door, extending both arms and legs spread-eagle fashion. Suspicious but obedient, Holly joins me. All set, we get under way.

But in spite of the difficulties involved, believe it or not, it is best for the blind person with a guide dog to handle any kind of a door himself.

As competent as Holly is on the street she isn't particularly helpful around the house. I must do my own housework. Perhaps this occasions more curious interest than almost any other of my activities. The rows of canned fruits and jellies on the storage shelves—the pot of soup steaming on the stove—or the roast in the oven—all bring forth the wondering comment, "I don't see how you do it!"

I do it the easiest way, by discarding all but essential equipment and knowing that it is in its proper place. It's a one-woman job. Meal preparation can be as quick and as free of incident as for anyone. But to reach for a kitchen knife in the handle end of the drawer and find that someone else has placed it wrong end to can mean cut fingers. And fingers are my eyes. I rely on my memory to protect my fingers. I must remember the exact position of the roasting pan in the oven to be able to use a pot holder on the hot handles. Otherwise, I must locate the handles with bare fingers. And that runs into iodine and bandages.

All cooks have their share of kitchen catastrophes. But I venture to say that no one ever mistook a pot holder for a piece of steak and tried in vain to cook it to tenderness as I once did. And popcorn feels like whole dried peas in the package, but in the soup the effect is different!

I LOVE to can food. There is a bit of the squirrel in me. I love to put away for the winter. How do I proceed? Like everyone else, I suppose. If it's peach-canning time, for instance, the grocery boy delivers a box of peaches. I get out my own pet screwdriver and pry the top off the box. Then I fill a bowl full of the fruit, and my fingers tell me if it is firm and ripe.

Then I scald the peaches. There is nothing to this. I just take a kettle full of boiling water and pour it over them. Presently I pour cold water over them. Then I peel them with a knife or slip the skins. Again my fingers tell whether the fruit is free of skin. I then halve the fruit, remove the pits, and place the peaches in previously scrubbed and boiled jars. I add the cooked syrup, put on new lids and screw tops, running my finger around the top of the jars to make sure they are perfect and clean, and they are ready for the canner. I cover them with water and set the canner on my electric stove. I regulate the heat by the relative position of the switches. I time the processing by my kitchen clock, from which Jack has removed the face and marked the hours with small metal knobs. That's it!

When I make jelly I brush up on my Mother Goose as well. "Mary Had a Little Lamb" repeated ten times is equal to the proper cooking period for most jellies. The only trouble is that when the broadcasting of the baseball games and jelly-making coincide, a high fly to left field seriously interferes with Mary's little lamb!

A day filled with the ordinary household tasks can slip imperceptibly into evening. Lamp-lighting time comes and goes, and unless I am reminded, our house remains dark. I may be busily catching up on the ironing or slicing vegetables for the salad. It doesn't matter to me, but it is confusing to the uninitiated. One time a new neighbor dropped in during the early evening. We visited for an hour or two. Just as she was leaving a friend of my son came in. He knew his way about our home and my tendency to forget the need of light among the sighted.

Of course, I introduced them, but I sensed an embarrassment in their voices. My caller left shortly and my young friend exploded with, "What are you doing? Trying to save money? Let's have some lights!" I then realized that I had introduced two strangers in total darkness.

USING the light switch was a habit which stayed with me longer than many others as I adjusted to blindness. For example, at first I would turn on the light and stand before the mirror to comb my hair when both light and mirror were no longer visible. It took practice, patience, and perseverance to keep the well-groomed appearance I was determined to maintain. I have learned that for my clothes the most reliable plan is to put it up to the proprietors of one or two of the leading stores. My appearance can be either a good advertisement for their establishments or the contrary. Rarely, when I pay attention to the clerks they designate have I been high-pressured into buying an unsuitable garment.

When my husband is not home to check my appearance before I leave the house, and I am in the least doubt about the cleanliness or freshness of any part of my dress, I choose something just returned from the cleaners. My cleaning bill and my laundry chores are doubtless increased, but there is no question in my mind about the tidiness of my grooming. Hose are kept constantly paired by laundering one pair at a time in order to avoid mismating. And I have learned to keep my make-up and hair arrangement simple so I can handle those details myself. A light film of face powder and lipstick takes care of the make-up. Fortunately, my hair is curly, and since I wear it in a conservative cut, much as I always have, arranging it has become second nature to me. For I haven't the time to devote to hours in a beauty salon.

Right now my time is regulated by school bells. Five years ago I decided to complete my education. Although I held an R.N. certificate, I did not have a high-school diploma. So, when my son Harry was ready for his junior year in high school I determined to complete my last two years and graduate with him. I had no intention at that time of going farther with my education, but after graduation I was encouraged to do so by my high-school teachers.

Harry chose the Central Washington College of Education at Ellensburg in eastern Washington. I realized that if I were to attempt college I could no longer depend on him or other students to convoy me from class to class as I had in high school. I must make other arrangements.

I applied to Guide Dogs for the Blind, Incorporated, at San Rafael, California, for a dog. My request was granted and I was given Holly. After the initial training period at San Rafael the trainers suggested I take a year to learn to work with my dog as a team.

It was time well spent, because the nearest college I could attend, and still live at home, was Centralia Junior College, an hour's bus trip away from Olympia. I was graduated from there in 1951, and looked around for some place where I could take my last two years. St. Martin's College, a men's school a few minutes' drive from my home, generously opened its doors to me and two other women.

I have learned to fit study, research, and term papers into my daily schedule, which begins at six in the morning and ends at eleven at night, when I brush my dog, my hair, and my teeth, and go to bed. With Harry away at school, Jack and I can keep up the housework with a minimum of effort. My greatest problem was getting the necessary reading done.

I CAN'T say enough for the group of Olympia women who voluntarily give their time and effort to record my daily assignments on tape. They are constantly on the alert for source material for my term papers. Among them they contribute forty-eight hours each week. My teachers, too, have been most cooperative, often taking extra time to administer my tests orally.

Obviously, blindness is an obstacle to a career in teaching, but I have confidence that I can do it. A blind friend is now teaching in the public school system of one of Washington's larger cities. Of course, my future plans are governed by the fact that our home is established here in Olympia, where Jack is employed by the local power and light company.

Twenty-three years ago my road of life seemed to have reached a dead-end street. Forced to make a detour, I have found a new highway peopled with fun, friends, and activities amply sufficient for a full, joyous life.

Of course, I miss seeing the faces of my family, but there is one compensation even in that: My husband is still the handsome youth he was when last I saw him. No one grows old in my world. Just as with a sighted person, friends are good to look at. So everyone I meet is handsome, because I meet only friends. I don't feel handicapped, especially now that I have Holly. To my mind, the only handicapped person is one who cannot adjust to his environment whether he has a physical defect or not.

THE END★★

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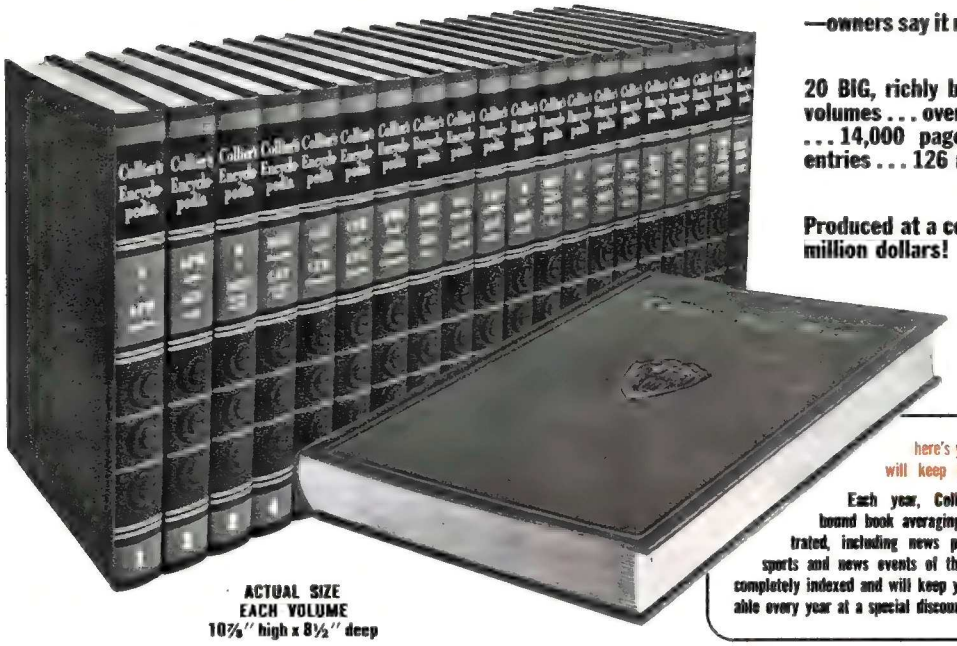

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MIRACLES OF Silent Sound

by Jack Long

SAVED BY SILENT SOUND: A French doctor relieved a dancer's sprained ankle

Ultrasonics may soon be running your home. Already these amazing vibrations can cook food, wash clothes, open your garage door, and call your dog

I'VE DISCOVERED that a handful of scientists in various parts of the world are making strange and wonderful music in their laboratories these days. They're not fiddling away for fun, however, but in order to create miraculous gadgets which can be put to work tomorrow in our homes, farms, hospitals, and factories. In fact, their magic melodies are already performing dozens of amazing tasks: tickling plants into growing faster, humming the dirt out of clothes, whistling away pain and disease, and blasting germs to death. Strange as it seems, they are doing all this, and more, with sounds, performing miracles that will change your life.

As you might expect, these are not the everyday noises which you and I are accustomed to. Since my recent adventure in the laboratories, talking to dozens of scientists and engineers, I realize that what I knew about sound was nothing at all, and that it is very mysterious stuff, indeed. I have become acquainted with sounds which are thousands of times more intense than a clap of thunder, yet inaudible to

YOU CAN SEE the sound you cannot hear: A General Electric engineer demonstrates the patterns made in talcum powder by the inaudible sound waves coming from whistle in front of reflector

the human ear. I found out that sound is a form of energy which can be used to boil an egg or penetrate 30 feet of solid steel. I learned that there are sounds which can kill and sounds which can cure. The strangest aspect of these wonder-working sounds is that most of them can't even be heard.

The only thing of the kind I'd ever seen before was a dog whistle I bought in a pet shop to call my cairn terrier. He could hear it although I couldn't, because a dog's ears are sensitive to sounds pitched an octave or more above the range of human ears.

The dog whistle is the simplest application of the new science known as ultrasonics. Just to keep the record straight, the scientists decided that "ultrasonic" applies to sound above the range of human hearing, while "supersonic" refers to speeds faster than sound. Of course, the engine of a jet plane traveling at supersonic speed may at the same time emit ultrasonic noise. All clear?

MAYBE the idea of silent sound strikes you as peculiar. I'll admit it seemed mighty unusual to me. But I found out that these superspecial noises—these "ultra" sounds the scientists are playing with—not only exist, but they can also do more tricks than a zooful of trained apes.

A few weeks ago I was standing in the General Engineering Laboratory of the General Electric Company in Schenectady, N. Y., with a group of specialists who were doing their best to explain things to me in words of not more than five syllables. "Over there," said one of them, "is an ultrasonic generator. At first we just built them for our own experiments, but we got so many requests from other manufacturers and laboratories trying to find out what they could do, that we started selling them in self-defense."

He pointed to a neat metal cabinet about the size of a console radio, with a couple of dials on the front and an odd-looking transparent tank on top filled with fluid. "What's in there?" I asked.

"Look closely and you'll see a round piece of quartz crystal in a bath of oil. When an alternating voltage is applied to the crystal it vibrates—and there are your sound waves. It's like the metal diaphragm in a telephone receiver."

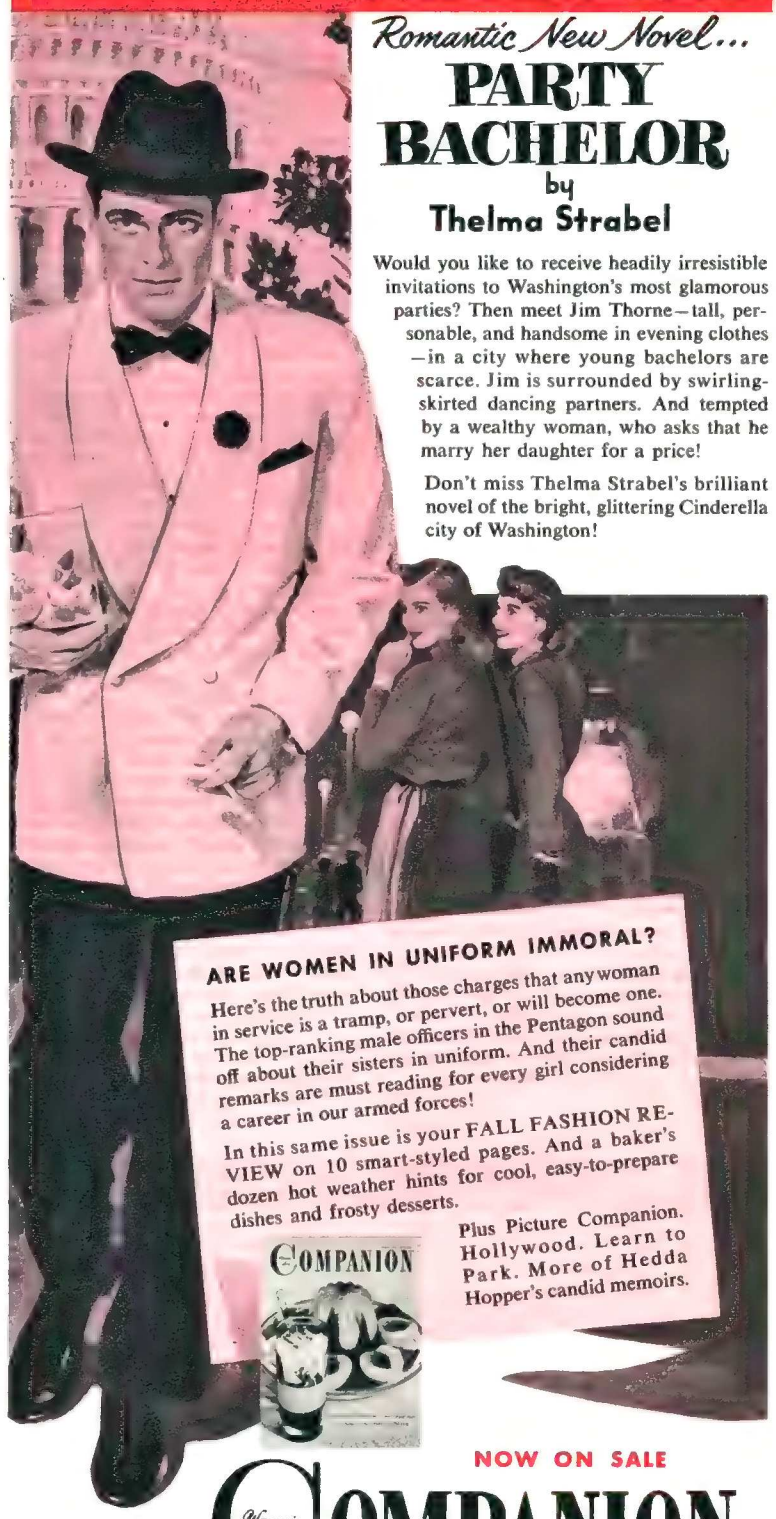
My scientific guide walked over to the machine and fiddled with the knobs. "There she goes," he said, "playing a tune at 500,000 cycles a second. For comparison, just remember that a soprano hitting high C is vibrating her vocal cords at a little more than 1,000 cycles a second."

"I don't hear a thing," I objected. "Turn it up louder."

"The note that crystal is humming," he explained patiently, "is louder than the biggest loud-speaker could make. But the pitch is so high that not even a mosquito would have a chance of hearing it. Your ear can't detect a note much higher than 16,000 vibrations a second, let alone a half-million. We're 'way up in the ultrasonic, high-frequency range here."

As for me, I was highly confused. So

MAN ABOUT WASHINGTON



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Thelma Strabel

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In the AUGUST

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far as I could see, nothing at all was happening inside the ultrasonic generator.

"Maybe I can prove to you that something is really going on in there," my instructor said. He got a small cup full of water and placed it in the test chamber on top of the generator. The water immediately bubbled up like a drinking fountain. "There are your ultrasonic vibrations," he said, "passing through the water. Put your finger in there and you can feel them."

I stuck my finger in the bubbling water and jumped a foot off the floor. "Ouch!" I hollered. "I've been stabbed!" My finger felt as if a knitting needle had gone through the end of it, but the pain vanished as soon as I pulled my hand away. There was no visible mark. The lab men were chortling over one of their favorite jokes, which they play on anyone rash enough to question the potency of their ultrasonic vibrating machine.

"If that was high-frequency sound I felt, I'll stick to the low notes," I said. "What else can this thing do besides scare people to death?"

IN ANSWER, one of the men put some water in a test tube, and poured an inch of oil on top. They remained separate until the tube was placed on top of the generator. Three seconds later they were completely blended. "Ever see a perfect mixture of oil and water before?" the sound engineer asked. "It won't separate for years. As a matter of fact, we can even mix mercury and water that way."

A brilliant idea struck me. "Say, those machines would make the best cocktail shakers in the world," I said. "How about selling them to bars, and putting them in soda fountains to make milk shakes?"

"Sure," the lab man answered, "and if your wife had one in the kitchen she could mix the smoothest cake batter and the best mayonnaise she ever made, in a few seconds."

The generators cost about $1,000—a little more than you'd probably care to pay for a kitchen convenience. But if they follow the trend of most new inventions, there's no reason why they shouldn't be simpler and cheaper in the future.

High-frequency vibrations—or "the high vibes," as one engineer nicknamed them—have already been tested by several nationally known food processors, with a view to putting them to work making perfect nonseparating mixtures of French dressing, mayonnaise, peanut butter, ice cream, and similar products.

Anything which can be mixed at all can be mixed better by the incredibly rapid and powerful vibrations of ultrasonics, which jolt the substances they're applied to up and down at rates up to millions of times a second. Chemicals, paints, raw materials for plastics, paper pulp, photographic emulsions, cold creams, perfume—these are some of the products which science expects to improve with the new technique of ultrasonics. Chemical engineers believe a better-burning fuel may be developed for automobiles by emulsifying minute particles of water in gasoline. Even metals with widely different melting points, which could never before be combined, can now be fused together by playing high-frequency music on them. This opens the way to an array of new alloys with unforeseen properties.

The crystal generator is only one of several ways of producing silent sound. I also saw it done with a whistle blown with compressed air. In spite of the fact that I couldn't hear it, when the whistle was pointed upward against a large metal reflector, chips or cork placed in its path floated serenely and mysteriously in mid-air.

"This thing isn't really so powerful," an engineer explained. "We've got a siren which will float marbles in the air, and will also generate enough heat to start a fire or boil an egg. It'll kill any bugs or small animals that get in its way."

When I asked how loud these silent sirens were, I was told that in comparison a 20-piece jazz band blowing its hardest, produces enough energy to light a 60-watt electric bulb. The sound energy of the siren, on the other hand, may be as high as 10,000 watts, enough to run a small radio station.

No such power is needed, however, to work minor miracles around the house. One inventor has devised an ultrasonic whistle attached to the windshield wiper of an auto, which will start a control system in a garage, open the door, and switch on the light. If this sort of thing continues, we may all be carrying a set of ultrasonic pitch pipes in our pockets, tuned to the various notes which will unlock the front door, switch on the television set, call in the dog, start the roast in the oven, and then wash the dishes after dinner—in an ultrasonic washer, of course.

Already on the market abroad are several washing machines which agitate clothes by transmitting low-frequency sound vibrations through the water. Experts I consulted told me that such devices aren't as efficient as standard American washers, though cheaper. However, a brand-new, much more powerful ultrasonic washing machine has just been put to work by an electric-razor manufacturer. His problem was to remove from the razor heads a stubborn mixture of oil and grinding compound accumulated on the assembly line. The heads are now dunked in a bath as they pass along on a conveyor belt, given a few seconds of high-speed vibrations, and come out clean as a whistle.

MORE amazing still is the discovery that seeds can be stimulated to faster growth with ultrasonics. I learned about this discovery—which might conceivably help solve the world's food problem—from Dr. Raymond H. Wallace, professor of botany at the University of Connecticut. Several years ago he read that two Russian scientists had treated peas to a shot of ultrasonics and claimed that they sprouted sooner than normal plants and produced twice as many pods. Potato yields were also said to be increased. Dr. Wallace decided to see if there was any truth in this.

The professor's experiments are already spectacular, even though still incomplete. In the case of corn, for example, he has given seed kernels a few seconds of ultrasonic treatment before planting, which appears to have speeded germination and increased yield.

Another peculiar result of treating corn, beans, radishes, and sunflowers with ultrasonics was to produce a large number of albino plants—which are

WHY IS IT?

By Roy L. Fox

That the elevator operator—after years of this . . .

. . . and this . . .

. . . and this—is always thought of . . .

. . . like this

ordinarily as rare in nature as white blackbirds. Dr. Wallace proudly introduced me to a sunflower with a creamy white stalk and leaves, which he has grafted onto normal sunflower stalks in order to study plant nutrition. He has also grown beans ultrasonically which had snow-white leaves with red veins. These experiments are showing the way to new and improved varieties of plants.

Not even Professor Wallace knows where his experiments will finally lead. But judging from some of the odd-looking plants I saw in his greenhouse, I'd say we may soon be buying multicolored shrubs to match the color of our houses, planting flowers one week and watching them bloom the next, and—most important of all—growing two or three crops of ultrasonically treated grain in a season, instead of just one.

THE silent-sound specialists have also turned their attention to deciphering the language of the birds, beasts, and insects, which live in a world of sound beyond the range of human hearing. I learned that the study of the mysterious music of the animal world dates back about 15 years, when a group of scientists at Harvard set out to learn how bats navigate around obstacles without being able to see. They rigged a spider web of wires in a room, and found that the bats avoided flying into the wires except when their mouths and ears were taped up. The scientists then brought in a supersensitive microphone and amplifier capable of picking up high-pitched sounds and transposing them down to an audible pitch. They discovered that the bats were actually screaming like banshees at an ultrasonic frequency. Their loud cries—inaudible to human ears—bounced off obstacles and registered warning echoes which the bats could hear and use to guide themselves.

Research on the ultrasonic equipment of bats led to the discovery that other creatures make sounds and presumably communicate with one another in high-frequency ranges. Last year experiments in recording the mating calls of mosquitoes were reported. It was found that rats carry on conversations about two octaves higher than any sound we can hear. And maybe you didn't know that your pet canary's ears are tuned so high that he can't hear a thing you say to him, unless you pitch your voice at least an octave above middle C on the piano.

Scientists think that once they have recorded the various squeaks, songs, buzzing, and other noises of the animal and insect world, they'll have a new form of pest control at their disposal. The perfect rat trap won't be baited with cheese; it will contain an inaudible whistle tootling the love call of the rodents. A silent recording of the danger cry of the mosquito will keep your back yard biteless in the summer.

"You mean you can really make insects behave by playing them a tune?" I asked a young sound engineer.

"Well, a while ago I was testing a loud-speaker out in an open field," he said. "All of a sudden I noticed grasshoppers coming by the hundreds. The speaker was covered with them."

"And you think it was the sound that attracted them?" I asked.

"Sure, it was. And the funny thing—the hoppers only showed up when they heard the high notes."

The results of this discovery could be world-shaking, when we think of it in connection with locust plagues which bring famine to millions of people. With batteries of high-frequency loud-speakers set up to attract them, it would be possible to trap whole swarms of the insects.

Large-scale bug killing is still in the future, but many applications of ultrasonics are already here, and are saving industry millions of dollars annually. At the Sperry Products factory in Danbury, Conn., I talked to men who make a device which penetrates solid steel and finds flaws inside as easily as—and much more quickly than—a doctor's X ray locates a fractured fibula.

As an engineer explained it: "In the old days they had to tear a locomotive apart to inspect its axle. Now we can do it while it's standing on the track. We're using inaudible sound to find invisible flaws."

Hundreds of these detectors are in use in railroad yards, machine shops, and metallurgical manufacturing plants.

In addition, doctors have recently begun to investigate the ability of ultrasonics to find flaws in the human body. U.S. Navy doctors discovered that sound waves pass harmlessly through soft tissue, but echo back from shell fragments, splinters, gallstones, and other objects which are not always detected by X rays.

High-frequency vibrations also have more than detecting power; they appear to be a new kind of knifeless surgery. A New York doctor found that gallstones in dogs and rabbits can be cracked to pieces by focusing a beam of silent sound on them—a technique which has yet to be attempted on humans. Doctors at Columbia University have experimented with an ultrasonic apparatus for the destruction of brain tumors, while a researcher at the University of Maryland believes that silent sound may be able to check cancerous growths. Other doctors speak of it as a potential method of bone surgery and tooth drilling.

ONE of the first hints of the healing effects of ultrasonics was discovered by a manufacturer of high-frequency generators named S. I. Ward, of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Ward told me that several years ago he walked into his shop and found one of his draftsmen holding his hand lovingly against the top of a generator. "What's up?" he asked.

"My arthritis has been bothering me," the draftsman explained, "and this thing makes it feel a lot better."

Mr. Ward passed this surprising information along to the medical profession, and research has since proved the usefulness of sound in relieving pain. A friend just back from Europe told me that a French doctor is using it to treat sciatica, shingles, and facial neuralgia. More astonishing still, his method appears to have ended the suffering of a group of war amputees tormented for

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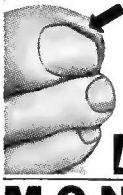

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years by the pain commonly felt in the severed nerve-ends.

I was told that the same doctor averted a crisis in a Paris theater one evening when a famous dancer sprained her ankle.

He rushed to her dressing-room with a portable ultrasonic generator, massaged the injury with silent sound—presto! The lady was restored to action.

Other typically French experiments indicate that sound will stimulate the bacteria which turn milk into cheese and produce excellent Camembert overnight. Wine fresh from the press has been treated for a few minutes and aged sufficiently to please a connoisseur.

SIMILAR work has also been done in this country. A scientist at the University of Wisconsin has used ultrasonics in processing Cheddar cheese, and whisky makers are testing sound in the aging of rye and bourbon.

It was discovered that vibrations which stimulate bacteria can also be used, if tuned to the right pitch and power, to kill them. A firm in Cambridge, Mass., has built a generator which homogenizes milk, and at the same time makes it 99 per cent germ-free. At the University of California a scientist demonstrated that fruit and vegetables can be preserved indefinitely after ultrasonic treatment.

Even the air can be purified by sound. A carbon-black plant in Texas installed a siren in its smokestack and found that the vibrations turned soot particles into lumps which fell to the bottom and were recovered, instead of dirtying up the countryside.

The U.S. Navy tried out a similar process to clear fog from airfields, setting up a dozen specially amplified air-raid sirens to blast mist into rain. The experiment was reported partially successful, even though the sirens were so potent that they not only cleared the fog, but also brought down several birds in the vicinity.

If ultrasonics can kill insects, birds, and small animals, it occurred to me, might it not also be dangerous to humans? I recalled hearing that the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, in New York, had for some time been studying the hazards of high-frequency sound in industrial plants, and decided to investigate.

The safety engineers I talked to were reassuring. They've studied ultrasonics as a potential menace to health, and are pretty sure it isn't. Men testing jet airplane engines, for example, claimed that they felt sick, dizzy, and weak from high-frequency vibrations. Others said they lost their sense of balance and were unable to ride their bicycles home from work.

The experts believe, however, that these effects are caused by the loud noises of the jet engines which fall within the hearing range, and not by the higher inaudible sounds.

What, then, about ultrasonics as a weapon? Is there any chance that sound guns and sound bombs will be added to the arsenals of the future?

The Germans during World War II developed a sirenlike gun which U.S. Army Ordnance officers estimate would knock a man dizzy and blur his vision at a distance of 300 yards. But, as one expert put it: "We can do a lot more damage with a .30-caliber carbine, so why use sound?" This seems a fairly conclusive answer so far.

Sound waves have, nevertheless, a long and distinguished record of military service. They were used for submarine detection as far back as World War I, and such methods have since been highly perfected. U.S. sub-chasers today broadcast sound waves which will echo from a submarine's hull miles away and pinpoint its location.

High-frequency sound also provides excellent underwater communication. When a British submarine was trapped on the bottom of the English Channel, it was her ultrasonic telegraph tapping out messages through the water which enabled rescue vessels to locate her.

Underwater sound equipment is standard on ocean-going ships today. A gadget called the Fathometer bounces a pulse off the bottom of the sea, automatically measures the time it takes to return, and gives a continuous reading of the depth under the keel. Used first as a safety measure, the Fathometer has now been perfected to the point where it locates schools of fish and marks their position on a chart. A scientist with the Institute of Fisheries Research, of Morehead City, N.C., discovered that depth-recording equipment could even find oyster beds, because the shells play back music which differs from the note bouncing off the bottom.

AS ONE engineer told me: "It's gotten so that people think sound waves will do anything. Just the other day we got a call from the Department of Agriculture wanting to know whether an ultrasonic detector could test eggs for freshness. Well, we can find flaws in steel, but I'd never tried egg testing. I was about to say it couldn't be done, when somebody remembered that a company in Los Angeles actually makes an egg processor which uses ultrasonics, electronics, and practically every other modern device. It's the most fabulous contraption you ever saw."

Here, briefly, is the master plan of the egg tester, a creation which should make basement Einsteins and back-yard Edisons green with envy:

First, the eggs are stacked at the receiving end of a conveyor belt, where mechanical rubber fingers lift them from their crates. What follows shouldn't happen to hen fruit.

Station 1—Resonating wire measures size of egg by its pitch. Photoelectric cell records shell color.

Station 2—Photoelectric cell records color of yolk. Television camera shows whether egg is of normal shape.

Station 3—Quartz crystal induces ultrasonic pulse in egg, measures shell thickness, air-cell depth, yolk center.

Station 4—Egg scanned for cleanliness, cracks, leaks, roughness.

Station 5—Candling unit. TV scanner inspects yolk shadows to determine whether well or poorly defined.

All eggs are sorted and packed, and the proud inventor of "automatic egg processing" certifies that no human hands have touched the product between barnyard and kitchen.

"No wonder people think science can do anything," I said to the sound expert. "But there's one thing you haven't figured out yet. You can test an egg with ultrasonics, but only a chicken can lay one."

"Maybe so," he admitted, "but I'll bet we'll be giving the hen some help one of these days. We've made weevils lay more eggs by dosing them with silent sound. Chickens may be just around the corner."

THE END★★

"I heard it, too!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY V. SHIRVANIAN

First Lieutenant Henry A. Commiskey, USMC Medal of Honor

ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, near Yongdungp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, *and armed with only a .45 calibre pistol,* Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He dispatched its five-man crew, then reloaded, and cleaned out another foxhole. Inspired by his daring, his platoon cleared and captured the hill.

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Put Yourself in the Slifers' Place . . .

(*Continued from page* 19)

humor, and lots of good will on the part of the Slifers, the DP's, and the community as a whole, the Polish family from the scarred earth of Europe and the American family from the peaceful soil of New Jersey have been fused into a single, harmonious household. THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE this month is pleased to name *both* of them its Family of the Month. . . .

I first heard of the Slifers through others. When I called them up and told them I'd like to write their story, they were a little abashed. "We haven't done anything unusual," they insisted. "In fact, we've had as much fun selfishly" (they stressed the word *selfishly*) "as anyone could." Then they added, "But you're welcome to come, if you like." . . . I went.

The ride down the new New Jersey Turnpike is a motorist's dream, especially on a warm afternoon with the top down. I turned off the pike near Camden and quickly found the quiet, tree-shaded town of Woodbury (pop. 10,267).

Briar Hill Lane, where the Slifers live, is a street of modest houses made radiant in spring by banks of flaming azaleas and pink dogwood. Just across the street from the Slifer house I noticed an opening in the trees through which I could see the spires of Philadelphia. Later, I learned that one of them was the huge office building of N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., the advertising agency where Ken is art and copy chief.

As I parked my car and walked up the driveway, I observed the name of the Slifer place painted on a single: "Fallen Larches." These people, I felt, would not take themselves too seriously.

THE door was wide open, but nobody answered my knock. I waited, and looked at the big house, half timber, half brick, painted red and white. I started to walk around to the back, and met a huge dog, also red and white like the house. This, I assumed, was Lucky. He wasn't much of a watchdog, because he greeted me like an old friend. By this time I half expected the Slifers to be red and white too, but they turned out to be quite conventional-looking, resembling Lucky only in their hospitality. Ken looked trim and athletic, dressed in the double-breasted suit he had just come from the office in. Caryl was slender, brunette, and feminine in a dark-blue linen dress with a sailor collar.

They had been examining son David's hamsters and rabbits by the tennis court when I found them. It was, explained Ken, the Slifer Zoo. David, a chubby, friendly boy of 14, who likes whipped cream and whose voice occasionally skips four octaves, was enthusiastic about his pets. While I was looking at the latter, Lucky sniffed contemptuously and walked off. David, I soon learned, was one of the busiest persons in Woodbury. In addition to his school work, tennis practice, and his duties as curator of the "zoo," he was a telegraph office messenger boy, working afternoons and Saturdays.

Ken, Caryl, and I sat down in chairs on the flagstone terrace behind the house. Over some soft drinks Caryl unfolded the story of how the Motorna family—5 out of 339,000 such persons who have come to this country since 1948 under the United States Displaced Persons Act—have become part and parcel of the life of at least one American town.

Caryl did most of the telling, at Ken's insistence. "It was her idea, in the first place," he explained. I looked at him quickly to see if this remark implied any criticism, but his face was bland as a baby's. He had no intention of spoiling his wife's story.

WHEN the Slifers first applied to the World Baptist Alliance for a family in 1949, they chose one which had three adult children. Two of the children were teen-age girls—an ideal setup for their daughter, Diane. The latter was enthusiastic about acquiring some "sisters," and the Slifers figured that the older members of the family could work and help support the rest of them. But by the time the Slifer application reached Europe, this particular DP family had already sailed for Brazil.

The Baptist group then suggested another family—the Motornas. The Slifers gulped.

The Motornas consisted of a widow and four children. The oldest was then 12, the youngest 2. This was a long-range responsibility. It would go on until the children all finished school. Mrs. Slifer countered with the suggestion that some church sponsor the Motornas, so that the responsibility would be carried by many. Word came back that one church had decided to do just that, but had gotten cold feet at the last minute.

"If you don't take them," wrote the Baptist group, "there is no hope for them to get out of a DP camp. We won't try any more."

"At that point," interrupted Ken, "we got softhearted. Or, as some of our friends thought, softheaded."

The Slifers consulted their two children, as they do in all important matters. Both Diane and David were enthusiastic about enlarging the family. In the words of Caryl, "We swallowed hard, and told them to come!"

It was 14 months before the Polish family (whose passage, like all DP's, was paid by the UN) could come. But the Slifers didn't know this. They expected them momentarily, and organized their lives accordingly.

During the war they had fixed up an apartment on the second floor of their house. It had two small bedrooms and a kitchen and bath. The rent from it ($55) had helped with the children's education. Now they set to work furnishing what had been an unfurnished apartment.

Ken rented an automatic sanding machine and spent one Saturday sanding the floors. They papered and painted. Caryl made lamp shades and begged her friends for furniture. They bought a double-decker bed for one of the bedrooms and stocked the kitchen shelves with all kinds of canned and packaged goods. They waited and waited, but the Motornas didn't come. The authorities in Europe said the family was being delayed by political allegiance questions. "Why delay a poor widow and four small children?" wrote Caryl. "Let's indoctrinate them with our political allegiance when they get here."

But the red tape for this family, which had been living in DP camps for seven years, got more and more tangled. Prior to their departure all the Motornas had to pass medical examinations. If one child so much as got the sniffles it was enough to hold them all up.

Expecting their arrival at any moment, the Slifers nervously went on a camping trip across the country in the summer of 1950. The farther west they went, the more uneasy they got. In San Francisco they received a document saying the Motornas "would be sailing shortly." They immediately cut out a plan to go to Banff and Lake Louise (in Canada) and hurried home.

That was August. The Motornas arrived at the end of November!

WHEN the boat finally reached America, the Slifer children stayed away from school to go to New York and meet the new family. It was a cold, gray day, and the ship carrying the DP's had just been through the big hurricane of 1950. All the Motornas had been sick. They had also been up since 2 A.M.

"Frankly, we were a little disappointed when we saw them," confessed Caryl. "They looked so bedraggled."

The actual meeting took place on the dock in Manhattan. The Slifer family had to wait outside a wooden barrier until a certain number, which the Motornas had been assigned, was called. Then, only Mrs. Slifer was allowed through. Even though she had been sent a picture of the Polish family, she found it hard to recognize them in their woebegone state. Finally, an official pointed out Jadwiga, 36, the mother, standing with her oldest girl, Zofia, and her oldest boy, Gregory.

Mrs. Motorna gave Caryl a wan smile as she approached, and they all shook hands. None of them spoke a word of English except Zofia, who had learned a little from a year of study in the DP camp. Her hair was drawn tight back, parted in the center, with two long braids hanging down. She strove hard to interpret the ideas both sides wanted to communicate. The two youngest children, Tamara and Edmund, were playing with crayons on a suitcase top. They were wearing clothes made out of old German army blankets, and they took Mrs. Slifer for just another official. Suddenly they realized who she was, jumped up, and threw their arms around her. Outside the barrier, the group was joined by Ken, Diane, and David, who had already been waving to them across the sea of people on the dock. When the two families got together, however,

there was little they could do but smile and nod to each other, with an occasional word put in by Zofia.

They all piled into the Slifer station wagon and set out for Woodbury. On the way, Diane said to her mother, "Gee, Mom, I can't understand a word those kids say, but I'm already crazy about them. I wish I could stay home and be with them."

At home, Caryl Slifer had made her preparations well. She had found four children, each one a year older than the Motornas, who would turn over to the latter their outgrown, but still useful, clothing. But like many well-made plans, they were completely upset. The Motornas were much smaller than anticipated. A whole new set of benefactors had to be found.

This wasn't hard. Summing it up for me, Caryl said, "We found the heart of America is very big when touched."

All Woodbury threw itself into the act. In fact, the response was so vigorous that the Motornas were soon in danger of being spoiled. Everyone wanted to help. Caryl, who was determined to develop, rather than spoil, the new family in the process of becoming Americans, found it necessary to say "No" quite often.

One church called up to say, "Our congregation wants to give Zofia a new outfit." By this time Zofia had a new outfit, and Mrs. Slifer tactfully suggested that several weeks at a camp the following summer would be more important. Zofia went to camp.

A dentist fixed their teeth free of charge. A doctor agreed to look after their medical needs for nothing. When Mrs. Motorna, soon after arrival, needed an appendectomy, the surgeon refused to render a bill. (The Slifers had taken out a special hospitalization insurance policy for the Motorna family, to take care of their other medical expenses.)

CURIOUSLY enough, the Motornas revealed Woodbury to the Slifers for the first time. Although they had lived there 25 years they now saw their community in a wholly new light. People they had never known lent a hand.

The first Christmas was the most astonishing. Each of five churches took on a different member of the family. They contributed clothing, toys, gifts, and money. The Motornas started the new year with a bank account of more than $100. The Masonic Temple sent toys, and a neighboring dentist sent a basket of fruit, with a $5 bill tucked under an orange. The Motorna children began to wonder if money didn't grow on trees in America, after all. The Kiwanis Club sent the fixings for a complete Christmas dinner, and agreed to pay for the removal of Tamara's tonsils.

Four women at the Central Baptist Church made stockings for each child and filled them, ready to hang by the fireplace. Another church sent bed linens. A Jewish merchant, whom the Slifers had never met, arrived with a hobby horse for Edmund, a doll carriage for Tamara, and two sleds for the older children. A barber volunteered to cut the boys' hair every two weeks without charge. A beauty parlor gave Mrs. Motorna a permanent wave. The instructor of the dancing class which David attended took on Zofia without charge. And the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution agreed to send two children to camp the following summer.

The Motornas were overwhelmed. It was easily the best Christmas they'd ever had.

After the excitement of the holidays died down, however, the Motornas got down to the business of their new life in earnest. The three oldest children were sent to the Central Grammar School (much lower grades than their age would indicate, because of their lack of English), and the problems started.

Most of these problems sprang inevitably from a lack of responsibility on the part of the Motornas. For almost a dozen years they had led catch-as-catch-can lives, pushed helplessly around Europe by wars, dictators, and officialdom. They had long ago learned to snatch any momentary peace they could find, and they had given up any thoughts of a design for living. It was hard to get used to an ordered life.

Mrs. Motorna's troubles had started right after the German invasion of Poland, when her husband and mother were killed and their home was burned to the ground. For the next year the remnants of the Motorna family (including a baby, Tamara) had ten different roofs over their heads, always moving east ahead of the Germans. Eventually, the latter caught up with them, and shipped them back to Germany as slave labor. The mother and her children were assigned to a work farm. When the Allies came, she went to a DP camp as a cook. There she married again, and Edmund was born. Her second husband, however, died in the camp.

The children knew almost no life except that of a DP, being told when, where, and how to do everything. There was little room for personal responsibility, initiative, or discipline. A DP camp, they found, is the perfect microcosm of a welfare state, carried to a grim conclusion.

When they arrived in the United States they seemed incapable of making even the smallest decision for themselves. They ate, slept, and played as they wished, unless the Slifers told them otherwise. Gradually, the American family was able to get across to them the value of organizing their own lives in the best possible way—a time for meals, a time for bed, and a time for work and play. Fortunately, they admired the Slifers, and this made things easier. They took suggestions well. They began to realize they could organize their own lives and make plans. The discovery was an intoxicating one.

Language was a big barrier. Only Zofia knew some English, to start with, but the other children learned rapidly.

Mrs. Motorna got a job immediately, doing housework by the day for different families in the community. This earned her about $25 a week, a sum sufficient to take care of the family's food needs. With the Slifers supplying rent, light, heat, clothing, doctors, etc., their material needs were taken care of.

Edmund, of course, was too young to go to school, and Caryl became his chief baby-sitter. She took him on all her errands, even on shopping tours to Philadelphia. One day she took him along when lunching with her husband at his office cafeteria. On the way out she heard one of the secretaries remark to another, "Doesn't he look *just* like his daddy?"

TELEVISION became an important factor in teaching the Motornas English. They had never seen a set before, and the Slifer one fascinated them. They all sat for hours in front of the screen in the Slifers' dining room (the table was permanently removed to give them plenty of room), getting a good part of their knowledge of America in this way.

TV diction being what it is, the Motornas sometimes found it hard to distinguish between words that sounded alike. Words, for example, like *town* and *time*. One day, after spending an afternoon in Philadelphia with Edmund, Mrs. Slifer was approaching Woodbury in their car. "Do you know what town this is?" she asked him.

"Sure," replied the youngster without hesitation. "It's Howdy Doody Town!"

Language difficulties have given the family lots of laughs. Once, when Gregory was sent off to the post office, he came back, wide-eyed, saying he had "seen the Imka." Wondering what strange monster he had come across in his travels, the Slifers puzzled for days, until they finally realized that what he had seen was the YMCA building. They relaxed.

On another occasion, when Mrs. Slifer was leaving the house to give one of the numerous speeches she has given on the DP problem in churches, clubs, and meetings, Zofia said to her bluntly, "You talk too much!" Caryl looked aghast at such rudeness, while her husband, tickled, nodded in complete agreement. He knew what the girl meant was: "Why do you have to give so many speeches?"

The titles, *Mr.* and *Mrs.*, language ornaments that don't exist in Polish, floored all the Motornas. Recently Edmund summed up the new family arrangement by saying: "I have two

One BIG Family

THESE are the members of the two-family group pictured on pages 18 and 19, left to right: David Slifer, 14; Gregory Motorna, 13; Diane Slifer, 19; Tamara Motorna, 12; Zofia Motorna, 15; Edmund Motorna, 5; Mrs. Jadwiga Motorna; and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Slifer

SHOPPING: Edmund Motorna carries in groceries from supermarket for his mother, as Mrs. Slifer watches

TENNIS: Ken Slifer and daughter Diane teach Zofia Motorna how to stroke the ball on their backyard court

mothers but only one father: Mrs. Slifer!"

All these details I did not learn that first afternoon sitting with the Slifers on their terrace. I paid them a number of visits, getting to know all of them, except Diane Slifer, 19, who was away at college. Even from Bucknell, however, she was still working for the adopted family. Her room, smelling of mothballs, was piled high with boxes of collected clothing, waiting for the Motornas to grow into them.

But I did meet all the Motorna children my first day, and I was amazed to see how quickly they had been Americanized. They were quite different from the picture, taken just before their arrival, in which they all looked a little frightened. Until they talked and I was able to hear their accents, it was impossible to tell them from typical American children anywhere.

I met Zofia first. She came home from school wearing a dark-red skirt, a white blouse, and a green scarf, plus loafers and white bobby socks. A cardigan sweater was tossed effectively over her shoulders. She looked pert and pretty with her dark hair, slender figure, and delicate Slavic bone structure, and there was something about the way she held her head, free and full of confidence, that added to her charm. I was not surprised to find her with an escort—a strapping boy-friend in blue jeans, carrying her books. She was a far cry, indeed, from the little girl in pigtails who had arrived only a year and a half ago.

BEAUTY: Diane Slifer helps Zofia Motorna create a new hair-do, while Tamara Motorna applies nail polish

Gregory came sailing in soon after. He was on his new red bicycle, a gift from a neighboring church at Christmas. He had kept it spotless. Over his shoulder was a white canvas bag in which he carried his copies of the *Woodbury Daily Times*. When David Slifer became a messenger boy, Gregory inherited his paper route. Gregory refused to shake hands with me, because he said his hands were dirty. I had never seen cleaner ones on a working boy of 12.

Tamara came down later from the Motorna apartment upstairs, wearing braids and a plaid shirt of which she appeared inordinately proud. She was carrying a dustpan, and explained that she had been helping her mother with the housework. I learned she was an excellent cook, and could sew and darn well. Edmund, the last to appear, wore a striped shirt, a short haircut, and cowboy boots. He was playing the role of Superman.

All the Motorna children, save Edmund, were busily engaged in various money-making enterprises. Zofia was a baby-sitter, Gregory a newsboy, and Tamara collected old paper, which she sold for pocket money. "The things they throw away in America!" she said to me.

All this activity, of course, kept Caryl Slifer busy as an employment agency, as well as social secretary, with odd moments taken up as dressmaker, counselor, and nurse for the children. "But I love it," she said. "We always wanted to have a large family, and David and Diane always wanted to have lots of brothers and sisters."

When the Motorna children first arrived, they knew almost no form of pleasure, except work. For them, scrubbing a floor or darning a sock was a treat. Soon after arriving, Gregory once flew out of the house in tears because Tamara, not he, had been given the plum of scrubbing the Slifer kitchen floor.

"They soon got away from that," said Ken with a sigh. "They were Americanized so completely that now it's next to impossible to get them to do any household chores. Recently, we had to organize a big contest to get the windows washed. Zofia won. She got a new Easter bonnet."

Mrs. Motorna, whom I met the next evening after work in her apartment upstairs, is the least Americanized. Superficially, anyway. She has learned little English, and still looks, with her tightly-drawn hair, silver front teeth, and resigned expression, like a DP woman to whom the scars of a desperately abnormal life are still clinging.

But she smiled readily, and seemed happiest when showing me around her cheerful little apartment, with its modern bathroom and completely equipped Pullman-type kitchen. The latter has a 3-burner stove, oven, electric refrigerator, sink, and cupboards all in one stainless-steel unit. Although she was unable to find the words, she threw up her hands in delight when showing off to me the spotless refrigerator and stove. She gave me to understand that in Poland she would probably have lived her whole life without even seeing such things.

I asked her if she was content with her present life, and she insisted that Zofia translate her answer: "Who wouldn't be happy living with the Slifers?" she asked. "I hope when all my children grow up and marry, that they will leave me here."

Although the Motornas sleep and take their meals in a completely separate apartment, which has an entrance through the Slifers' hallway downstairs, their lives are far from separate.

The Motornas, especially the children, run through the Slifer part of the house all day long—to watch TV, to play in the rumpus room, to use the den-library, to discuss their clothes with Caryl, to talk over the problems of the day, or just to be with the American family. On all special occasions, such as birthdays and holidays, both families celebrate to-

gether, and they are constantly piling into the station wagon to go on picnics, to visit friends, and to go to church. "We go everywhere together," said Caryl.

I asked David how the whole arrangement suited him, and he answered with characteristic Slifer candor: "At first it was fine. Then I began to get jealous. Mother was giving everybody else so much attention, she didn't seem to have time for me any more. But then she explained how that was necessary in the beginning, and now everything seems to be working out all right." David, in fact, has now taken on Gregory as his special protégé.

THE evening I visited the Motorna apartment upstairs, I dined with the Slifers downstairs. With the regular table removed so the two families could enjoy television, we used the card table. Ken, Caryl, and David all helped to prepare the meal. David showed special interest in the dessert department, fashioning a concoction of bananas, whipped cream, and sponge cake. After grace had been said and we had all started to eat, I asked the Slifers why the Motornas had apparently worked out so well, while other DP's had run into all sorts of difficulties in getting settled.

"It works out well," said Caryl, "if you go about it in a Christian way. Of all the families that have come over, the only ones I know of which have failed have been those in which the arrivals were spoiled by too much luxury or because the sponsoring family was merely looking for cheap labor—servants and such."

While Caryl was talking I noticed Ken looked concerned. I asked him what was the matter. "Please don't make us sound stuffy or smug," he pleaded. "We got as much fun out of this as anyone. A lot of our friends are even a little envious now, because they were afraid to take the plunge. So far as we're concerned, it's just routine, applied Christianity. It may sound stuffy, but it isn't."

When I learned more about the Slifers' extracurricular activities, his statement was easier to believe.

Ken Slifer, who has been with N. W. Ayer for 25 years and describes himself as "naturally lazy," is an active trustee of the Peddie School (a N. J. preparatory school for boys), as well as president of the Bucknell Alumni Association. He has also been chairman of the Central Baptist Church's building committee for 20 years. Last December he realized an ambition he has had during his entire tenure of office—the dedication of a new church building.

Ken still plays tennis, softball, and touch football, and he is active in the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, and the YMCA. He also serves on Woodbury's interfaith council and is helping put three youngsters through college. One of them is a Negro. In addition, he has been teaching the "Chain Gang" for the past 25 years, a men's class which began in church as a group of 10-year-olds, and is still going strong. They have regular monthly meetings devoted to sports, business advice, international relations, etc. Mostly, they meet at Ken's house.

Mrs. Slifer is equally active. In addition to looking after her own and the Motorna family (with no servants except a woman who comes in twice a week to clean), she teaches a large Sunday-school class, helps out in various church activities, chauffeurs women to regional Baptist meetings in the family station wagon, functions as a member of the National Baptist Women's board, and conducts a promotional campaign to raise funds for the Mather Negro School in South Carolina.

Diane, I learned, takes charge of the Baptist church nursery on Sunday mornings when she is at Bucknell, and is active in religious and social life on the campus. Last summer she had what the family describes as "two wild but happy months" in Detroit, Mich., looking after four children all under the age of 5. Her day started at 6:30 A.M., and went on far into the evening, but she declared she had never had more fun in her life. At the end of the summer she flew to Lake George, N. Y., for two weeks of camping with her mother, father, and brother.

THE more time I spent with the Slifers, the more I realized that this was no smug family, piously doing good works because it made them feel superior. They were doing it because it was fun, because they were full of energy, and because it gave them happiness.

From them, I learned something about the DP situation as a whole. Although 339,000 have already been brought from Europe, about 300,000 still remain. In addition, there are about 9,000,000 "ethnic" Germans who lived in parts of Germany or the rest of Europe to which they can no longer return because their home is now behind the Iron Curtain.

At the moment, no more DP's can be brought to this country. The full quota under the 1948 Act of Congress has been used up. If further DP's are to be brought here, another act must be passed. There is a movement in Congress to do this now.

The Slifers' religious denomination—the Baptists—sponsored about 12,000 of the DP families. Other religious groups have done likewise. The Motornas, originally Catholics, were converted to Baptists several years before the Slifers heard of them, while they were still in DP camps. I asked Caryl whether they could have been brought over by her church if they had not been converted, and she said they could.

The last evening I spent with the Slifers was a quiet one. The Motorna children, who had been running in and out of the Slifer living room, had gone to bed. It is a big, comfortable living room—not fancy or luxurious, but homey. The large fireplace is flanked with bookshelves holding well-thumbed sets of Mark Twain, Poe, and Dickens. The dark-red, overstuffed furniture has tables alongside holding photographs of Diane and David in tennis or camping clothes.

I asked the Slifers if they had ever had any serious twinges of regret about the Motornas.

"Not really," said Caryl. "This was one way to have a big family. We'd probably do it all over again, if we had the chance."

"Besides," added Ken, "I've always wanted some artists in the family. I started out as an artist, and always hoped my children would be artistic. They showed absolutely no talent in that direction at all. On the other hand, the Motornas are not only artistic, but musical."

"How did you know things were working out?" I asked.

Caryl thought a moment, and said, "Well, it came about in this way. One of the things that astonished the Motornas most when they arrived was that a whole house in Woodbury would contain only a single family. Sometimes, only a single person. They had been used to living in one big barracks room with 100 other people, and they couldn't get over this. One evening, as we were all walking home from downtown, the Motornas commented again as they passed a house in which they knew only one person lived. When we finally turned into our own gate, I said, 'You see, this house *has* to be a big one, because two families live here.'"

Tamara looked quickly at Caryl with astonishment in her eyes. "No," she corrected emphatically, "*one* family lives here!"

FROM that moment the Slifers knew that they were accepted. They knew too that their One World experiment, which had started at the grass-roots level of a small American town, was sure to work.

That first Christmas confirmed them in their belief. Unknown to the other, each family had learned a few words in the other's language for the occasion. As the Motornas trooped downstairs for their stockings, they greeted the Slifers with "*Merry Christmas!*" The latter, on their part, countered with "*Boze Narodzenia!*" Then, according to custom, they all held hands in a circle—a small circle, to be sure, but one that could, they knew, grow big enough to encompass the whole world.

THE END★★

EDITOR'S MEMO

Each month THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE brings you the complete story of an outstanding American family. By "outstanding" we do *not* mean a family of wealth, or social position, or political importance, but rather a well-integrated group of parents and children who have made a significant contribution to family and community life.

If you know of such a family write and tell us about it in not more than 500 words. If we decide that it rates in achievement as an American Family of the Month, we will pay $50 for your contribution. Address Family of the Month, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. No letters can be acknowledged or returned.

Who's Crying Now?

(*Continued from page* 29)

uh-um-me-uh." Johnnie's sweethearts are "sa-we-it-hearts." In volume and emotion he outdoes all the pop singers of yesterday and today, topping any sounds these ears have heard or sights these eyes have seen since our cat got her tail caught in the swinging door when I was in knee pants.

Before an audience or in the recording studio, Johnnie's performance is the same. Starting out by banging his own accompaniment on the piano, with the orchestra, particularly the drums, backing him up, singing at the top of his lungs, eyes closed, he twists his sweat- and tear-stained face in agony and pounds his palms on the piano top; he staggers erect, runs his hands through his hair, spreads his feet and wobbles his legs, and, finally overcome, drops, done for, to one knee and, as if he were looking down into the dead face of the woman he loved, shakes his fists and his entire body as he cuts loose with a final, long quadruple-fortissimo cry of excruciating pain. He's Holy Roller out of Whirling Dervish. Once in a while, like a spent marathon racer at the finish line, he collapses on the floor. As far as I can learn, nobody has yet had to throw a bucket of water on him, to revive him for the next round, but it may happen any day now.

Johnnie has to eat three heavy meals a day to keep up to his 145 pounds. "When I'm doing a lot of shows and feeling very blue about my life," he told me proudly, "I lose five pounds a night." But, incredibly, his vocal cords have never had to be retreaded.

SAD songs, of course, are nothing new. With only occasional fits by bobby-soxers we've taken in our stride hundreds of songs of frustrated love, of every variety of heartbreak, and all the shades of blues—from Al Jolson's *Mammy*, through crooners Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby, swoon-inspirer Frank Sinatra, and down to the ballad boys—Tony Bennett with *Cold, Cold Heart* and Perry Como with *Why Did You Leave Me?* It's Johnnie's jet-propelled delivery that does it. His stuff, it turns out, is what we are longing for these days.

Inflation, taxes, government, Stalin, or something-or-other has done things to us. I can remember when the favorite songs in troubled times were happy, optimistic songs like *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? Happy Days Are Here Again*, and variations of the theme that "I love you and you love me, so all's gonna be O.K."

But now the mobs go for Johnnie's best-selling record which has on one side a song called *Cry*, written by a night watchman in a Pittsburgh, Pa., dry-cleaning plant, and on the other side *The Little White Cloud That Cried*, written by Johnnie. The lyrics of both songs declare that the sun still shines behind the clouds, but when Johnnie gets through with his weather forecast you're convinced that the sun is going to stay there forever. If Johnnie sang *Here Comes the Bride*, he'd sing it as if he were the groom and fix it so the bride would drop dead just before she reached the altar.

Columbia Records reports that Johnnie's *Cry–White Cloud* record has sold more than 2,000,000 copies and that the company's only record that has outsold it is Gene Autrey's perennial about *Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, who had the dismals, too. Amazingly, for 11 consecutive weeks, *Cry–White Cloud* was No. 1 in record sales in the United States and Canada. Johnnie's total record sales, in about 8 months, are approaching an astounding 4,000,000, inspiring and thrilling a nation by telling us about guys who are in even more trouble than we are. It is significant that the big Johnnie Ray boom got going at full speed early this year, in the gloomy days when we were writing checks to pay our income taxes.

JOHNNIE currently is touring the United States and, despite his marriage last May, mobs of young girls haunt his hotel seeking autographs; early in the morning they begin to form long lines at the theater. They bring their lunches and, once inside, stay all day in spite of the efforts of the management to get them out to make room for more paying guests. When Johnnie gives, they give, too. In a Philadelphia, Pa., theater, after Johnnie sobbed that life wasn't worth living any more, weeping girls, overcome apparently by the mother-instinct, swarmed into the aisles and on the stage, and tore his clothing and theirs as they fought to get near him to take their turns at kissing his troubles away.

"There's nothin' like him, not even Sinatra," one of Johnnie's admiring associates told me. "They used to scream for Frankie, but they sob for Johnnie. That's real class, mister—right up with Bernhardt and the Barrymores. You take, now, a ballad singer that goes for swoons—the elite gals won't fall. They've got hot boy-friends of their own to swoon for. But a handsome kid like Johnnie, he's dramatic, he makes 'em feel sorry for him—and that cryin' stuff, they take it big."

There appears to be much truth in what the gentleman says. In Washington, D.C., where many a politician is thinking maybe he'll be out of a job next November, Very Important People and their wives and girl-friends wept and applauded when Johnnie writhed in despair like a willing bureaucrat who can't find anybody to bribe him. At New York's Copacabaña, America's top show-case for night-club talent, Johnnie opened during Holy Week, when business usually is bad. Stimulated by Johnnie's songs, however, patrons in one week bought $75,000 worth of food and drink, and wept into it. It broke the record set by Comedians Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who don't drive quite so many people to drink.

When Johnnie began to cause riots in New York, the National Association for Mental Health at once got under way with Mental Health Week, to promote more extensive psychiatric facilities for the mentally unstable. It may have been a coincidence, but it sure was high time.

A critic has observed that Johnnie hops and whoops as though he were a Sioux on the warpath. That's not strange. One of Johnnie's mother's grandmothers was a full-blooded Indian. But a Blackfoot, not a Sioux. There was no tom-tom in Johnnie's home, so he expressed his natural-born talent for music on the family piano. His father, first a farmer, now a millwright in a lumber mill, in his spare time was a fiddler at barn dances. His mother sang in her church choir and played the piano a little. With very little help from her, she swears, Johnnie sang *Rock of Ages* and picked out the melody on the piano before he was 3 years old. At 5, he played tunes by ear with both hands.

An unhappy, frustrated boyhood undoubtedly is the basic cause of Johnnie's emotional outbursts. When he was about 12 his fellow Boy Scouts tossed him in a blanket and let him fall on his head. He became partly deaf. "The doctors didn't know what was the matter with him," he told me, "and I didn't get a hearing aid for about four years. I had trouble hearing the teachers in school and I got bad grades, and the kids got fed up with yelling at me, so I couldn't play games or join in bull sessions. I was a mighty sad, lonely boy." It was then that he discovered the songs he likes best—Negro spirituals and blues, of the "Nobody knows the troubles I've seen" school.

However, there was compensation. Evidently his sense of inferiority developed a fierce determination to prove to one and all that some day they'd be sorry they'd snubbed him. Even when he sang in Los Angeles honky-tonks for $5 a night, he never lost his faith that ultimately he'd show them.

Johnnie removes his hearing aid when he is performing in public, and one reason he has become probably the loudest singer the world has ever known is that if he didn't sing loud he couldn't hear himself and keep on key.

NOT even Caruso ever took his art more seriously. Johnnie firmly believes that he has achieved success because he set out to do exactly what he wanted to do, to express himself in exactly his own way, and because he continually has asked God to help him deliver the goods. Before he goes on stage he prays, preferably in the complete privacy of a telephone booth, for himself and for all the others in the show, and he pauses in his performance to tell the audience that he got where he is because he asked God for help and God gave it to him.

"Be humble, have faith in God," he says to hushed crowds, "and he'll take care of you." It puts the spirit of a camp meeting into his performance.

"Good showmanship," say the wise guys.

But Johnnie told me one day, "A lot of people doubt my sincerity, but they can say what they want. I don't care. Peace and satisfaction I have. Of course, I don't like it when people consider me a freak, but it doesn't bother me for

long. I never think about crying—I mean, I never try to cry. It's just that when a song makes me feel sad and lonely I can't keep from crying. If people like it, that's great. If they don't, that's tough, but I can't do anything about it. I like to sing blues and torch songs and I can't sing 'em any other way. And I think it is good for me and other folks when I tell them that God can help them the way He has helped me."

A GIRL reporter in Los Angeles interviewed Johnnie, and wrote, "Talking to Johnnie Ray is like walking through a park when the robins are trilling a welcome to spring." Los Angeles robins must be a special breed. I never heard a robin trill with a hoarse, nasal drawl, but Johnnie—simple, frank, and honest—is a refreshing kid. The time probably will come when he's just another overwise Broadway guy in song business who can't talk about much but how good he is. At this writing, however, he is properly pleased by his success, but considerably bewildered in this strange, new, and dazzling environment. He has few real friends like his home folks, and sometimes appears to be homesick.

"It's peculiar," he told me gloomily one day as we talked in the turmoil of his hotel suite, with the telephone ringing and members of his staff running in and out, while song pluggers and promoters clamored to get in to sell him something. "It's peculiar, how girls swarm to get my autograph and crowds of fine people come to clubs, but I never get to know any of 'em."

"You must meet a lot of important people," I said.

He shook his head. Then, "Oh, yes. I did meet Marlene Dietrich."

"Did you get to be friends?" I asked.

"No," he confessed, and added with some pride, "But she gave me her autograph!"

The interview became truly serious a few moments later when Johnnie said suddenly, "When I was a little kid I had a collie dog named Rover. He was wonderful. But I was walking in the woods one day and I called to him to jump over a bob-wire fence, and he didn't make it and hung on the wire, struggling. I worked all afternoon to try to help him get off and couldn't, and then ran home and got my Dad, and Rover was so cut up he had to shoot him. It was a terrible experience, I tell you." He was silent a minute and said, almost to himself, "I could use a few friends like Rover."

He pulled himself together and wrinkled his face. "That's very strange," he said, "me telling you about Rover. I wonder why. I've kept myself from thinking about him for years and years." Perhaps a psychoanalyist could tell him.

I steered him back to the subject of girls. "Do you mean to tell me," I asked, doubting, "that you don't know any New York girls?" This was while he was playing his second week at the Copacabaña.

He shook his head. "I do know Marilyn Morrison, from Los Angeles. She's here and I go out with her some."

I never had heard of Marilyn Morrison and asked no questions about her. It was bad reporting. A few weeks later, when Johnnie was playing in Chicago, a newspaper story from Los Angeles stated that Marilyn Morrison's father had announced that his 22-year-old daughter was going to marry Johnnie Ray. Mr. Morrison is owner of the Mocambo Night Club in Hollywood.

It was to turn out that Johnnie had met Marilyn in Hollywood last winter. She had flown to the Copacabaña opening, and when he went to Chicago she returned to Los Angeles to break the good news to her father. Marilyn is no bobby-soxer. Evidently, she had been his only real friend in the big city, and perhaps his loneliness and homesickness speeded up the romance which led to marriage in New York a few days before Johnnie's triumphant opening at the Paramount.

Johnnie had kept it all a secret from his closest associates, who greeted the news with little enthusiasm. Marriage, they are afraid, might reduce Johnnie's appeal to the saddle-shoe crowd. But Johnnie has no qualms. He needed very much a good friend like Rover.

Johnnie brought his father and mother and his attractive sister and her lumberjack husband back to New York to witness his triumphs in the metropolis. They were swept off their feet. He sends a weekly check to his parents, and plans to buy them a farm where they can retire. He keeps his earnings in a bank and loves to watch the balance grow.

"We are a very loving family," he told me, "very close and not afraid to show our love. My Mom has always been my best friend and always on my side, no matter what, even when I sang in saloons, which she doesn't like."

Johnnie spent a lot of time asking his folks how things and people were, back in Roseburg, Ore., particularly the members of the Loyal Order of Moose. Johnnie has received many a demonstration of affection from excited fans, but the tribute he values most came from the members of the Moose when he went home to visit his folks a few months ago. The Moose went the limit with a terrific "Welcome Home, Johnnie" celebration, followed by a banquet attended by all the Big and Little Wigs in town.

"It's nice to have mobs at theaters," he told me, "but when your home folks go all out for you, it's grand. That, I guess, is what I always wanted most."

JOHNNIE was born on a farm near Dallas, Ore., January 10, 1927. When he was 6, the family moved into Dallas, where his father worked in a lumber mill. During most of the war they lived in Portland, where Mr. Ray worked as a welder and Johnnie was graduated from high school. Then they settled in Roseburg.

"In Dallas," Johnnie told me, "from the time I was seven until I was twelve or thirteen, every summer I had to go to a farm several miles away and pick hops with other children. Usually we slept and boarded there. It was hot, hard work and I hated it, except Saturday nights, when they'd give me pennies to play and sing. I made up my mind I wasn't going to be a farmer or a laborer. I was going to be a movie star like Clark Gable or Tarzan."

He thought that movie stars must perform dangerous stunts, and almost killed himself, trying to learn. "I used to practice falling out of trees, like Johnny Weissmuller," he grinned. "I'd jump off the garage, too, and once I deliberately ran my bike into a curb and dived off as it hit. I never tried that again!"

In Franklin High School in Portland, "where I was a lone wolf," he began to write, act, and sing in school shows, and his ambition switched from the movies. He wanted to be a singer and composer. At 17, he sang frequently on an amateur radio show on which Jane Powell, now a movie star, just getting started, also appeared. Out of high

"How far are we from civilization, Jack?"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY HERB WILLIAMS

school at 18, he began a 6-year period of a tough, conglomerate life, singing now and then, working here and there when he couldn't get a singing job—which was most of the time. He was a welder, a laborer in a paper mill, a bellhop, a gasoline-station attendant, a movie extra, a bus boy, and a soda jerk, in Portland, Salem (Ore.), and Los Angeles.

After a futile year in Hollywood, when he tried, with no success whatever, to break into the movies, radio, and television, he returned to Oregon and began to get a few dates in night clubs and cocktail lounges, singing his own songs in a style that became sadder and sadder as his luck became worse and worse. In September, 1950, he had begun to get a small local reputation and a few profitable bookings, and two vaudeville performers in Portland recommended him to an agent who booked night clubs in Ohio, and the agent got him two weeks in an Ashtabula cocktail lounge at the enormous salary of $150 a week. Johnnie borrowed bus fare to get there.

"After my first performance," Johnnie says, "the manager told me to quiet down. I told him I couldn't. So the next day he fired me. I got a job in a club in Akron, and when I came back the second night I found the manager had taken out the mike, but I sang anyway. Then he tried to fire me, but I was wise by now and had a contract, and he had to keep me through the week."

He played other Ohio cities, with only slightly more favorable results. "The audiences and the bartenders always liked me," he said, "but the managers—no." Finally, unwelcome almost everywhere in Ohio, he went to Detroit, Mich., and was hired by The Flame, a Negro night club. "The louder and bluer you sing, the better here, boy," said the manager, and Johnnie at last had found a haven. Here God, luck, or fate, call it what you will, led success to Johnnie's dressing-room door.

One evening, among the scattered Whites in the audience was Danny Kessler, who is the same age as Johnnie. Danny is director of artists for Okeh records, a brand produced by Columbia Records. Okehs are "rhythm and blues" records, aimed at the Negro market. Danny had come to Detroit to record Maurice King's Negro band, which was playing at The Flame.

"All of a sudden," Danny told me, "out comes Johnnie, the only White on the bill. He sang songs I'd never heard before—all his own compositions—and he had that audience moaning and whooping and yelling for more. When I called him over to my table and asked him about recording and told him I'd give him a trial, he broke down. He'd been trying for years to get a chance to record and to get his songs published."

The next afternoon a trembling Johnnie Ray showed up at the recording studio. It was the opportunity he'd been praying for. If he made good, this was It. After saying a prayer in a corner, he started with his own *Tell the Lady I Said Good-By*, an emotional confession by a fool whose heart had been torn to shreds by a faithless woman. He had sung the song several thousand times, but he was so struck by stage fright that he choked and he couldn't hit the right notes of his piano accompaniment. Finally he pulled himself together, but he sang it six times before he could get through it without breaking down completely. He had to sing his *Whisky and Gin* ten times.

Danny took the recordings back to New York, where he and other executives listened, and liked them. "However," Danny told me, "there was a weird noise in the background that bothered us. We'd never heard it on a record before. I hadn't noticed it when we were recording. Finally I realized that it was Johnnie's crying, and my first impulse was to take it out."

Fortunately for all concerned they decided that here was a voice with a new sound, and left it in. They didn't expect white folks to buy many of these records, and that new sound might go good with the Negro trade. Danny returned to Detroit, and Johnnie signed a 5-year contract.

The record was released to Negro outlets July 15, last year. Sales were only fair. But Robin Seymour, a disk jockey in a Detroit radio station, who knew Johnnie, and Bill Randle, a disker in Cleveland, began to play the record and, much to everybody's amazement, folks in Detroit and Cleveland wrote to the radio station asking for more of Johnnie Ray, and owners of juke boxes and the best record stores had to join in supplying the demand. Johnnie was booked in Moe's Main Street, a Cleveland night club, and, louder and sadder than ever, he was a terrific hit. Randle got him to sing at a Police Department show, and so many kids stormed the place that the riot squad had to be called out.

"It was the first time I ever faced mobs of fans. It liked to killed me," Johnnie told me. "The *Whisky and Gin* record hadn't sold much—evidently practically all in Cleveland. I thought it was a flop. I just can't describe it. You get kicked around for years, and suddenly you find you're well known and popular! What can you say! It murders you!"

This demonstration was all that Columbia Records needed. They had terribly misjudged the American state of mind. It was the white folks, not the Negroes, who wanted to weep. They dug up *Cry*, a song written by an amateur, which had been pigeonholed because it was so sad, and Johnnie recorded that and *The Little White Cloud That Cried*, back to back, with the background jammed full of those "weird noises" and the "new sound."

It was released last November; it started slowly, then *wow!* That record did it. Mobs, now all over the United States and Canada, wanted to weep with Johnnie. Long lines stood in front of the theaters where he sang. Night clubs, jammed to the doors, no longer complained when his loud singing shook the bottles off the bar or when his tears left the floor so damp that dancers were likely to slip and fall on their medulla oblongatas.

After several months in other cities, Johnnie went to New York for the big test at the Copacabaña last April, and tackled the Paramount, scene of Frank Sinatra's first big triumph, last May. He conquered old and young.

In New York, Johnnie had to face the decision of the Supreme Court of Show Business—*Variety*, whose reviewers are hard-boiled experts who are affected not at all by hokum. The verdict was O.K. Said *Variety*, "Ray comes along at a point in history that is filled with hypertensions. Ray's weeping delivery somehow expresses a mass mood. . . . Withal, there's a youthful appeal about him, a good tune selection, and a basic talent that would have taken him up a few rungs even without the extreme facial contortions and crying jags that accompany his singing."

No longer does Johnnie have holes in his shoes. At 25, he has almost everything which he has prayed for. But his success has come from a style of singing inspired by poverty, loneliness, and frustration. So now comes the question, "Will an income of $400,000 a year so dilute his style that he will turn out to be a one-year wonder?"

The experts say not. To continue with *Variety:* "Of course, there may come a time when Ray's weeping style will have outlived its usefulness. He impresses as having sufficient talent to make a change, and indications point to his lasting, box-office-wise, for a long run."

For Johnnie's sake, I hope so. If the world, by any curious chance, gets suddenly gay again and Johnnie writes and records a merry jingle called, *I Have a Sweetheart* (pronounced "Sweetheart") *Who Drinks Sodas and Cokes* or *The Little White Moon That Laughed*, maybe the screaming mobs will continue their demonstrations of affection. But I wonder.

THE END★★

She Did It Wrong

(*Continued from page* 31)

understood the reason for my growing melancholy. Chris had never been interested in men unless they were under stress, as running a bank or robbing a bank. But one should never underestimate the instincts of a psychologist. Just when life looked darkest Chris came home with a book on how to catch a man.

"I thought this might help," she said, tossing the book into my lap.

It was a good book, but not much help as far as Mr. Phillips was concerned. According to the book, if you wanted to catch a man you should go West, where men were plentiful. There was a list of guest ranches, and mining towns, and lumber camps, where men abounded. But of course I wasn't likely to find Mr. Phillips in any of these places, so I put away the book and prepared to go to work the next day.

I brushed my auburn hair and manicured my nails and pressed my clothes and shined my shoes and did my exercises. And the next morning when I went to work I looked especially beautiful. I know I looked especially beautiful because five men whistled at me in the street and the elevator boy smiled at me so admiringly he forgot to stop at my floor.

I went in to Mr. Phillips's office and he was already there reading a letter. I didn't see him look up from the letter but he said, "That's a very nice figure."

I nearly fell into the water cooler. I said, "What?"

"That's a very nice figure they've quoted us and I think we should accept it. Are you ready to take a letter, Miss Thompson?"

I swallowed my disappointment and put on my perfect secretary's smile. I said, "Certainly, Mr. Phillips," and took a letter and the first draft of a speech he was preparing for some distant date. He dictated the letter slowly and I got it fine, but he whipped through the speech at a rate that made my fingers numb and reduced my shorthand to a baby's scribbling.

I was still trying unsuccessfully to unscramble that speech when five o'clock rolled around. Mr. Phillips stopped at my desk on his way out. I pushed the shorthand notes I couldn't read into the nearest drawer and said, in my most efficient, everything-under-control voice, "I'll have that speech for you tomorrow, Mr. Phillips."

"Good," he answered.

I smiled up at him and he looked down at a list in his hand. Mr. Wesley Phillips *never* looked at me. He said, "There are a few errands, Miss Thompson, before you go home. They won't take long. They're all in the neighborhood."

The author of the book on how to be a perfect secretary would have been proud to see me smiling bravely through that one. I wasn't feeling so brave when I had finished the errands. I was just plain tired. I used my last ounce of energy to scramble through the dinner-hour traffic and throw myself into an unoccupied cab.

Before the cab could get started someone else was in it, too. I was startled at first. And then I was delighted. For the man who was crawling into the seat beside me was Mr. Wesley Phillips.

"How cozy," I said. "We can ride together."

And then he looked at me. Mr. Phillips actually looked at me. He looked as if I had bitten him. He began backing out of the taxi, tipping his hat as well as he could in such crowded quarters, muttering, "I'm very sorry. I didn't notice the cab was occupied. I'll find another. Please forgive me."

He hadn't recognized me! For months I had devoted every waking moment to Mr. Phillips (to say nothing of my dreams) and he obviously didn't even know me when he met me in a taxi.

I told the driver to take me to the office, and when I got there I wrote a note. It said simply that I was on my way West and would not be able to work for Mr. Phillips any more. I put the note and my key to the office on Mr. Phillips's desk. Then I went home.

When Chris arrived I was all packed. Since Chris had never given me a book on how to take a vacation it turned out that I had done everything wrong. But Chris remedied that. She selected a guest ranch from my book on how to catch a man, and wired for reservations, to be confirmed by telegram the next morning. Then she called the station and worked out the best train connections to New Mexico. After that she made a list of the things I would need, like blue jeans and boots and cold cream and tooth paste. Then we went to bed.

When the telephone rang the next morning, Chris answered it. "Hello," she said, "is this the telegraph office? We've been expecting an answer to our—" And then she said, "Oh, excuse me, Mr. Phillips. . . . No, I'm sorry; Miss Thompson is gone." There was a long pause, after which Chris said, "But that's ridiculous. Any competent secretary can transcribe a speech in shorthand. You'd better tell the agency to send you another girl. . . . No, I don't know *when* Miss Thompson will be back."

"Poor Mr. Phillips," I cried as Chris hung up. "You shouldn't have told him I was gone."

But then the telephone rang again and my reservation at the ranch was a fact. After that I was too busy to worry about Mr. Phillips and his speech.

I didn't even have time to be frightened until Chris put me on the train, and then I begged, "Come with me, Chris!"

"Don't be silly," she answered. "This week I have to check stress reactions at the cotton exchange, the rodeo, and the firemen's ball. And anyway the one thing I don't need is a man." She slipped a package into my hand. "You'll be all right," she promised.

Her last-minute gift was, of course, a book. This time it was on how to ride a horse. It took me almost two days riding a train and reading the book to become an accomplished horsewoman.

By that time I was in New Mexico. I got off the train at a station in the middle of the desert and walked right into the arms of a man. It's that easy in the West. His name was Buzz and he was a little too old, but not at all bad for first try. I felt encouraged.

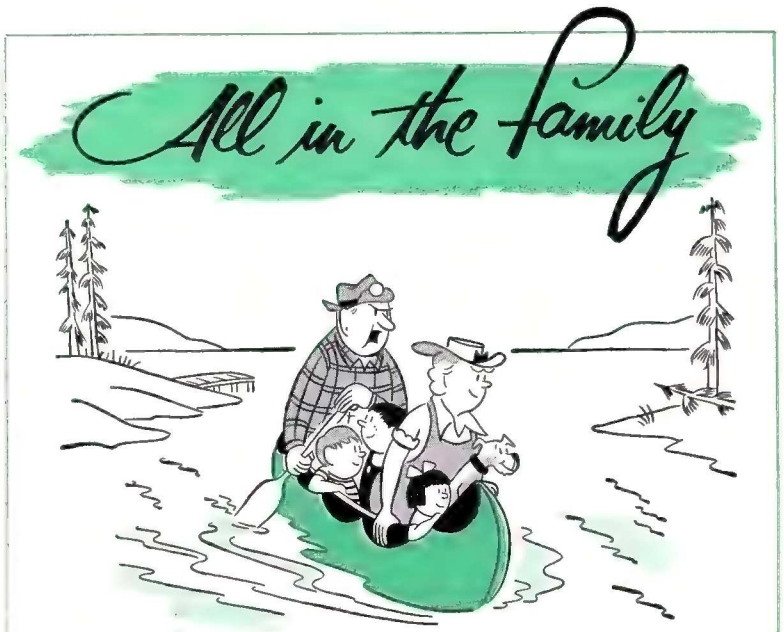
I was even more encouraged when I saw the men gathered for lunch in the patio of the adobe ranch house. There were at least a dozen men, each one dressed in blue jeans and a bright shirt. There were women, too, guests like me —but no serious competition.

It wasn't until lunch was served that I found *the* man, seated across from me at the long, narrow table. He was dressed like all the others but he was different. He was the only man I had looked at in months who didn't make me wish I were looking at Mr. Wesley Phillips.

The other men called him Pete. He had curly brown hair and sun-crinkled eyes and a little-boy smile. He didn't smile at me, though. He was obviously shy.

I remembered a passage from my book on how to catch a man. I repeated it silently to myself for guidance. "Often starved for feminine companionship, the Western male may at first seem frightened in the presence of a woman. Treat him as you would a stray dog or cat that is wary of strangers. Be gently reassuring, interested, but not too quick in your advances. Above all, don't give up!"

I smiled at Pete, gently and reassur-



"For your information, this isn't what I call getting away from it all"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY REG HIDER

ingly, all through lunch. Afterward I cornered him between the table and the salt cedar that shaded the patio.

"May I go with you this afternoon?" I asked.

"Go where?" He looked at me, alarmed.

"Wherever you are going. I want to find out how a ranch works."

"Oh, you wouldn't like it, ma'am," he said.

"My name is Milly Thompson."

"You wouldn't like it. It's a long, hard ride."

"I know how to ride," I told him. "I learned from a book."

His eyes narrowed and they seemed to bore through me. "We're going to round up calves," he said, "and then we're going to brand them. I don't think you would have the stomach for *that*."

Buzz came up behind me. "Let her go," Buzz said. "Unless she'd rather ride with the other guests to the Indian ruins."

"I'd rather brand calves," I insisted.

Buzz caught a horse for me in the corral. "Geronimo," they called him. Pete saddled the horse and helped me into the saddle.

My book on how to ride a horse had not warned me about Geronimo. This horse hadn't a smooth and rolling gait. He bounced, and so did I. From his own mount Pete watched, smiling. "I didn't think you could learn to ride out of a book," he said.

"But I did," I cried. "There's something wrong with this horse."

"Well, he's not Citation," Pete admitted, "but he'll get you there."

Then he spurred his own horse into a gallop. I must have bounced off ten pounds, but I couldn't keep pace with him. I gave up and let Geronimo walk. Buzz rode slowly beside me.

Buzz was tall in the saddle, and with his battered, broad-brimmed hat shading his eyes he looked just like a hero in a Western movie. Except that he was knitting.

"What—what are you doing?" I asked.

He held up his knitting needles, and a bootie dangled from them. It was bright red. "Got the other one all finished," he said proudly. "It's for a new baby down at one of the line camps. Cute little rascal. Looks just like his old man."

"But booties are blue," I said, "or else they're pink."

"Not for a red-blooded he-man baby like this one."

"And, anyway, men don't knit."

"Around here we do. We ride a mighty lot of miles checking cattle and fences and watering holes. And we can't go lickety-split like they do in the movies. We'd kill all our horses. So we take it slow and easy-like, and we read or knit or crochet."

"Does Pete?" I asked.

"Oh, Pete, he embroiders."

We rode down a rocky cliff into what looked like a dry river-bed. Buzz called it an arroyo. We followed it for a while, then shot up the cliff on the other side, and there was Pete, who embroidered.

He wasn't embroidering at the moment. He was wheeling his horse in and out of a herd of white-faced cows and bronzed-faced cowboys, shouting instructions.

"But I thought we were going to round up calves," I complained to Buzz. "These things are big. And they have horns."

"They're the mothers," Buzz told me. "They've hidden their calves, but Pete knows where. The boys will flush the little devils out, and then the mothers will be mad. You stick where you are and you won't get hurt."

I watched as the riders fanned out and circled away, coming back with the calves before them, chasing them out of mesquite bushes, from between yucca plants, from under greasewood, from within the thorny arms of the devil's bush. As they drove the calves toward the corral the cows charged after them.

I was frightened for the riders ahead of those angry, horned beasts, and even more frightened to see Buzz and Pete ride swiftly into the oncoming horns and turn the cows, herding them up the arroyo away from the calves.

When they came back, their horses were in a sweat, but the men were as calm as if they were returning from a Sunday-afternoon stroll. I thought they were very brave, and I watched Pete with renewed admiration. Wouldn't Chris be pleased if I brought Pete home as the trophy from my first man hunt?

I rode back to the corrals, where the branding had already started. Pete and Buzz crawled into the pen to help, but I couldn't even watch. The sound of the bawling calves and the smell of the burning hides made me turn away. Miraculously, my horse turned with me. We wandered out over the desert and it was beautiful, vast, and golden in the sunlight, spotted here and there with green, where cattle ate.

I amused myself by imagining my future life in New Mexico as a cowboy's cowgirl and tried to forget the future I had once planned, as Mrs. Wesley Phillips. I did so well with my dreaming that when the sky turned rose in the West I was thoroughly lost.

My book on how to ride a horse had said that a horse knows his own way home, but when I gave Geronimo his head he proceeded to the nearest mesquite bush and ate. I was saddle-sore and thirsty and hungry. The shadows growing darker all about me didn't make me any happier. In the distance one of the shadows seemed to be moving swiftly toward me.

As it came near I screamed. Geronimo jumped. A hand reached out and steadied me in the saddle. The hand belonged to Pete.

"Oh, thank heaven it's only you," I cried. "I mean, thank heaven it *is* you!"

He was covered with dust and perspiration and he was scowling. "Come on," he ordered. Obediently my horse went with his. "Now we're going to have a school for dudes," he began as we rode across the desert. "You're the pupil and I'm the teacher."

"Shouldn't we wait for moonlight?" I suggested. "I learn better by moonlight."

"Lesson number one," he interrupted. "Never ride out alone. You might meet a snake or you might get lost."

"I did get lost!"

"Then I hope you've learned your lesson."

I waited for him to continue my education, but he didn't. We rode in silence to the corral and he helped me from my horse. I could scarcely walk, but Pete gave all his attention to Geronimo. He brushed the animal and rubbed him with a cloth and examined his hoofs and talked to him.

"Are you getting him ready for a party or something?" I asked.

Then Pete remembered I was there. He looked at me, still frowning. "You'd better get on into the house," he said. "They're waiting dinner for you."

"Aren't you coming?"

"I've a five-mile ride ahead of me tonight. I'm not a guest at this ranch, you know. I work here."

I limped to the house, sore in every muscle. Buzz had saved a place for me at the dinner table. "How long will it take Pete to ride five miles?" I asked him.

"Oh, Pete will be there and in bed inside an hour, I'll calculate."

"In bed?" I stared at him.

"Sure. He bunks at the line camp."

"Then we won't see him until tomorrow," I said sadly.

A pianist had begun to play and two couples were dancing, but with Pete five miles away nothing interested me except a hot bath and a soft bed. I did manage, before I fell asleep, to scribble a few lines to Chris.

"Dear Chris," I wrote. "I have found a man named Pete who could, if he would, make me forget Mr. Phillips. But only in the daytime—at least, until I can wean him away from his line camp. Have you a book on how to do that? Love, Milly."

Then I went to sleep dreaming of tomorrow—and Pete. . . .

Tomorrow came, but Pete didn't. I rode miles, bouncing unhappily, while Buzz purled and knitted and counted stitches and finished the red bootie. And the next day I did the same thing, but still no Pete.

The next night I had a letter from Chris. "Dear Milly," it said. "You may be able to forget Mr. Phillips but I can't, since he calls every morning. What kind of stenographers do they grow these days that can't transcribe a simple little old speech? You've no idea of the stresses to be found in a rodeo. Even *my* pulse is shooting up. Must hurry to catch the afternoon performance. Good luck with your Pete! Love, Chris."

Good luck with my Pete, indeed! I looked at myself in the mirror and thought Pete had better show up before I was unrecognizable. For one thing, I could no longer walk or dance. I hobbled, thanks to the daily battering by the horse. For another thing, my arms were freckled, my forehead was peeling, and my nose was red. I decided if Pete didn't show up the next day I would have to do something drastic.

Pete didn't show up. "What does he do at that line camp—hibernate?" I asked

Buzz as we rode away from the ranch house.

"He's been pretty busy," Buzz told me. "I was down to see him night before last and he was saying—"

"You were down to see him!" I cried. "How did you get there?"

"Just followed that fence over yonder."

"Five miles," I remembered.

Five miles was as apt to finish me as a million, I thought. But I had to do it. I waited until Buzz was busy with cattle and men and then I took off, straight down the fence line.

My horse wasn't as anxious to see Pete as I was. He went the way I ordered, but he kept looking back, whinnying at the companions he was leaving behind. If he had only watched where he was going it wouldn't have happened. But it did happen. He stepped in a hole. He went down and I went up. Then I came down again, very rapidly and wrong end first. I landed in the arms of a devil's bush.

AT FIRST I just lay there and tried to get the earth to stop spinning. Then I picked up my head and was surprised to find it was still attached to my body. One eye was swelling rapidly and seeing double, but the other eye worked pretty well. I tried to locate my arms and legs, but they were all mixed up with the devil's bush.

I began to cry. I cried and cried, and the harder I cried the deeper the thorns of the devil's bush pried into me, each one a pin-point dagger. Some cattle came by and peered into the bush. I yelled, "Go away!" And a voice said, "Oh, there you are." And the next face I saw was Pete's.

He took out his knife and began cutting up the devil's bush. He didn't look happy. He said, "I thought you'd learned your lesson: Never ride out alone. But here I am, rescuing you again. I don't know why I bother. I never did believe in dudes."

"But you wouldn't want me to die here, would you?" I asked.

"You're lucky your horse isn't dead," he scolded, lifting me from what was left of the bush. "Poor Geronimo! He came limping into my camp all lathered up and full of stickers."

"I'm full of stickers, too," I said.

Pete hoisted me on his horse and climbed up behind the saddle. He put his arms around me and grabbed the reins. He said, "I'll take you to my place. It's closer. They can send the jeep for you."

If I hadn't been so full of stickers I might have thought I was in heaven. I was alone with Pete. His arms were around me, and we were headed for his place. Perhaps they'd never send the jeep. Perhaps we'd stay there forever.

I recognized Pete's place. It was just a little house, the color of the desert, with a windmill beside it and a corral full of cattle behind it. I recognized it because of the embroidered curtains at the windows. There were also hollyhocks around the door. I thought of Buzz knitting, and of Pete embroidering and tending the hollyhocks, and I was touched by these traces of domesticity in men who seemed mere brawn.

I clung to Pete as he lifted me from the horse, but he was not a man who took to clinging. He set me down firmly and at a distance. He said, "You'd better get some beefsteak for that eye." And then he was gone.

I hobbled around the house looking for him and I found him with Geronimo. He was saying to the horse, "Poor boy, you ache, don't you?" And he was rubbing the animal with liniment. I wished for an instant that I were a horse.

I said, "May I go into your house? I ache, too."

"Help yourself," he answered.

I went up the back stairs and opened a screen door and entered a kitchen. It was dark in the kitchen after the bright light outside and my one good eye took a while to adjust. Then it made out a table and a sink and a figure by the sink and—

I couldn't believe it! I blinked my good eye and looked again, and they were still there—the red booties Buzz had been knitting! They were full of feet and they were kicking.

I backed up and pointed at them. "Those—those—" I said.

The figure by the sink brought the booties closer and I saw that there was a whole baby there, a fat, healthy, pink-and-white baby. The figure carrying the baby turned out to be a girl in blue jeans —a very pretty, sun-browned girl, with a wide, laughing mouth.

"They are frightening, aren't they?" she said. "But Buzz insisted on making them red and our little Pete Junior adores them."

I made a sound as though I were strangling on a fish bone and the girl put the baby into a basket and came to me. "Oh, you poor thing," she said. "You're suffering."

She didn't know how much I was suffering, nor why. I lay on her couch and thought about my battered body and my shattered dreams. How to catch a man, indeed! The book had forgotten to mention that some of the Western male population had already been caught. I suffered silently until Buzz came after me in the jeep.

"I'd better get you to the doctor," Buzz said when he saw me.

"No, don't," I begged. "The doctor's probably married, too."

"You got something against married men?" Buzz asked.

I DIDN'T answer that question. Buzz took me to the ranch house and I began to pack. It was slow work, with my one good eye and my scarred exterior. When the telephone rang I limped across the room to answer it. It was long distance. It was Chris.

"Milly, I have the most wonderful news," she gurgled over the wire. "Oh, Milly, just wait until I tell you!"

"I'll wait," I said. "I'll wait until you meet the train. I'm coming home."

"Well, Mr. Phillips will be glad. He's just about frantic because of that speech."

"Mr. Phillips doesn't even know who I am," I told her, and hung up. . . .

Chris met the train. I expected her to call an ambulance when she saw me, or at least a Seeing Eye dog, but she just beamed at me idiotically and held out her hand. Even with one eye I could see

"You're deliberately trying to start something with your foot!"

AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARTOON BY CHARLES RODRIGUES

the diamond that glittered on her third finger. Where there's a stone there's always a man, and Chris had brought both to welcome me. The man was a cowboy.

He wasn't the common, ordinary, ranch-variety cowboy I had found out West. He was taller, and handsomer, and better tailored. But he was still a cowboy.

"This is Will Lane," Chris said. "I was measuring his stress reactions at the rodeo and I began to get reactions myself. Dramatic ones."

"We had to do something," said Will Lane.

"So we decided to get married." Chris grinned. "Isn't it funny? You went West and I caught the cowboy."

"I could die laughing," I said. "Or at least die. But I'd prefer to do it at home if one of you will call a taxi."

"Aren't you coming to the rodeo?" they asked together.

"I've seen enough horses to last me a lifetime," I told them firmly.

So they tucked me into a taxi. "I told Mr. Phillips you were coming back tonight," Chris said, as the taxi started, "so don't be surprised—"

"By this time nothing would surprise me," I called back to her. . . .

But Mr. Phillips surprised me. I didn't expect to find my discarded boss waiting in the apartment, sitting uncomfortably alert in the best chair, grasping a sheaf of my shorthand notes in his right hand. My heart still tried to turn somersaults when I saw Mr. Wesley Phillips, but for once—just this once—I was sorry he finally decided to look at me. I was in no condition to be seen.

"Miss Thompson?" he asked, looking straight at me as I came in the door.

"Miss Thompson's remains," I corrected, falling into the nearest chair.

"Miss Thompson," he said, rising, "I am supposed to deliver this speech the day after tomorrow, and you have left me with a half-dozen pages of code which no one in this town can decipher. Will you transcribe these notes, please, now!"

I began to cry. "I can't," I sobbed. "I can't do anything. It all looked so easy in the books—how to be a perfect secretary, how to catch a man, how to ride a horse. The only book I didn't read was how to be a flop. And I guess I didn't have to. It just came naturally."

I WIPED at my tears with the sleeve of my suit, and Mr. Phillips said, "Miss Thompson—" Only, he said it in a voice I had never heard before. It was a very tender, sympathetic voice, and then he was beside me, lifting me from the chair with strong but gentle arms. "My poor Miss Thompson," he said. "You've been injured. That eye—and all those scratches. You need someone to take care of you."

He helped me from the chair to the couch and settled me there with a pillow beneath my head. "I'm all right, Mr. Phillips," I said over and over again. But he would not be convinced. He called a doctor, and while we waited he bathed my face with cool water. He was as careful as Pete had been, bathing the horse in liniment.

Even his voice was soothing. He said, "I don't know why, Miss Thompson, but it just never occurred to me that *you* might ever need *me*. You always seemed so, well, cool and efficient, like a machine—a beautiful machine, of course, that I guess I was always a little afraid of you. But as soon as you left I knew I had to get you back, some way. And you always seemed so interested in your work that, well, I thought you might think this speech was important enough to—"

"How to be a perfect secretary!" I wailed bitterly, as his voice trailed off.

And then the doctor came.

Mr. Phillips held my hand while the doctor treated my wounds. And he held my hand the next day and the next, when he should have been giving his speech. I felt terrible about that. I said, "Even if you can't read the notes I made, couldn't you deliver 'The Gettysburg Address' or something like that?"

"But, my darling," he cried, "I couldn't leave you to make a speech. Not when you need me!" And then he kissed me—right through the doctor's latest application of medicated salve. . . .

I went right on needing Wesley Phillips and it looked as though I always would, so we got married. Naturally, Chris gave me a book on how to hold your husband, which anyone who is worried about holding her husband may have. You see, I'm not even going to try to hold Wesley. He's going to hold me. We like it that way. And we don't need any books to tell us how it should be done.

THE END★★

Millions on the Move

(*Continued from page* 27)

long-distance moving has become, it still is a dismaying event to many families. The moving man becomes accustomed to seeing people when they are emotionally upset. This is largely because of sentimental attachments they have for their possessions.

Just the other day our company moved the belongings of a young married couple from a suburb of Boston, Mass., to Kansas City, Mo. While the van was being loaded, the couple got into a heated argument about whether they should move the rock-garden rocks to their new home. The husband pointed out that moving the rocks would be expensive; that it would be much cheaper to get other rocks in Kansas City. But the wife, a dewy-eyed little brunette, declared she had spent many happy hours working with those rocks, and loved every one of them dearly.

"It would be just as awful to leave them behind," she said, "as it would be to leave our television set or our silver. I don't see how you can be so heartless."

The lady, of course, won out. When our van rolled west it carried half a ton of carefully packed rocks which could have been bought in Kansas City for far less than the cost of moving them there.

That case was not unusual. We have moved piles of old lumber, ancient iron stoves, old-fashioned iceboxes, and any number of virtually worthless things over long distances because their owners couldn't bear to part with them.

Once a widow insisted upon our moving all the way from Iowa to Baltimore, Md., a large anvil and heavy logging chains which her husband had used on their farm as a young man. Another time, a doting young mother had us move her little boy's sand box, filled with sand, from Philadelphia, Pa., to San Francisco, Calif. She was afraid the child might not like Western sand.

As professional long-distance movers, we take such requests in our stride. We move, without comment, rocks, anvils, or sand just as tenderly as priceless antiques. Sometimes, though, we can't help thinking that customers are a mite unreasonable in their demands.

Take the middle-aged spinster who recently asked us to move her furniture from a Detroit, Mich., apartment to a bungalow near Miami, Fla. She was most cordial when our movers arrived at the apartment to pack and load her belongings, but became almost hysterical when they started wrapping chairs, tables, and other articles in the "coveralls" which are used to protect furniture during transit.

"Stop!" she cried in horror. "Those covers—they've been used before. I won't have my nice things wrapped in quilts which have been used on other people's nasty old furniture!" The driver did his best to soothe the lady's ruffled feelings. The coveralls were clean, he pointed out, but naturally they had been used before. It would be impossible, he explained, to provide brand-new covers for every shipper. "But I don't blame you for being mighty particular about your things," he added. "They're beautiful!"

That appeased the woman slightly. She even gave the driver a faint smile. But all the time he was loading she kept muttering to herself about the covers.

FEW customers are as unreasonable as that, but some are even more fussy. Some years ago a retired librarian hired one of our agents to move her effects from a town in Michigan to one in Arkansas. She had comparatively little furniture and was not greatly concerned about most of it, but was enormously finicky about a combination radio-phonograph she had recently bought. After it was packed in the van to her satisfaction, she patted it lovingly before the mover covered it. Then an alarming thought struck her.

"Suppose," she said to the driver, "that robbers break into your van and steal my phonograph?"

The driver reminded her that her goods were insured and added that, in all his years of experience, he had never

heard of a furniture van being broken into on the road.

"But it might happen," the librarian said. "Or you might get highjacked—or some criminal might drive away with your van while you're in one of those roadside diners."

In the end, believe it or not, she insisted on riding in the van to protect her treasure—and the driver permitted her to do so. This would not be allowed today, because federal regulations prohibit passengers from riding in interstate vans, but rules were less strict in those days. The old lady rode all the way to Arkansas sitting in an easy chair in the van. She was tired at the end of the journey, but there was a triumphant light in her eyes, for she had completed what she considered a very risky undertaking—escorting her beloved phonograph to its destination without harm.

WOMEN are ordinarily more concerned about moving their possessions, I've found, than men. Probably they have more intimate daily contact with their household goods. But men, too, have their overanxious moments.

I recall particularly a successful businessman, the president of a coal company. For a number of years he had his offices in a skyscraper in the Wall Street district of New York, but not long ago he decided to move his headquarters to his company's mine in Pennsylvania, and engaged our company to transport his massive office furniture there.

A choleric man of gruff manners, he was highly mistrustful of our driver and his assistant when they started taking the furniture from his office. He watched their every move and rode up and down in the freight elevator with them. He gave them to understand that, if he only put his hand to it, he could do a much better job of moving than they could.

When the van was loaded he told the driver that he would be at the Pennsylvania mine when the furniture arrived. "Ask for me personally," he said, "and don't unload a stick until you see me. I'll supervise the job at that end."

He supervised it, all right. When the furniture reached the mine, where it was to be placed in second-story offices of a two-story building, he waved the driver and his helper to one side and started bellowing orders to a gang of steel riggers and coal miners. These men got the furniture out on the ground, brought a locomotive-drawn steel crane snorting to the scene, wrapped heavy rope slings around the furniture, and hoisted it through a window from which the sash had been removed. Just like that, and it was all over!

The speed with which the job was accomplished gratified the coal tycoon very much, but when he looked at his furniture he was anything but happy. The ropes had chewed much of the finish off his expensive desk, the glass doors of a bookcase were smashed, and two chairs had broken legs. After viewing the damage and cussing a blue streak, he turned on the driver and his assistant who were standing nearby. "Hey, you," he roared, "come here!"

Our men thought he might try to place the blame for the damages on them, but he proved a gentleman. Grinning sheepishly, he said he guessed he didn't know much about moving furniture, after all, and gave both of them handsome tips.

Many people ask for trouble simply because they won't let the movers do their moving for them. The handling and transportation of household goods has become a highly specialized skill during recent years, and it is one which is best left to trained and experienced experts.

The operators of vans for all the big, long-distance moving lines are carefully selected men. In our company they must not only be fine truck drivers, but must pass a number of psychological tests before they are considered for employment. Those chosen are then given special training in furniture handling, packing, loading, record keeping, and customer relations.

Many long-distance drivers, moreover, are what we call owner-operators. They own the towing tractors with which the big trailer vans are pulled, and are paid on a percentage basis, their income depending upon the weight of the cargoes hauled and the number of miles traveled. On the average, owner-operators have an investment of from $4,000 to $8,000 in their tractors and earn between $6,000 and $10,000 a year.

These drivers are thus responsible businessmen, like the independent sea captains of years gone by. Some of them carry assistants with them, but ordinarily they travel alone and hire helpers, who are also experienced movers, at the points where they load and unload. They travel from place to place on the orders of our dispatchers and customarily sleep in their tractors or at roadside motels, but most of them are family men who get home for a few days on an average of once every six weeks.

I know one driver who always carries a Tuxedo in his tractor with him. He is a great music lover, and when he is in a city where an opera company or symphony orchestra is playing, he dresses up and attends.

IF YOU are contemplating a long-distance move, you should call the moving company several days or preferably two weeks before the day you wish to leave. Otherwise, you may not get service as promptly as you desire it.

In addition to calling the movers well ahead of time, it is also advisable to be honest with them. Some people seem to think that if they don't tell the salesman about certain objects they intend to put in the van on moving day, and he doesn't include them in his estimate, they won't have to pay for moving them. That is a false idea.

Under rules laid down by the Interstate Commerce Commission, all long-distance moving rates are governed by the weight of the goods moved, not by their bulk or the number of objects. The vans are weighed before and after loading, and the price you pay is based on the poundage of the cargo and the distance it is moved. Thus the estimate which the salesman gives you is only an estimate. If you sneak a ton of lead into the van you will have to pay for its transportation just the same.

A Maine housewife who was going to Los Angeles, Calif., to live recently contemplated moving a 100-pound bag of potatoes in one of our vans. She had paid $2 for the potatoes and thought it would be good economy to take them along, until the salesman explained to her that moving the potatoes across the continent would cost $18.

Long-distance moving rates are uniform, like railroad freight rates, but they vary depending upon the distance to be moved. They are always lower per mile for long moves than short ones. Let us assume that you wish to move a gas range weighing 175 pounds. It will cost you $8.75 to move the range 500 miles, $18 to move it 1,500 miles, $30.77 to move it 3,012 miles, which is the distance from New York to San Francisco. As these figures indicate, it is cheaper to move most household articles even from coast to coast than to buy new ones.

If you are planning to replace an old article with a new one, however, you should think twice before moving it.

A SHORT time ago a friend of mine who is planning to move from Indiana to Oregon, told me he intended to take his old billiard table with him. "It's getting pretty beat up," he said, "but I'll sell it when I get there and buy a new one."

His decision was not a sound one, obviously, and I told him so. If you're going to sell anything of considerable weight, such as a billiard table, stove, or refrigerator, it is wiser to do so *before* moving than afterward. It costs nothing to carry money across country in your pocket, but the price of shipping heavy items of worn-out household equipment often exceeds the amount they will bring secondhand after you've reached your new place of residence.

You can make your moving almost entirely painless, if you choose, by having the movers do all the packing and unpacking for you. They will come the day you move, or the day before, with barrels, cartons, wardrobes, coveralls, and everything else required, and do the job for you. The price of a complete packing job for a 500-mile move amounts to about 10 per cent of the cost of moving. For a longer trip, the percentage is less. If you avail yourself of this packing service, you don't have to be present when your belongings are moved out of your old home or into your new one. You simply give instructions as to when you want to be moved and where, leave the key of your old home with a neighbor, and provide a chart for the movers to follow in setting up your furniture in your new abode.

In one typical case of this kind which we handled recently, a young couple who were moving from Houston, Texas, to Cleveland, Ohio, went on a Caribbean cruise while they were being moved. The wife left everything in their Houston home just as it was. She was in such a rush at the time, as a matter of fact, that she didn't even bother to wash the dishes.

The movers washed the dishes before

MOVING HINTS

Suggested by the Author

BEFORE YOU MOVE: Notify your electric, gas, water, and telephone companies, so they can shut off service at the time you wish. Ask your postman or post office for a change-of-address card. Notify your life-insurance companies, newspaper office, magazine companies, and the stores where you have charge accounts, of your change of address. Ask your physician and dentist to recommend doctors in the community which is your destination.

IF YOU DO YOUR OWN PACKING, observe the following rules:

CHINAWARE AND GLASSWARE: Use strong containers, preferably barrels, and place a 2- or 3-inch cushion of shredded paper or excelsior at the bottom. Pack the heaviest pieces on the bottom, wrapping each separately with paper, and stuffing the sides of the barrel with packing material. Plates and saucers should be packed *on edge*, not flat, and a layer of cushioning material placed between each layer of dishes.

KITCHEN UTENSILS: Use strong cartons, boxes, or barrels. Wrap in newspapers and pack snugly, with heaviest articles, such as electric mixers, at the bottom.

FOODSTUFFS: Pack upright in boxes or cartons, with lids or tops of food containers tightly in place. Topless jars or bottles containing liquids should not be shipped by van. Not more than 24 cans or 18 quart jars of canned fruit should be placed in one box.

BEDDING: Blankets, comforters, pillows, and towels should be used to fill chests and dressers. The movers will wrap and handle your mattresses.

CLOTHES: Leave suits, coats, dresses, and other garments on hangers in closets. The movers will hang them in special wardrobes with which long-distance moving vans are equipped.

DRAPES: Place them on clothes hangers, too. The movers will put them in wardrobes with clothes.

LAMPS: The bases of large table lamps should be packed in boxes or barrels. If they are small, they may be wrapped and packaged in chests and dresser drawers. Wrap each lamp shade carefully. Tea towels are better than newspapers for this purpose. Pack in strong carton.

PICTURES AND MIRRORS: Large ones should be crated, but small pictures and mirrors may be packed between bedding in trunks, chests, or dressers. Each should be wrapped before packing.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS: It is best to leave records in albums and pack in strong boxes, but if you have extra records, place paper dividers between them and wrap in newspapers. Then put them into a box on edge, not flat.

FURNITURE AND RUGS: Leave these to the movers, who will take your beds apart and wrap each piece of living-room and dining-room furniture before placing it in the van. They will roll your rugs and pack them in canvas containers.

placing them in barrels, stripped the linens off the beds, and packed everything, from the wife's intimate garments to the husband's fishing rods. When the couple completed their cruise and went to Cleveland, they found everything in their new home in perfect order, with each article in the place they had prescribed for it on a chart. About all they had to do was hang a few pictures and drapes.

If you are not going to be present when the movers arrive to load your belongings, however, you should be sure you don't leave behind anything which they are forbidden to move.

Not long ago a family which had already departed for its destination by car left behind two Great Dane dogs chained to a doghouse in the yard. They growled at the movers when they arrived and kept them at a distance. But when the lady next door came out to give the movers the house key, she announced the dogs were to be moved with the other furniture.

"You can just tie the doghouse on top of your van," she said sweetly, "and put them in it. They love to ride."

But the Great Danes didn't get the delightful open-air trip which she and their owners had anticipated. The moving men informed the lady that ICC regulations prohibit the transportation of livestock of any kind in or on interstate vans. The dogs eventually were crated and shipped by express. Even if the law did not forbid it, animals could not be moved humanely in airtight modern vans. They would probably suffocate on long journeys.

As your goods are loaded into a long-distance van, the driver makes an inventory of each article and jots down a description of its condition. You are given a copy of this statement, and if an article is lost, destroyed, or injured in moving, you can collect damages up to the amount of 30 cents per pound per article. This limitation of liability is known as the release value, and is in accordance with ICC regulations. It offers meager protection for some lightweight articles of high value, but you can purchase additional trip transit insurance at nominal cost. Cash, jewelry, and precious stones are not insurable, but few of us have so many of these things that we need to ship them by van.

Losses are not heavy, considering the vast amount of goods moved, and usually there is no difficulty adjusting claims for damages. Now and then, however, some people make odd claims.

A FEW months ago three wooden clothesline props were lost during a shipment we made from Pittsburgh, Pa., to St. Louis, Mo. The housewife owning the props was highly indignant and demanded $37.50 for each of them. They were "specially constructed" clothesline props, she maintained, and worth every cent of that amount.

While a settlement was pending, it so happened that the missing props were found. They had been tied underneath the van and forgotten. To our eyes they looked just like most other clothesline props—plain sticks of wood with notches cut in one end—but we took especial pains to return them promptly to the customer. I'm afraid she has never forgiven us for doing so.

But that woman was entirely unlike most of our customers. While a good many people become upset and behave queerly when they are on the move, I have found that over 99 per cent of them are completely honest.

Most customers are also highly rational, but a few have curious superstitions. Some people refuse to move on a Friday. Others won't permit an old broom to be moved in any circumstances. One woman whom we moved recently wouldn't let a piece of furniture be placed in her new home until she had gone through the house and sprinkled a bit of sugar in every room.

I suppose she thought the sugar would make life sweeter in her new home than it would be otherwise. I don't know. After all my years in the business there are still some things about moving and the moving public which I don't understand.

But there is one thought I would like to leave with any readers who are shipping their goods across country this August, or planning to do so later. It is simply this: Relax and let the movers do your moving for you. For those who take it easy, long-distance moving is very easy, indeed.

THE END ★★

The Thin Thread

(*Continued from page 25*)

spell. This sun is so good after what we've been havin'." The older woman looked candidly at Alice. "Your time's near, Alice Mowery. You'd better come home with me. You can have the cabin in back. It's close to the house an' I can hear you call."

"Next month. There's still a little time. I do plan to accept your kind help, Sarah. There's no one else I'd turn to."

"Then not more than another week or so. You hear me an' mind!"

Alice nodded, feeling the confidence and sense of security that this large woman gave her. Sarah Cowpers had been the first of the established settlers to call on her, a motherly, energetic woman who welcomed the new settlers with the fullness of a large heart. She and her husband had helped them all, and even now Will Cowpers was sawing the timbers and planks for frame houses that would replace the log cabins so hurriedly put up.

"'Twas a lonesome place before you people came," Sarah told Alice. "It's mighty good to hear the rings of axes an' bells on other people's cattle."

She lifted a hand to shade her eyes and looked toward Samuel Riskin's place half a mile down the hill. "You can't see Sam down there 'cause of trees," she said. "Does he visit often?"

"Almost every day and he does the heavy chores. Tom Quentin's helped, too."

The older woman nodded sagely. "We've good men in the valley." She was quiet a few seconds and then said, "But Tom Quentin's better for you, Alice."

"I haven't thought about it, Sarah. Joshua . . ." She turned her head quickly to hide a sudden upsurge of tears.

Sarah Cowpers leaned forward and a large, capable hand covered one of the girl's. "Now, Alice, I didn't mean to stir you. What's gone is gone, an' we both know that. It's better we face things as they are an' plan accordin'."

"Yes, I expect you're right, Sarah."

"An' there's two men you'll eventually have to consider. Sam Riskin and Tom Quentin. I think you should be thinkin' toward Tom Quentin."

Alice firmly dried her tears. "Sarah, you sound as if you know something. I mean, about Samuel Riskin."

"Likely nothin' you don't know yourself, Alice. Nothin' any discernin' woman wouldn't know an' feel, an' be the more restless about him for it.

"He's a restless man," Sarah said. "A strong man with a hunger for the things he hasn't had yet, an' the impatience to get at them quick. He's tryin' hard to settle, but he's not yet certain, and he won't be till the hunger's gone."

"Sarah's right," Alice thought. "Samuel is restless and unsettled. That's why he disturbs me. It has to be that. I mustn't let it be anything else."

She said, "He'll marry Sally Hunsaker or Mary Lou Campbell or one of the others. He still sees them, doesn't he?"

"As much as they can manage it!" Sarah laughed. "But 'twon't do them any good. Not if I know Sam Riskin. Besides . . ." She hesitated, and then said, "He was talkin' to Will of the gold strike in California. Will says Sam had the restless look in his eyes. Says he'll bet his bottom dollar Sam Riskin pulls up an' off for California."

Alice felt a cold chill and then a self-anger that Sarah's information could mean so much to her. "Maybe he should go," she said. "Maybe it's best for him."

Sarah shook her head. "That isn't what you mean, child. An' I know what you mean, but you have to think things through. An' if I can help you, I will. Now let's go in and fix tea. It's cloudin' again. We'll have rain tonight."

Samuel Riskin came again at dusk. He brought in extra wood and spent more time with the chores.

"Real storm brewing," he said.

Alice stared into the fireplace flames and her eyes brooded in the quiet, inward depths of her thoughts.

"You're all right?" he asked, concerned.

"I was thinking about you, Samuel."

He smiled. "Waste of time."

"Are you going to California to look for gold?"

He glanced at her and the smile faded a little. "Who told you that, Alice?"

"Sarah was here this afternoon. She said that you're talking about it."

"I've been thinking about it," he admitted.

"Some men have to get the restlessness out of their blood."

"You mean you think I should go down there?"

"I don't know. Maybe I think you should settle down here. Maybe you should be married, Samuel. To Sally or Mary Lou. You ought to be building your future."

He laughed. "Every woman's a matchmaker at heart!"

"I'm just thinking of your own good, Samuel!" she said lightly.

"And I'm thinking of some girl's own good," he said. "It wouldn't work. A woman couldn't share things with me."

"What's things?"

He stared into the fire. "I guess the things I know and feel. The restlessness that comes from them. The liking for danger, maybe. Fighting to keep alive—not just fighting to clear a field. Like the winter I was lost in the mountains with the cold half freezing me. With just a thin thread of life that kept me going. The time in the Dakotas when the Sioux caught us in a draw and only two of us lived—the arrow in my shoulder. A woman doesn't know things like that. A man's like the outdoors of nature, and a woman's the indoors. She doesn't know how thin that thread of life can be, nor all that goes with it. There's nothing like that to share with a woman."

"But you left soldiering, Samuel. You left all that and took a claim out here."

"I'll tell you something, Alice. I can tell you because you're the only one who's got no strings on me here. The others expect something from me as a right, whether it's in responsibility to the settlement, or being a husband to one of the girls. You're different."

She watched him silently, waiting.

"I'll probably go down to California," he said. "It's too soft for me here. There's nothing to bind me to this. It isn't that they're not fine people here. They are, Alice. *They'll* build this country, not men like me. We may blaze the trails, but we won't build too much. I was wrong about the building last night."

"So you're going," she said.

"In April or May. When the weather's cleared. But I'd appreciate your not telling anyone, Alice."

"I won't," she said softly. "I won't tell, Samuel." . . .

She wept that night. Long after the fire had become smoldering embers and the storm had descended upon the valley she wept quietly, and lay with clenched hands, trying to find sleep and telling herself that she shouldn't weep, that there was no reason for her to weep, because she had no right to think of anything nor anyone but the living part of her beneath her heart, and the future she must plan and build.

When she slept, it was a restless sleep. Outside the cabin the wind mounted high, until the towering trees swayed and dead branches snapped and cracked. The rain became a furious downpour that tore at the soil.

Near the cabin two immense firs swayed in the violence of the gale as it crossed the clearing. Roots stirred and strained and water crept down in the loosened soil and its firmness became moist and lax.

Then the larger of the firs swayed with the wind, trembled, and crashed down upon the cabin in a tremendous roar. The roof gaped wide to the storm.

Alice awakened instantly and screamed. A tree branch lanced the bed. Rain dripped into her face. The tree rolled and settled and a branch raked an arm. The ferocity of the storm broke into renewed wildness. Alice felt her way out of the bed in a terrifying panic. She clutched the wet quilt about her and crawled along the wall until she found the doorway in the lea side of the storm. Somehow she got it open and stumbled out of the cabin. She had to go down hill to Samuel Riskin's place.

She opened her eyes to light, and she was warm with dry blankets over her. She looked up into Samuel Riskin's worried face.

"Good," he said. "It's all right, Alice. I got worried and went up. I found you on the hill."

She stared at him, and her eyes opened wide as pain seized her in agonizing sharpness. She clutched his hands and tried to stifle a scream. Her teeth bit into her lips. Then it was easier and her fingers were stiff as she released them from his.

"Samuel . . . oh, Samuel . . ." she whispered.

"You're hurt! You're—"

She shook her head. "It's my time.

Samuel. It's come. You'll have to help . . ."

"But I don't know—" His eyes widened and now she felt his hands tighten on hers.

"Listen, Samuel . . . I'll tell you. Now, while there's time. I helped with Rebecca. You'll need hot water . . . you'll need to know . . ."

She shut her eyes tightly, for the pain was upon her again and there was little time left. "Do as I tell you, Samuel! You have to!"

She heard quick movements in the cabin, and the raging storm, and she clenched her hands again in pain.

"Samuel! Samuel!"

"I'm here, Alice . . ."

Hours later she recognized Sarah's cheerful voice. The roar of the storm was gone and there was the smell of fresh coffee. A great exhaustion was through her, and pain was numb now, the sharpness gone.

A new sound found its own level in the quiet, busy noise of activity, and she listened to the baby's cry. Staring at the ceiling, she weakly called for Sarah Cowpers.

Sarah came to her with her wealth of comfort and cheerfulness.

Her eyes sparkled. "A boy, Alice! A lovely boy!"

Alice held the small, warm creature in her arms and the strangeness went away as the creature became the true, living reward of her ordeal. She looked up and her eyes searched beyond Sarah's face to Samuel's. He was drawn and tired. A tightness was about his mouth and his eyes were dark. He smiled and nodded.

"Good girl," he said softly.

"Thank you, Samuel . . . thank you . . ."

He looked down at the baby and shook his head a little. "Reckon I could stand another cup of coffee," he said ruefully. . . .

A few days later Sarah Cowpers laughed at Alice Mowery's protests. "Land sakes! You can't go back to your cabin till Will and the others fix it up. Besides, you need lookin' after for a spell. You're bringin' the baby to our place."

So the small cabin by the frame house became Alice's temporary home.

She frequently saw Tom Quentin and Samuel Riskin. The two men, so opposite in manner, were good friends. Riskin respected the affection in Tom Quentin's eyes for Alice, and he was careful never to encroach upon his visits, sometimes sending Alice and Tom off for a walk while he looked after the baby, for whom he displayed a proprietary affection.

Once Alice had tried to talk about the night of the storm, but he had silenced her.

"Don't try to thank me, Alice. I ought to thank you for making me keep a level head. I don't know how you did it . . . you had enough without telling me what to do."

A furious blush had burned her face. She had wanted somehow to thank him for the stature of his help without bringing to mind the fundamental starkness of those hours.

They had never mentioned it again and with the increased activities of spring work she saw less of Samuel Riskin. Somehow, though, Tom Quentin found time to visit her more often.

True to her request, he waited for her decision, showing an honest affection for the baby and a constant concern for Alice's health.

"He fusses over you," Sarah Cowpers said. "Alice, has he asked you yet?"

"I haven't given my answer, Sarah."

Sarah nodded. "It'll take a little waitin'."

April brought relief from the storms, and by May the country was in full flowering of the season. Will Cowpers recruited help and the men began the repair work on Alice's cabin.

One evening Alice sat with Sarah and Will on the porch of the Cowpers' large house. The night was warm and filled with the fragrance of new grass.

Samuel Riskin came out of the half-light that preceded the moonrise and greeted them. He sat on the top step and leaned back against a post. "I've come to say good-by," he said bluntly.

Alice saw Sarah Cowpers look at her in the sudden quiet. Finally Will Cowpers spoke: "California, Sam?"

"In the morning."

Sarah said, "You certainly made up your mind in a hurry, Sam Riskin. You might've told us!"

"I wasn't certain until yesterday. Weather's all right now. Traveling should be good."

Alice said softly, "We'll miss you, Samuel." She wondered if they could hear the pounding of her heart or see the paleness she knew was in her face.

Later, after he had made his farewells to the Cowpers, Alice walked with him in the warm night beneath a rising moon.

"You'll be all right," he said. "You'll probably marry Tom. He's a good man, Alice."

"I'm not thinking of that yet, Samuel."

He smiled. "But you will eventually. You're pretty and fine. You'll make him a good wife."

"Is prettiness necessary?"

"A man wants a comely wife."

"At least you would. Is that it, Samuel?"

He laughed softly. "If I wanted a wife."

They walked along a stream and the moon was so full that the fields looked white. They stopped at a fence and faced each other.

"Samuel—do you have to go?" she asked.

"I'm too restless to stay."

"They'll miss you. They look to you here."

"I don't want that. I want to be a free man."

"You want to live dangerously—where the thread of life is thin, as you told me once. That's it?"

"You can say it that way."

"The thread of life can be very thin, Samuel. You and I know that."

She looked away and heard him take a deep, quick breath. Before he could speak, she turned to him and smiled.

"I'd rather say good-by now, Samuel. Thank you again now. Before I shed

"No, Roger, he doesn't mean that kind of freedom of opportunity"

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tears. And—and I hope you find whatever you're seeking down there."

Then, almost hurriedly, she stood on her toes and kissed him. His hands came to her shoulders and held her.

"Good-by, Samuel."

"Good-by, Alice. Take good care of the young one. I've a personal interest in him."

She turned and ran quickly to the small cabin. . . .

Samuel Riskin's going caused comment and shaking of heads among the neighbors.

Some dismissed it as the restlessness of an unsettled man and said they'd expected it. A few talked of following him, but none with conviction.

Tom Quentin stoically accepted his friend's departure.

"Do you think he'll come back?" Alice asked carefully.

"It's not probable," he told her. "It takes more than a few acres an' good crops to settle a man like Sam. He's got to find somethin' that's greater than his restlessness."

"Maybe a woman," Alice said.

Tom smiled slowly. "She'd have to be better'n Sally Hunsaker or Mary Lou Campbell. Both tried hard enough. No, it'd have to be somethin' special in a woman." He looked at her with his frank appraisal. "A woman like you, perhaps. Sometimes I wondered—"

"Oh, Tom! That's silly talk!" She quickened her step a little as they walked through the evening.

They came to the deep shadows of trees and he stopped her and faced her with his hands on her arms.

"I'm not good with words, Alice," he said softly. "I can't say the things I think, but I guess it's no news to you that I love you."

She looked up at him and saw his sincerity as he drew her to him, and his lips were gentle on hers. Suddenly she was thankful for the warm assurance of a man's arms, not realizing how much she had missed them.

"You'll tell me soon, Alice?" he whispered.

"When I'm sure, Tom. Maybe in the summer."

"It's all right," he said. "I'll wait."

"Maybe I'm not fair to ask you . . ."

"You're not to think that. I'm satisfied to take chances an' wait."

They returned to the frame house and Tom said good night. Inside she saw the baby sleeping near where Sarah sewed. She watched Tom Quentin walk into the night and she remembered the feel of his lips and arms and tried to think how it would be as Tom's wife.

"I'm not sure," she thought. "I can't be sure yet, but I can't keep him waiting. I'll decide. I'll decide by August."

By August she should know her own mind, she assured herself. By August there might be word from Samuel Riskin.

"But there won't be," she told herself. "There'll be no word. And there's not just myself now. Sarah's right. I should be thinking about Tom Quentin." . . .

Shaded from the heat of the summer afternoon, Alice sat beneath the lone fir tree and sewed quietly. Occasionally she looked at the door of her cabin that the men had repaired, and listened for the baby, but there was no sound to show that he had awakened.

After a time her fingers rested idly in her lap and she gazed down the hill at Samuel Riskin's deserted place.

There had been no word from him. There probably would never be. To a man like Samuel Riskin only the trail ahead was important. The old lands were quickly forgotten.

She smiled to herself and remembered what Sarah had said about his restlessness: A woman "would be the more restless about him for it."

Well, the restlessness must be forgotten. The things at hand were important. Tom Quentin was coming to dinner, and she had to decide what to tell him tonight, because he had waited patiently and he had a right to know.

She went to the cabin and looked at the baby. He slept quietly, his cheeks firm and round in his babyhood.

She thought, "It's not hard to reconcile for his sake."

She turned away to start the dinner and realized that someone stood in the doorway. "Oh, Tom! I didn't expect you—"

Then she recognized the lean silhouette, and the man's voice was quiet and warm: "Hello, Alice."

"Samuel! Samuel Riskin!"

He laughed a little and came in. For a few seconds he looked at her and then at the baby in the cradle.

"That's a fine baby, Alice. He's growing big. I like that."

She saw the weather-stained clothing, and the thin hardness that had come to him from travel. When he turned to her again he was smiling.

"It didn't mean anything any more," he said. "Living dangerously, and blazing trails, and staying close to that thin thread of life that we talked about. A woman knows that thin thread better than any man. Yet she can settle down in a place. You taught me that, Alice. I had to come back."

He shook his head. "And I've been afraid," he said. "First time in my life. Maybe I had no right to be afraid about you and Tom, but I was."

Suddenly Alice laughed softly in the joy of unexpected happiness. She stood erect and proud and knew that she was lovely in his eyes. "You had every right to be afraid, Samuel Riskin," she said. "And it's time you came!"

"It's time I settled," he said simply.

She looked into his eyes and waited, wanting him to come to her; to make the home-coming complete to the last step, for only then would she ever be completely sure.

For just a second he hesitated. She knew that this was his instant of farewell to a man's restlessness, and that some day the name of Riskin—their children, and their children's children—would be part of the Oregon country's heritage.

And, knowing this, she was content to wait until he nodded, a short, decisive nod, and came to take her in his arms.

THE END ★★

A Wall Between

(*Continued from page* 16)

if he couldn't sell or even keep the place rented. You won't scare away these tenants, though. They're determined folks, specially that John—but you'll see. Matter of fact, they're moving in tonight." He stood up. "So long, Marty. Come see me when you're ready to sell."

Left alone, Marty began a survey of what remained of her home. But everywhere were the locked doors that had stood spaciously open until three days ago, when Matt had closed his share of the house and cleared the rooms. They gave her a sense of contracted living, and she fled into the wide garden.

The April twilight was misty there. Marty saw her mother approaching, followed by Matt, a tall young man.

Alicia Gill spoke nervously: "Marty dear, here's Matt! Paying us a little call." She veered past Marty toward the kitchen. Food was Alicia's solution to every problem. "I'm getting coffee."

"Hi, Matt," said his twin. "Did you come to view the remains?"

"Just the outside." Matt settled on the doorstep. "Your half of the roof-tree might fall on me."

"Could you blame it? With you trying to sell the homestead that's always belonged to us Gills!"

"Belonged to us?" Matt laughed. "We belonged to it. Patch the roof, mend the hearth, paint—"

"Only, you never would," Marty broke in.

"Children, don't fuss!" Alicia Gill was back with the coffee. "Almond shortbread, too," she beamed. "There!"

Marty sipped coffee while her mind groped for a loose end to the tangle Matt had made. But a sound from the house interrupted, and the crash that followed brought her to her feet.

"Front door," Matt said. "There they are!"

Marty ran to peer round a corner of the house. Out front a battered car stood parked, and people were scrambling down. They called to one another, but it took Marty several minutes to realize why she couldn't understand a word they said.

She was trembling so that her coffee spilled when she came back. "Foreigners! Matt, you planned this?"

"With Pliny's help." He rose lazily. "See now why you'd better sell out?"

"Nobody gets my home," Marty said. "Here I stay."

"And here I go," Matt laughed, heading for the gate.

Marty turned to her mother, but

Alicia was nibbling shortbread. "Foreign talk," Alicia murmured. "Sounds almost like real words, that you'd understand if you tried."

Marty went indoors, but the noise of the moving-in haunted her there. Upstairs and down, it came through the cracks and keyholes of the locked doors. Voices came too, a deep voice and a drawler, like major and minor themes. Small piping tones made grace notes.

Marty groaned. "Children, too!"

She fled away early to bed. Noises still sounded in the front room adjoining, but she pulled the covers over her ears. Troubled sleep was beginning to take her, when two loud thuds brought her awake and raging again.

"Noise, noise!" Marty shouted. "These foreigners!"

"How about you?" said a voice from the front room.

Marty stared at the wall. *The deep voice,* she noted mechanically. "Uh, do you speak English?"

"Languages, that's what I've got," said the voice. "And they've lots of words for the racket you just made. But they all mean, *loud.*"

"Sorry," Marty said icily. "All I want is peace."

"Just like me," sighed the voice. "Let's have it. No more noise over here," it reassured her. "Those last thumps were my shoes falling. Well, good night."

And it sounded so pleasant, Marty had to choke back an answering good night. . . .

Next morning she was up early. She found Alicia in the kitchen, primed with news:

"Marty, the man next door says—"

"Mother, you've not been talking to those—those—"

"Novaks," Alicia finished. "Paul Novak was the one I spoke to. Drawls but I understand him. He's been in this country thirty years. Then there's his nephew, John, born here. Makes him difficult, Paul says. And there's the children, Stefan and Maria."

Marty sniffed at the kitchen air as her mother chattered.

"Stefan's five, Maria's eleven. They were sent over from Europe about a year ago, to Paul and John. They're a couple of bachelors, but the only folks the children have left."

Marty sniffed again. "Mother, what were you baking?"

"Darling, children always like—" Alicia looked smilingly at the regiment of gingerbread men on the cake rack, then beyond to the open kitchen door. "See? I knew that smell would fetch them! Hi, Stefan."

Marty herself smiled at the round little boy in the doorway, eyes blue as his new overalls. Behind him the taller Maria looked narrow as a pin. Narrow hands clutched a battered suitcase, narrow eyes stared darkly. They didn't belong in her family quarrel, Marty reflected. She stepped closer to the children, holding out her hand.

Dark eyes flamed. "You let us be!"

"What—?" Marty began; then she yelped and staggered. Maria had swung the suitcase against her shins in a swift blow, and leaped past her into the kitchen. Alicia gasped as the narrow hands scooped up gingerbread men.

But Marty had regained her balance. She caught up Stefan and grabbed Maria's wiry shoulder. "You two are moving on. Rude young ones don't belong here."

Maria had all the gingerbread men now, so she didn't resist as Marty marched her round to the front of the house. Long wails floated out there, for a large man sat in the front hall squeezing an accordion. Under a wide mustache he wore a dreamy smile.

Marty strode in and set the children before him, but they scampered off down the hall. He bowed sweepingly. "Our neighbor," he drawled. "Welcome, gracious lady!"

"I am here to complain," Marty began. "Of assault and battery. With a suitcase."

"Complaining?" He drew a moan from the accordion. "I am only Uncle Paul," he said then. "A musician and a dreamer. For complaints, see my nephew John. Right-hand door there."

Marty felt queer to be entering what had been the Gill library. Queerer still to see a tall stranger by the hearth, his dark head outlined against the cracked old Scripture tiles. The little blue-and-white people in those tiles were all old firelight companions of hers. Seeing them now in the hands of Matt's tenant brought acidity to Marty's tone: "If you're John Novak, I've come to complain."

He didn't look round, but she knew the deep voice: "Hold these, will you? I need a little help, working alone." Two halves of an Adam-and-Eve tile landed in her hand.

She didn't dare drop the fragile old tiles. "All right, but— Why don't you make your Uncle Paul do this?"

"Brings on his cough. He's allergic."

"To tiles?"

"No, to work. I guess every family's got a Paul."

Marty watched fascinated as he mixed china cement, took back Adam, and began fitting him into place. "Jonah and the whale need mending, too," she began, then remembered. "Listen; I'm here to complain. A case of assault and battery in our own house!"

"Lucky for me you came." He smiled round at her and took back Eve. "I needed a hand. Hi, Maria, you okay?"

Marty was suddenly aware of the children standing near.

"Okay." Maria's hard stare never left Marty.

John was eying her, too. "What's this about assault and battery in the home?"

Marty was stern: "Maria here—"

"No," cried Maria. "*She* did it!"

"But you said you wanted more milk. Here's the way your note reads: 'We don't want no more milk.'"

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"Did what?" he said in exasperation.

All at once Maria's stare wavered and her defiance collapsed. "Nothing," she sniffled, and ran from the room.

He persisted: "What'd Maria do? . . . Hey, don't you go running away, too!"

For Marty was in full retreat. "Nothing," she called back. "Nothing at all!"

Back in her own half of the house, she told Alicia that it was impossible to talk to foreigners.

Her mother sighed. "Poor child, perhaps she needed food."

"Certainly she isn't weak from hunger." Marty rubbed a bruised shin. "Let's try ignoring them." . . .

But that wasn't easy, as the sound of strangers kept sifting through cracks and keyholes. The noise was strongest evenings and week ends, John Novak's free time. He seemed to be very busy with hammer and saw, Marty thought with rising fear. Suppose he was tearing out the old paneling for Matt to sell! Her brother had spoken of doing that often enough. The fear nagged, until at last it sent her on a spying tour.

The lawn and house seemed empty in the drizzly May day, as Marty edged along under the front parlor windows. It was strange to feel that this familiar ground was enemy territory. She held her breath as she gripped a window sill and scrambled up to peer inside.

Marty pressed her face to the pane. Inside, the light shone gray, but the floor reflected it with the hint of gold that lies in the heart of old pine. Hard rubbing must have brought out that rich glow, Marty thought. There was the paneling, the same as ever. Or was it fresh with clean paint?

A voice spoke: "What you doing on our side?"

Marty almost toppled as she craned around, to see Maria on the ground below, suitcase shieldwise over her arm.

"I—I just looked in, Maria—"

Maria's voice rose in a howl: "John!"

"Maria, hush!" Marty commanded.

But there he was, coming in from the front hall. He crossed to the window and pushed up the sash.

"Won't you come in?" he said hospitably. "Sometimes I think the door's an easier way, though."

"Thanks, but I like a window," Marty laughed.

"Family tradition?"

"Straight from Great-uncle Tertius (Second-Story) Gill." She swung her legs in over the sill. "Housebreaking comes natural."

"And you like keeping tradition up? I heard you were keen on that."

"From the other Gill?" Marty's brows drew together. "What I can't see is why you are working for Matt. Taking a short lease on a property cut in half!"

"Well, you can say I wanted to live a while in a house I knew well."

"*Knew* well! My family's lived here for over a hundred years. How can a stranger—?" Marty stopped in bafflement as he smiled at her and said nothing. She flushed, and when she spoke again her voice was softer: "You haven't changed the place, anyway."

"I liked it fine the way it was."

"And you're freshened the paint and rubbed the floor down. That's what I always wanted to do here."

"It's not hard for anybody to paint and rub a little oil into old pine."

Marty's flush deepened. "I couldn't in this room, without Matt's consent. And he said no, always."

"Some folks do. Me, I like yes."

Seeing him there, darkly alien against the background she knew so well, roused a tangle of feeling in Marty. It was the wrong person doing the right work, she thought confusedly. But she warmed with pleasure at the result of his work.

Then she saw the panels of the locked doors, dingy and chipped as ever. "But you haven't painted them?"

"Oh, the doors," he said, without much interest. "No use bothering now. Later on, when I can keep them open—"

The words struck Marty like a shock of ice water. "What's that?" She sprang to her feet. "Then you're Pliny's client. You made the offer for the house?"

He shrugged.

Marty came a step nearer. "You're waiting till I'm ready to sell out, like my brother?"

"Twins *are* alike."

"Matt's two shades blonder," Marty said.

"What are you talking about?"

"We're not identical twins. You'll find that out, if you think I'll give up!"

And she was over the sill and running back to the Gill side before John Novak could answer. . . .

But now Marty found she had exchanged one fear for another. For John Novak continued to work as before, and the sound of his hammer was like a threat. It had the force of a man determined to get what he wanted. She'd have to try new tactics.

It took time working them out. But Marty's eyes were bright with combat when at last she sallied into the warmth of a June evening and marched on the Novak front. Uncle Paul was on the doorstep, rippling dance tunes from his accordion. "Painting some more," he answered Marty's query for John. "Saturday evening, he works. See now, maybe you can stop him."

"I'm here to try," Marty said.

John Novak was just finishing the library wainscot as she came up beside him. "Visiting again?" His voice was dry. Then pride in the job broke through. "Like it? It's the final coat."

The white paint looked smooth as birchbark, and Marty had a hard time hiding her admiration. But she managed a sigh. "How you do work!"

"Any objection?"

"It's no business of mine." Marty sighed again.

"I'm glad you agree with me." A spark lit his dark eyes. "So what ails you? I'm all ears."

Marty gathered her forces. "Conscience ails me. Seeing you waste strength on this place. And never warning you."

"That you won't sell?" He laughed. "You have, at the top of your lungs."

"That's conscience, too," she said. "Otherwise, I'd be helping Matt and Pliny to unload this wreck on a stranger."

"Stranger?" He frowned. "I was born half a mile from here. Pop was the Polak hired man on one of Pliny's farms. I passed your house every day on my way to school."

"And saw only the outside." Marty sniffed. "That's what they're counting on. Even living here a while won't show you all that's wrong. The work's endless."

"Well, I'm a workman," he said mildly. "Like the old boys who built the place. They put a lot of labor into building it. Why shouldn't I work keeping it up?"

Marty pressed on with her propaganda: "Fix one thing, and another will go. It's just a treadmill."

"And I'm on to stay." He grinned. "Built-in foot power. Even if I can't buy, Matt'll let me go on renting. I used to promise myself I'd live here. And I never let myself down."

The menace was open now, but Marty held the line. "You don't know what a burden property is," she lamented. "It'll make you an unpaid hired man all your days. Matt says—"

John Novak broke in harshly, "I'm not old stock like you and your brother. You can't scare me away with work. I'm a Polak, see? A pick-and-shovel Polak. You don't know us."

Flushed with fury, Marty tried to rally. But the accordion outside trilled, and she laughed instead. "A pick-and-shovel Polak," she said. "Like Paul?"

John Novak still frowned. But the accordion trilled more wildly, and he looked at Marty. "A Polak on Saturday night," he said, and caught her before she knew what was coming.

She'd seen pictures of Polish dances, but they'd given no idea of how it felt to be lifted and swung high. Spun like a top and swung low.

"I demand that you stop!" Marty gasped.

But the dance had reached a place where the girls are tossed, and her voice failed as she went flying high. She got an upside-down view of the room and John Novak's laughing face. Then he caught her deftly and began spinning again.

And then it was suddenly ended. The accordion was still playing, but John stopped in mid-spin. Decorously he set Marty on her feet.

Maria was watching him. "What are you doing?" she asked in a small voice.

John's smile was somehow defensive. "Just a little native dancing, Maria. See; my work's done."

Maria considered. Then she seemed to accept the explanation, and walked silently away, suitcase dangling.

"You're afraid of her," Marty said.

He mopped his brow with a paint-rag. "She reminds me of my grandmother. The old girl brought me up by hand. And hairbrush. She stood no nonsense. Maria's just like her."

"I've wondered why she carries that suitcase."

"She even keeps it by her bed at night." He shrugged. "Some game, maybe. Children have queer ones."

"But Maria never plays."

"Perhaps she left playing." And now his deep voice held the tone of a country far away: "Perhaps she gave that up, in order to keep Stefan. They wandered in some queer places before they were found and sent to us. But Maria kept Stefan safe."

The twilight had flowed round them as they talked, and the windows were oblongs of dim blue. Fireflies sparked in the blue, and the accordion sounded like an echo.

"She does all right in school," John said. "She picked up the language quickly, as children do. But still she doesn't play. And I've been wondering."

"Well?" Marty said as he hesitated.

"Suppose we showed her how to play? I could give a party on the Fourth of July—that's only ten days off. Ask in her school class, shoot off firecrackers."

"Don't forget sparklers for after dark." Marty was watching the fireflies.

"And rockets and Roman candles." His hand caught hers. "I'll do it! If you'll help?"

But Marty pulled free in dismay. "No," she cried. "Don't ask me to help you!" And this time she fled from John Novak like a wild animal escaping a snare. . . .

Marty stood alone in the Gill kitchen and frowned at the riot of the Fourth-of-July celebration echoing from the Novak side. It was past sundown, and the party on the front lawn was still going strong. She hadn't helped John Novak. He hadn't needed her. Getting up a children's party was a natural trap for Alicia Gill. Marty's mother was over there now, dishing out ice cream.

John's voice broke in on her thoughts: "Marty."

Her feeling of failure was too strong to let her answer. But he spoke again from the shadowy doorway. "Marty, have you seen Maria?"

She glanced at him sidelong, and saw his face dark with anxiety. "Maria? No, why should I?"

"I can't find her." His voice sharpened. "Run away from her own party, that's what she's done! Taken Stefi, too. I'd just tried out the first rocket, when I noticed they weren't around."

"She was there earlier—" Marty stopped. Not for a fortune would she let John Novak know she'd been watching his party from her window.

"There's no time for her to have gone far. And they didn't go out the gate, I was down there with my rockets. But I've looked all over our side, and no Maria. I thought maybe she and Stefi'd come to you."

"They wouldn't do that," Marty said glumly.

"It ought to be easy, finding two little kids," he said plaintively. "Only, I can't seem to! Why, what is it, Marty?"

For Marty was suddenly laughing. "Do you suppose they—? I thought nobody knew that place but me!"

She turned and ran, but John caught up with her at the foot of the back stairs. "Don't bother trying the attic. I looked all over. Nobody's there."

Marty laughed again, and began to climb. "You didn't live in this house when you were Maria's size. But I did. Come on!"

The back stairs wound up two steep flights, to bring Marty and John out on a long loft. There were no doors to lock here, and both sides had access to the place. The last of the light shone dimly on a clutter of books, and trunks lined round the walls.

Marty scrambled up on one of the trunks.

John stared. "Now what? Marty, don't tell me you're going to disclose the secret room, known only to the Gills!"

"Known only to little girls, Gills or Novaks," Marty said. "Look down where the roof gambrel juts out under the beams. Would you guess there was all this space behind?"

He peered in. "Why, it's like—"

"A little house with a sloping roof. Or having your own apartment." Marty smiled. "My favorite hiding-hole."

It was dim in the gambrel space, but they could see the small, stubborn figure of Maria. She crouched over with Stefi under one arm, the suitcase close under the other. There was something rebuking about her stillness.

Marty felt oddly apologetic. "Your cousin John was worried, Maria, so we just stopped by. How about coming back to the party?"

Maria never moved, but Stefi squirmed. "Party," he wailed. "Want to go-o-o."

Maria shook him. "Shut up, little fool," she whispered. "I keep you safe."

"How's that?" John said. "Safe?"

"From the noise," Maria explained. "Comes a big bang, everybody's killed. I remember." Her voice wavered.

"For Pete's sake, that rocket!" John groaned. "Why didn't I think?"

"So I hide Stefi," Maria finished.

John spoke slowly: "Big bangs don't always mean people are killed, Maria. Sometimes it's a sign they're doing fine. That they're here to stay, like us and the children at the party."

Maria looked up. "Safe?"

"Why don't you look?" he urged. "You'll find them all there."

Maria still hesitated. But her grip on Stefi had relaxed, and he broke free and ran for the stairs. She leaped after him and was gaining, when her suitcase tripped her and she fell headlong.

The suitcase crashed on the floor and jarred open. Marty stared down at it. Even in this dim light she could read the big letters on the boxes inside. "Maria," she said. "Crackers . . . cookies . . . are you hungry?"

"Not ever any more." Maria was up and examining the suitcase. Everything was safe, and she sighed with relief. "Stefi won't be, either."

Marty kept looking at the boxes. Soda crackers, graham crackers, Alicia Gill's gingerbread men clumsily wrapped in waxed paper.

"It's for when we move on," Maria said.

"You're not moving on." Marty felt oddly breathless.

"You got to, when there's no place you belong." Maria stated the fact flatly. "It's like you said."

Marty looked to John for help. But he was silent. She stared round the attic in confusion. "Maybe this is your place, Maria," she began, and stopped. Seeing the great beams overhead, built to shelter and protect, Marty knew that she was speaking the truth.

Surprise made her laugh. "I guess you children belong here as much as I do. Look how my hiding-hole fits you!" She reached a hand to Maria. "Run along to that party, and leave your suitcase with me. I'll keep it safe."

Maria looked at her without speaking. Then she closed the suitcase and slipped its handle into Marty's fingers.

John was smiling. "It's the first time I've ever seen her without that thing. She looks sort of incomplete, doesn't she?"

And perhaps it was being rid of her burden that gave Maria a child's swiftness of foot as she ran before them down the stairs to the twilight lawn. Alicia Gill was handing out sparklers there. "Better get one, hey?" John asked Maria.

She shrank back. Then she laughed in the high key of an excited small girl, and ran to join the other children.

John looked after her. "Too bad," he said, then.

"Why, I thought—" Marty was bewildered.

"Those things you said," he went on. "They pleased the child. But they're not true. We are moving on, Marty."

"What?" Marty stood frozen. The weight of Maria's moving-on suitcase seemed suddenly heavy. She set it on the grass.

"I am breaking my promise, after all," he said. "Tomorrow I'll tell Pliny that I withdraw my offer for this house."

This was victory, Marty was reminding herself. Now was the time to cheer, not to feel numb with cold. She spoke faintly: "Property's too much work. Matt was right."

"Matt's on a permanent vacation like Paul. No, Marty, what spoils this house is the neighbors."

Marty was silent.

"They get under my skin. One of them does, anyway. So a man can't have peace. And I wanted peace, remember? Like you?"

She'd have it now. The grave couldn't be more peaceful.

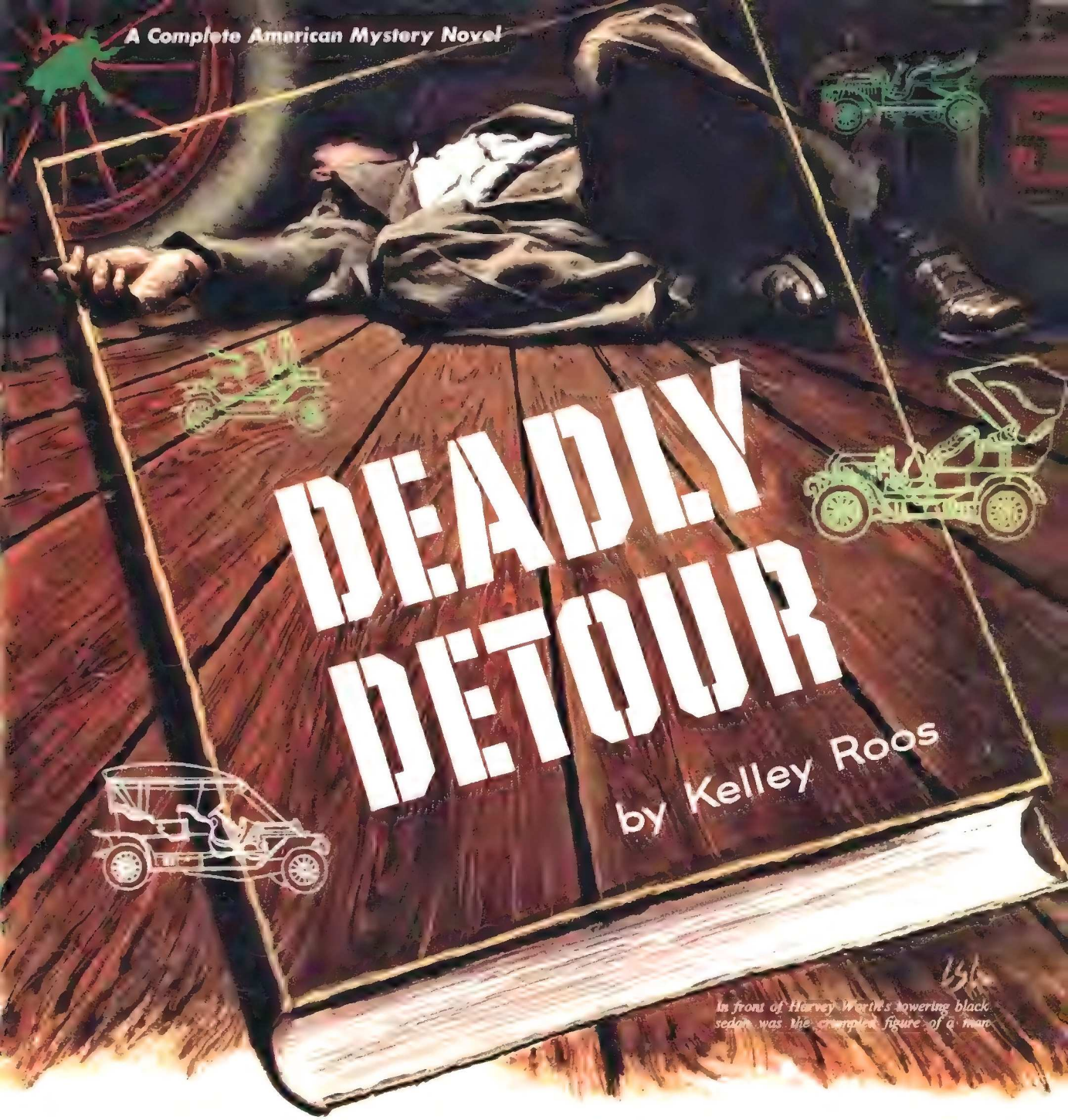
"Most of all, it's those doors Hearing you beyond them, Marty. Nearby, but you're locked away so I can't reach you—" Suddenly he was beside her, and Marty found herself in his arms.

Strange how a simple thing could change numbness and cold to warm life. How it could clear confusion, as a tangle unwinds when the right thread is touched. "There," John Novak said presently. "I've done it for once in my life, anyway."

He loosened his hold a little. But Marty stayed where she was. "Don't bother about the doors, John," she murmured. "We can keep them open, later on."

THE END★★

A Complete American Mystery Novel



In front of Harvey Worth's towering black sedan was the crumpled figure of a man.

The body lay in the antique car museum, and no one, not even the victim, knew what had driven the killer to murder

THE TRAFFIC COP blew three sharp blasts on his whistle and motioned violently, but he was grinning. The Saturday shoppers on the busy intersection's four corners were an audience enchanted by an unexpected comedy-drama of a day gone by. They craned their necks, shouted encouragement, and applauded the efforts of the show's leading lady.

Nancy Carter sat atop the ancient, high-wheeled horseless carriage and struggled desperately to get it into low gear. She cursed her audience for their rapt attention and blessed the long duster and wide-brimmed hat with its voluminous veil that hid her from their view. Then the stubborn gears responded, the Swensen Scat, model 1909, lurched

forward. A gasp of relief burst from Nancy's lips, and the crowd cheered. Then the four-cylinder motor sputtered and died.

Nancy set her teeth and waited for the inevitable taunt. It came immediately. A loud, raucous voice shouted, "Get a horse!" The crowd roared with laughter.

Snatching the crank from the floor boards, Nancy climbed down from her seat. The policeman met her at the car's brass-topped radiator.

"Let me wind her up for you," he said.

"No, thank you," she said coldly. "It might break your arm."

"What about your arm? A little thing like you!"

"I've been cranking these monsters for years. One side, please, Officer."

A few minutes later she was chugging out of the small New York town, once again on her way to Connecticut. Her cheeks were still flaming with embarrassment. Stalling on that corner had been the final indignity of her trip. She had had tire trouble, motor trouble, all the trouble possible. She was hours late already for the antique car meet at Harvey Worth's estate in Wexford. It would be over before she even got there.

Never, never again, she vowed, would she be caught aboard one of her father's playthings. Old cars were his hobby; let him put them through their paces. After having served sixteen of her twenty-two years as his grease monkey and, lately, his assistant driver, she had had just a little too much of the whole thing. But she had to laugh at her indignation; she wasn't being fair. She was making this trip for her own selfish, private reasons. She hadn't fooled her father on that point.

When he had been laid low by a nasty cold, she had made a noble gesture. She had offered to drive the newest addition to his collection in Saturday's meet. Her father had immediately seen through her nobility. He had known that it was because of Joel that she had made the offer. He had chuckled and wished her luck.

She had first met Harvey Worth's nephew on an old car trek to Buffalo in the spring, and from then on he had practically taken over her social life. Theater dates in New York, country house parties in Vermont, Sundays at her home in Westchester, with Joel behaving toward Mr. and Mrs. Carter exactly like, Nancy had thought hopefully at the time, a future son-in-law. And then, suddenly, without warning, no word from Joel at all. During sleepless nights she had tried to arrive at an explanation for his silence but without success. Something had happened and she had to know what.

She turned right off Route 29 and soon, from a rise in the road, she was looking down over the half-mile track that Harvey Worth had built on his property. She could see dozens of car models, ranging from the flimsy inventions of the eighteen nineties to the powerful elaborations of the nineteen twenties. She could see the owners, their families and friends, all dressed in dusters, veils, and goggles. It made a colorful picture, quaint and pretty.

At the moment the track was studded with brightly painted peach baskets. A flamboyant Stutz Bearcat was running the obstacles against time and, in spite of the driver's costume, she knew it was Joel driving the car his uncle had given him. She urged the Scat to go a little faster.

When she reached the track she found the Bearcat parked, apart from the other cars, beneath an autumn-tinted oak. She pulled in beside it. She stood up behind the steering wheel and looked out across the crowd, which was roaring now as a pair of early Tin Lizzies raced each other on the track. She couldn't see Joel. But the Stutz was his; he was here someplace.

Nancy jumped down to the grass and dodged through a quartet of enthusiasts gathering to inspect this rarity, a 1909 Scat. A voice called, "Hello, Miss Carter!" She turned and saw Charley Ball, Mr. Worth's elderly mechanic, smiling at her. "We been worried about you," he said.

"I had trouble on the way up, Charley. Do you want to buy a Scat?"

"So that's what it is! Where'd your father dig it up?"

"A secret agent of his found it down South. Father spent all summer restoring it. With my invaluable assistance, of course. I only handed him the wrong monkey wrench twice."

The old man chortled. "That's the way to your father's heart. Too bad about him coming down sick."

"It's nothing serious, Charley."

A smiling couple came walking toward them. The woman was perhaps in her early forties, but her face had the wide-eyed prettiness of a sub-deb. The duster she wore couldn't hide the lush curves of her small figure. Her veil was raised to the brim of her hat; it was a halo crowning a happy cherub. The man, in costume too, was younger than she, pleasant, and a bit too good-looking. He was looking directly at Nancy with eyes that were at once curious and flattering. Nancy noticed the woman's hand tighten possessively on his arm.

"Charley," he said, "is this Nancy Carter?"

"Yes, it is, Randy. Miss Carter, meet Mrs. McLane and Randy Fuller."

"How do you do?" Nancy said.

"Randy's a new neighbor of ours," Charley said.

"And I'm an old neighbor," Mrs. McLane said. "An old, tired neighbor."

"Mrs. McLane," Charley said, "today you look sixteen."

Old Charley had said exactly what was expected of him. Sharon McLane glowed happily. "Why, Charley, I believe you mean that." She blinked her eyes coquettishly at Randy Fuller. "Did you hear what Charley said? Do you think I'm safe around him?"

"Now, now, Mrs. McLane," Charley said, embarrassed.

Cast of Characters

HARVEY WORTH	*Antique car collector*	**RANDY FULLER**	*An attractive bachelor*
AMY SHAW	*His stepdaughter*	**WARD McLANE**	*A landowning neighbor*
JOEL WORTH	*His nephew*	**SHARON McLANE**	*His wife*
NANCY CARTER	*Who loves Joel*	**LEO FRAYNE**	*His cousin*
CHARLEY BALL	*An elderly mechanic*	**MR. KROLL**	*Chief of police*

WES *A policeman*

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Randy laughed and turned back to Nancy. "I've been asked to look out for you."

"Thanks," Nancy said. "Where is Mr. Worth?"

"He's gone back up the hill to tend to some business," Randy said.

"Such lovely, lovely business," Sharon McLane said. "You're just in time, Nancy, to help us celebrate after the meet."

"I'll do my best. What are we celebrating?"

"Harvey Worth is buying some land from my husband . . . but I'll let Harvey tell you all about it. He'd massacre me if I spoiled his fun."

"Oh," Nancy said, "then it's something to do with old cars."

"Of course," Sharon said. "You know Harvey."

"Nancy," Randy said, "it was Amy who asked me to watch for you."

"I'm anxious to meet Amy."

She had heard a great deal about Amy Shaw from Joel. She was Harvey Worth's stepdaughter. Her mother had died not long after their marriage, but Amy had stayed to grow up in the mansion on the hill. She and Joel had been playmates, then almost inseparable friends.

Charley Ball said, "Joel's here, too."

"Yes," Nancy said, "I saw his car. I suppose it's too late for me to race Mr. Worth's Hupp now."

" 'Fraid so," Charley said. "They got three more races scheduled and not much daylight left."

"What's that you're driving, Nancy?" Randy asked.

"A Swensen Scat, 1909. It's my father's pride and joy. Only a few of them were ever made. They're as rare as a day in June."

"Well, it's a new one on me," Randy said. "I've never even heard of it."

"I've heard about them," Charley said, "but this is the first one I ever seen. Mrs. McLane, your husband had one once, didn't he?"

"No. It was Ward's cousin, Leo Frayne. That was years ago." Her eyes darkened and she gave a little sigh. "Dear Leo." Then her eyes were sparkling again. "This is such a lucky day for the McLane family. Maybe Leo will decide to come home again."

"All is forgiven," Randy said.

"Now, Randy." Mrs. McLane pouted girlishly. "You don't listen to gossip, do you?"

"Is there gossip?" Randy asked.

"Well, why did you say that?" She gave him a questioning sideways glance. "What have you heard about Leo and me?"

"Stop it, Sharon," Randy said, laughing. "Stop making yourself such a *femme fatale*."

"It's been so dull around here," Sharon said. "Until today. Now everything's wonderful! I don't care *what* people say about Harvey Worth. I think he's sweet. All that nice money . . ."

A voice through a megaphone bellowed out the next event. A turn of the century Olds with a *dos-à-dos* seat was to defend its honor against a single-cylinder Winton. Charley darted off, and Mrs. McLane, with Randy firmly in tow, moved closer to the track.

Nancy couldn't get interested in the races. She wandered through the crowd, nodding at people she'd met at other meetings. She didn't see anyone who might be Amy, and she didn't see Joel. She decided finally to go up the hill and check in with her host of the week end. She was sure to see Joel later.

He was living now with his uncle. A year or two ago he had given up a job doing publicity for a New York publisher and had started a printing business, the Wexford Press. His driving enthusiasm seemed to be making up for his lack of experience.

She backed her car away from the Stutz and started up the section of winding, dusty road that Harvey Worth had restored so that the old-fashioned cars could perform in their natural habitat. If her father was a fanatic about his hobby, Nancy thought, Worth was a raving maniac. She had seen a lot of him on the Buffalo jaunt, but she had heard him utter scarcely a word that didn't concern antique cars. He seemed to her an arrogant, ruthless old gentleman, but his interest in his hobby was disarming.

She was battling her way over the tricky ruts when the roar of a powerful motor pushed to its limit surged up the hill. In a moment, looking over her shoulder, she saw the machine rise out of the dust. It was the Stutz Bearcat. Nancy braked her car gently and smiled to herself. Joel had heard that she'd arrived; he was coming after her.

She slowed her car more, edging close to the deep ditch beside the road. She glanced back again. The Stutz wasn't slowing down. It seemed, instead, to be gaining more speed, to be hurtling straight at her. Instinctively, Nancy wrenched the steering wheel to the right. Her light car slid into the ditch, teetering there, while she struggled to keep it from overturning. She saw the Stutz rush by, then the dust blinded her. Her car tilted slowly and she jumped clear of it, landing on her knees in the ditch. Above her the two left wheels spun helplessly in the air.

She clambered up onto the road and stood listening to the fading roar of the Stutz Bearcat. Abruptly the sound snapped off.

She clenched her hands to stop their trembling. In spite of the dust, she had seen the Stutz when it was a good fifty yards behind her, so Joel *must* have seen her car. The road here was wide enough for a safe passing, but he had deliberately driven her into the ditch. He must have known that she might have been badly hurt, yet he had rushed on without stopping.

It couldn't have happened, she told herself. There could have been no reason for its happening. But her Swensen Scat lay on its side in the ditch.

Her fright turned suddenly to anger. She slipped out of the dirt-stained duster, picked up her hat from the ditch, and threw them on the car. Then she started up the road, primed for battle. All she wanted was to get at Joel Worth. She'd show him. She'd roll him into a ditch and leave him with his wheels spinning in mid-air. And she wouldn't need a Stutz Bearcat to do it with, either. She'd do it with her bare hands—so help her, she would.

She was out of breath when she reached the top of the hill where the road stopped to form a T. One part of it rose gently toward a rambling stone house, the other sloped down to a big, red barn. Before it, on the driveway, stood the Bearcat.

She started toward the barn, across a smooth green terrace of lawn, across a graveled apron of the barn's entrance. She moved toward the great double doorway, opening her mouth to call Joel's name. The rumbling sound of a voice stopped her dead.

It was Harvey Worth inside the barn, his voice cold

with rage, each word a venomous dart: "Not one dollar, not one cent . . . don't come whining to me, you're wasting your time and mine . . ." There was a silence and Nancy strained to hear Joel's voice in answer to his uncle's. But she heard only the old man's voice again, rising in a rage that seared its way through the barn's wall. "You got yourself into this mess, get yourself out of it . . . or take your punishment!"

She found herself backing hastily out of earshot, not wanting to hear any more, trying not to believe what she had already heard. It was impossible, all of it. None of it could have really happened—Joel driving her off the road, Joel in some trouble that involved the threat of punishment.

She stood watching the doorway, waiting for Joel to appear. But the doorway remained an empty rectangle and there was no sound at all from the great red building. Slowly, almost in spite of herself, she moved forward again until she stood inside the barn.

One half of it was a garage that housed the mobile section of Mr. Worth's hobby, the other half a museum. There were a dozen or more oddities of the early auto age, impossible to restore to running order, but still collectors' items. There were wax figures in the motoring costumes of the period at the wheels of the cars and posed as passengers, but there was no sign of a living person.

NANCY walked farther into the barn. She walked past a humorous tableau of life-sized dolls, a family taking a Sunday outing in their touring car. She passed a towering, black sedan and in front of it she saw the crumpled body.

She dropped to her knees, reaching out her hand to the still figure, and then drew it back. She had seen the brutally beaten head and she knew at once that Harvey Worth had been murdered.

Behind her a door opened quietly, then closed again. With a little cry she struggled to her feet and turned toward the sound.

"It's Mr. Worth," she said. "He's dead . . ."

It was a moment before she realized that there was no one with her in the museum, no one but the crumpled body at her feet and the lifeless figures grouped about the cars. The door had opened, not for someone's entrance, but for a murderer's escape.

She found the door beyond a partition built to form a sort of office. She flung it open and saw an empty stretch of lawn and the leafy, concealing curtain of the nearby woods. She turned and ran back through the barn, out through the big front doors through which she had entered. Above a rise of land she could see the slate roof of Harvey Worth's house. She started across the roadway toward it, and then stopped.

The Stutz Bearcat was still standing before the barn. The car whose driver had forced her into a ditch, that had carried its driver to a furious quarrel with Harvey Worth. Joel's car! But it wasn't Joel who had been driving it. Nancy had an unassailable certainty of that. Joel was not a murderer. But his car stood outside the museum and, inside, on the floor of the barn, his uncle lay killed.

She turned away from the house, and ran blindly, wildly down the road. There was only one thought in her mind now. She had to get to Joel, to warn him.

Before she reached the field the sound of the crowd drifted up to her and then, in a moment, she was darting through the chattering groups of people. She saw a tall, dark-haired young man, his cap and goggles swinging from his hand, detach himself from one group and start toward another. She called out to him. He turned and saw her and she stood stiffly, unable to move, as he came toward her.

"Nancy," he said, "they told me you finally got here."

"Joel," she said. "Oh, Joel."

"Nancy, what is it?"

"Your car—the Stutz—do you know where it is?"

He looked puzzled. "It's parked over on the other side of the track. Why, Nancy?"

"It wasn't you," she whispered. "I knew it wasn't you. But he took your car . . ."

"Who? Nancy, what's the matter?"

"It's your uncle." She took a deep breath. "He's dead, Joel. He's been murdered."

He looked at her, his face white and expressionless. "Where did it happen?"

"In the barn, the museum. I thought you were there, I thought you . . ." She hesitated and Joel grasped her shoulders.

"That I what, Nancy?"

"Someone drove me off the road. It was your car. I thought you were in it. And up there I heard your uncle . . . he was fighting with someone and I still thought it was you. But then when I found him dead, I knew I was wrong. I knew it couldn't have been you who—"

He put his arm around her, quieting her trembling. "I'll go up, Nancy. You needn't come."

But she followed him to a car, climbed in after him. She sat silently, huddled in a corner, as the car climbed the rutted road. They came to the place where the little Scat hung tilted over the ditch. Joel's hands tightened on the steering wheel. "You might have been killed," he said, his voice hard.

They crossed the crest of the hill and the barn lay close below them, the Stutz Bearcat parked before it. Joel swerved in beside the Stutz and Nancy followed him into the building.

ONLY a little of the October dusk seeped into the barn; it was dark with shadows. She stood and waited until Joel flicked a switch and the place sprang into light.

She said, "By the sedan. The big black one over there."

He moved quickly through the maze of cars and mannequins to the sedan, then crouched down beside it. In a moment he rose and came back to her.

"There's no phone here, Nancy," he said. "Will you call the police?"

"From the house?"

He nodded, and she turned and left the barn and climbed the driveway to the big house beneath the ancient trees. There was a phone just inside the front door in the entrance hall, and in a moment she was telling the Wexford police that Harvey Worth had been murdered.

Joel was standing motionless beside the black sedan when she got back. She said, "Joel, they're coming. They'll be here soon."

"Thanks, Nancy. I should have told you to stay up at the house."

"No, Joel."

OUTSIDE there was the sound of cars pulling in beside the barn. Swift footsteps stirred the drive's gravel, then three men and two women were coming through the door. A tall, dark, dramatically handsome girl wearing narrow black slacks and a white tweed jacket was leading the way. Behind her were Randy Fuller and the mechanic, Charley Ball, then Sharon McLane and, at her side, a short, heavy-set man.

The tall girl came directly to Nancy, her lovely face shadowed with concern. "Nancy," she said, "I'm Amy. We saw your car in the ditch down there. Are you all right?"

"Yes," Nancy said. "I'm all right, I . . ."

She felt Joel's hand on her shoulder. He said, "Amy, Harvey is dead. He's been murdered."

"Murdered!"

Amy's eyes closed and she swayed, and Joel was at once at her side, close to her. From Sharon McLane's lips burst a rasping, muffled cry. Her hands were covering her face.

"No," she cried. "No, it isn't true! He isn't dead. He can't be dead!"

"Mrs. McLane!" Joel said sharply.

"Sharon!" The short man moved toward his wife and she whirled to face him.

"He's dead," she said between clenched teeth. "Did you hear that, Ward? Harvey's dead and now it's too late, it—"

"Sharon," he said again. He put his arm around her and the gesture was comforting, but his voice was a command: "Sharon, stop it. You mustn't do this."

"The police are coming," Joel said. "I'll wait here for them. The rest of you go up to the house."

Amy took a step toward the door, then turned back. She leaned against the radiator of an old museum piece. "I'll wait here with you, Joel," she said.

None of the others spoke. No one made a move to leave Joel alone with the responsibility of facing the police. They paced nervously, silently, about the vast, gloomy barn, avoiding the corner with the black sedan, but unable to remain motionless. The tension grew until it became almost unbearable. Amy stepped forward suddenly with a little sob, then she walked jerkily across the room, out of Nancy's sight.

A great flood of weariness surged over Nancy. Her emotion was spent now. She felt cold with exhaustion. She moved back into the corner to a red racing car with its mannequin driver staring in dismay at a flat tire. As she sank down on the car's running board, the great overhead electric lights flickered and the place was plunged into blackness. Sharon

McLane screamed, then giggled in frightened hysteria. Other voices called out, and Charley Ball's rose above them:

"It's a fuse, I guess. I'll see to it."

It was quiet again except for the groping sound of Charley's footsteps as he felt his way toward the fuse box. Nancy sat where she was, straining her eyes through the darkness. The huge doorway to the barn was visible, a gaping gray mouth. Inside the barn she could make out nothing but the blurred shapes of automobiles and shadowy figures, the still ones that were mannequins, and the moving ones. She sensed a movement somewhere near her.

She said, "Charley, is it you?"

No one answered her, but she could hear a soft, slithering sound, nearer to her now. She got up from the running board and moved blindly forward a step or two. She said Charley's name again. Still there was no answer. And now there was not even a whisper of a movement.

The blow came from behind her, a violent, powerful thrust that sent her sprawling to the floor. She screamed as she fell. Footsteps moved rapidly and a voice was shouting, "Who screamed? What's wrong?" and another voice pleaded, "Charley, will you get those lights on?"

Nancy pulled herself to her knees as the lights slashed away the darkness. They were coming toward her, Joel and Amy and the others, their questions a frightening jangle. In the distance a police car siren hummed higher and higher. . . .

IT WAS the second time within the past two hours that Nancy was seated across the desk from the bespectacled, gray-haired policeman. The first time that she had been summoned from the staid Victorian living room into Harvey Worth's study, she had been closeted alone with the Chief of Police. This time Joel was beside her on the leather couch.

The policeman centered his attention on Nancy. He said, "You've had more chance to think back now, Miss Carter. Do you still have no idea who was driving the Stutz when it forced you off the road?"

"No," Nancy said. "No idea at all."

"But it was a man?"

"Well, the person wore a man's cap. That's all I was able to see. It might have been a woman wearing a cap, goggles, and duster."

"I suppose so. Now about the quarrel . . . you say you only heard Mr. Worth's voice. Think back again, Miss Carter. You're sure you didn't hear him mention a name?"

"No. I'm sure I didn't."

The policeman rose from behind the desk, stood before Nancy and Joel. "I don't want to frighten you, Miss Carter. Let's say I want to help you by warning you."

"Yes, Mr. Kroll."

"Those lights going out in the barn was no accident. We found a blackened screwdriver on the workbench. It had been stuck into a socket to cause a short circuit. Someone blew that fuse for a reason. Maybe the reason was to kill you."

Joel said quietly, "That's what I'm afraid of."

"No," Nancy said. "I'm sure that wasn't it. I—"

"What makes you so sure?" Kroll asked.

"I don't know exactly. But it was such—such an inept attempt if it was murder. You'd think he would have got his hand over my mouth so I couldn't scream . . ."

"He swung at your head," Joel said grimly. "And he missed."

"But it was more like a push, as though he were trying to get somewhere or do something, and I got in his way and stopped him. I'm sure that's all it was. Why would anyone want to kill me?"

"You saw the murderer when he passed you in the Stutz," Kroll said. "You heard the quarrel he had with Harvey in the barn."

"But I didn't see his face. I didn't hear his voice!"

The policeman's lips twisted in a humorless smile. "Have you told the killer that, Miss Carter? And did he believe you?"

THERE was a knock on the study door. A young, uniformed policeman came into the room, followed by Charley Ball. The mechanic's face was gray with strain.

The young policeman said, "Charley and I thought you'd want to know about this right away, Mr. Kroll."

"What is it, Wes? You find the weapon?"

"Well, no. It was something we didn't find, something that could have been the weapon, and it's gone now. Charley, you tell him about it."

"It's an old car part, a piece of a spring; a section of a spring leaf that was broke off," Charley said.

"It could have been used as a weapon?"

"Sure. A car spring isn't a coil; it's a layer of steel strips, leaves. This thing was broke off a foot long. It's a couple of inches wide, and heavy. It could kill a man, no doubt of that."

"Sounds like it might have been used on Mr. Worth. You mean this thing was broken off a car in the barn?"

"No," Charley said. "Some kids found it a couple of days ago over on the McLane property. In the mud by the edge of the lake. The kids brought it to Mr. Worth. They thought he'd be interested in it, and he sure was. He couldn't figure out what make of car it came from, and neither could I." Charley smiled wryly. "It made him mad not to know. He figured he knew everything there was to know about old cars."

"You're sure it was part of an old car?" Kroll said.

"Certain. Nowadays springs are pretty much the same, but in the old days, when practically every fellow that had a machine shop tried his hand at making a horseless carriage, there was a lot more variety in the cars. Some of the builders got pretty fancy. They might make the springs in a pretty design, or put some fancy etching right on it. Like this one had. I'd say this one was real old. Probably made in the nearly nineteen hundreds."

"Did Mr. Worth keep it in any special place?"

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"In that big wall case in the garage end of the barn."

"And when did you see it last, Charley?"

"Well, now," Charley said, "I seen it early this afternoon. When Mr. and Mrs. McLane stopped by on their way to the meet, Mr. Worth had me get it to show to them. But Ward McLane couldn't even guess what make of car it was from."

"Did you put it back in the case?"

"No, I was in a hurry to get down to the track. I left it on a bench in the garage."

Kroll said, "You ever see this thing, Joel?"

"Yes. My uncle showed it to everybody who came near the barn. It was driving him crazy, not being able to identify it."

"When did you see it last?"

"Yesterday when Harvey showed it to me."

"Well, it's possible nobody will ever see it again. Maybe the killer got it out of the barn. But maybe he didn't. Wes, is Hood still around?"

"Yes, sir."

"You and Hood go through that barn again. If that spring leaf is there, you find it."

"Yes, sir," Wes said. He turned back at the door. "The McLanes and Mr. Fuller are still waiting. Will you be wanting them again?"

"I might. Tell them I haven't forgotten them."

After Wes had gone, Kroll turned to the mechanic: "But I won't be needing you any more tonight, Charley, and thanks."

"Anything I can do. Anything. Mr. Worth had his faults, but we—we got along."

"I know you did, Charley. Good night."

"Good night," Charley said, and closed the door behind him.

KROLL went back to the desk chair. He sat quietly for a moment, studying the blank green blotter before him. Then he sighed and moved forward in his chair. "Joel," he said, "remember the times I used to chase you and your friends home late at night?"

"Sure. You kept us kids out of a lot of trouble."

"I knew your uncle twice as long as I've known you—you or Amy. He was a pretty good friend of mine, Joel."

"I know that, sir."

"Right now I wish I wasn't Chief of Police." He took a long breath. "Joel, Ward McLane told me about your uncle's plan to buy his land. The deal was all set. Eighteen thousand dollars for the seventy acres. They were going to sign the papers this evening. But your uncle was killed before he could do that."

"Yes," Joel said carefully. "Yes, he was."

"You and Amy are your uncle's heirs, Joel."

"That's right."

"That might make you interested in how he spent his money."

Joel didn't move. Very quietly, he said, "I suppose you had to say that."

"I know how you felt about Harvey buying that land. When you heard the news from Sharon McLane down at the meet this afternoon, you blew your top, didn't you, Joel?"

"Yes," Joel said. He was making an effort to keep his voice steady. "Yes, I blew my top. That land isn't worth one thousand dollars, you know that. The railroad ruined it, the embankment turned it into a swamp and lake. You know what he wanted it for—to reconstruct the old turnpike that runs through it, so he could play with his cars on it. I thought that was going too far with a hobby. It would have been a childish squandering of money."

"Of money that would some day be yours." The old man waved down Joel's attempt to speak. "It made you so mad, Joel, that you left the meet."

"Yes. I took a walk to cool off."

"But did you cool off, Joel? You knew Harvey had come up here to phone his lawyer. He wanted the papers drawn up right away for the land deal. Maybe that made you even hotter. So hot that you jumped in the Stutz and roared up that road—"

"No!" Nancy said. "It wasn't Joel!"

"You said it could have been anyone, Miss Carter! All right, Joel, suppose you found Harvey in the barn and had a row with him over the money. Suppose you lost your head, you didn't know what you were doing—"

"No!" Joel said. "Look, Mr. Kroll; it doesn't make sense. If I'd gone up to the barn to commit a murder, would I have roared up in my own car and left it standing there afterward? Everyone knows the Stutz is mine."

"I don't think you planned to murder him, Joel. I couldn't think that of you. But if you did, then you'd know that your car had been seen. Your one chance would be to sneak back to the meet through the woods and hope that everyone would think just what Miss Carter here is saying, that it was someone else in your car."

"It wasn't Joel," Nancy said firmly. "I know it wasn't Joel."

"I hope you're right, Miss Carter. I wish you could prove you're right." He turned to Joel and his smile was sad. "I'm sorry to have to say these things, Joel. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," Joel said. "You're sorry, but you're accusing me of murder."

"At the moment I'd say accusing is too strong a word."

"All right," Joel said. "What happens now? Do I get myself a lawyer?"

"Right now you and I will talk to each other a little more. Maybe we can even find you an alibi." He rose and put his hand under Nancy's elbow, propelling her toward the door. "That's all for now, Miss Carter. I think it's time you got a little rest."

She glanced back over her shoulder, past the closing door. Her eyes met Joel's, and she tried to return his smile of reassurance.

Then the door closed. . . .

In the gloomy, chilly cavern of a living room, the four people were seated before a dying fire that no one cared enough about to replenish. Their eyes were all on Nancy, asking her the question, but it was Amy who put it into words.

"What are they doing in there, Nancy?"

"Mr. Kroll . . . he's trying to help Joel. But it's worse than if he were being rough."

Randy Fuller said, "But he can't think that Joel murdered—"

"He is thinking that," Nancy interrupted. "Exactly that."

"He's a stupid old man," Sharon said. "A stupid, small-town cop."

"You know he isn't," Amy said. "That's what makes it so horrible. If he can believe it . . ."

Her voice trailed off and she sank back on the divan. No one spoke. Then Sharon was moving to the table by the windows. She tilted a decanter of brandy toward a glass.

Gently, Ward McLane said, "Don't pour yourself another drink, Sharon."

She answered him without even looking in his direction. "Of course I won't pour myself another one, dear, if you say so." She put the decanter back on the tray. "Randy will pour it for me. Won't you, Randy?"

"Now, Sharon," Randy said uneasily.

Amy rose quickly. "Nancy, you should have some food."

"No, thanks, Amy."

"A cup of tea, maybe? Is there anything I can do?"

"I'd like to lie down a while. I'm a little shaky."

She climbed the broad stairway to her room. Her overnight bag was still in the ditched Scat, but Amy had been thoughtful. Pajamas and a robe were folded over a chair. She took a hot bath that did nothing to soothe her jangled nerves. She started to climb into the pajamas, then knew that sleep was impossible. She dressed again and tried to rest on the chaise longue. In a moment she knew that even that was a mistake. She was only torturing herself waiting in her room, wondering what was happening in the study downstairs.

She slipped quietly down the stairs and into the living room. Randy and Amy were standing before the fireplace; the McLanes were gone. The door to the study stood open and the lights in the room were out. Nancy looked silently from Amy to Randy Fuller.

Randy said, "Mr. Kroll has taken him into town, Nancy."

"Taken him . . . he's charging Joel with murder?"

"It's not that bad yet. The case goes beyond Kroll's jurisdiction; the State Police are moving in now. Joel's gone to talk to them."

Nancy said, "What are we going to do? What can we do?"

"Wait," Amy said hopelessly. "Just wait."

"We've got to do something," Nancy said. "Amy, you were down there at the meet when Joel's car was taken. You were, too, Randy. Didn't you see anyone? Try to remember—can't you remember?"

Miserably, Amy shook her head.

"There were almost three hundred people there, Nancy," Randy said. "And so many cars, so much confusion. Joel's car could have been taken without anyone noticing it."

"But surely someone must have seen Joel, someone must be able to give him an alibi. We've got to find—"

"We're trying to, Nancy," Randy said. "Five members of the club are calling everyone who was at the meet. We're trying to find an alibi for him."

"Nancy," Amy said softly, "are you in love with Joel?"

"Yes," Nancy said. "I'm in love with Joel."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

As her car tilted slowly into the ditch, Nancy jumped

"Has he told you that he loves you, Nancy?"

"No—no, he hasn't."

Then unsaid words burned Nancy's throat: "You tell me, Amy, you tell me that he loves me . . . you'd know, Amy, you must know" . . . but Amy wasn't even looking at her. She was moving toward a table, picking up a cigarette, lighting it. It was Randy who spoke, quickly:

"I'll be running along, Amy. Unless there's something more I can do."

"No, you've been fine, Randy."

His smooth, pleasant face was grim. "I promised our committee of five that I'd be at home if they needed me. Good night, Amy. Nancy. I'll be over in the morning."

Amy saw him to the door. Nancy heard the click of a lock and then Amy was standing in the living room's archway. "Let's make ourselves some coffee, Nancy," she said. "There's no use trying to sleep, is there?"

"No. I'd like some coffee."

She sat on a high stool in the square, old-fashioned kitchen while Amy rummaged through the larder. Soon Amy had scrambled eggs and toasted muffins, made a pot of coffee. She put a heaping plate before Nancy, and sat down across the table from her.

She lit a cigarette and immediately stubbed it out with fingers that were shaking. The shock of murder had seared the beauty from her face, leaving it strained and haggard. Her long, smooth black hair had become undone and was tumbling down her shoulders. Her eyes were almost blank with fatigue.

Gently, Nancy said, "We've all been so worried about Joel that we've almost forgotten . . . I mean, Mr. Worth meant a great deal to you, didn't he, Amy? He was your family."

"Yes. He was all the family I can remember."

"I'm so sorry, Amy, I—"

"Don't," Amy said. "Don't feel sorry for me, Nancy. I haven't lost someone I deeply loved. Oh, for years people have said that Harvey was just like a father to me. It isn't true. He wasn't. He was basically selfish. His generosity to me always had its price. He gave only what he wanted to give and he demanded that you be grateful, endlessly grateful. And in the last few years, since he's been interested in his cars, it's been worse. He's been like a child, a mean and spiteful child. He forced people to play a game he wanted to play. That Stutz Bearcat wasn't a gift to Joel. It was Harvey's idea of a bribe that would trap Joel into being grateful and acquiescent." She was silent for a moment, her eyes brooding. "That car . . . if Harvey hadn't given it to Joel . . ."

"Amy, don't. They won't hold Joel for murder. He's innocent—we both know that. They'll find it out, too."

Amy didn't answer and Nancy said, her voice rising in disbelief, "You don't think, Amy, that Joel—you must know that it wasn't he."

"Of course I know," Amy said harshly. "It wasn't Joel, it wasn't any of us who killed him. It was an outsider, someone who stole the car to get to the barn, who sneaked inside and . . ."

Nancy shook her head. "No, no one sneaked into the barn. Whoever it was, Amy, roared right up to it in the Stutz; he fought with Mr. Worth before he killed him. Remember, I heard them quarreling."

"Yes," Amy said softly. "If it had been Joel, that's just what he would have done—roar up to the barn, storm into it. But the murderer didn't do that. He cut the motor at the top of the hill and drifted down to the barn. Because he was a stranger, an outsider."

"Yes," Nancy said, "that's right."

She remembered now how she had stood in the road beside the ditch and listened to the Stutz charge up the hill away from her. She had heard the sound of its motor suddenly cut off, too soon for it to have reached the barn. It had happened as Amy said; the motor was cut at the top of the hill, and the car rolled silently down the roadway to its destination.

"If they'd let Joel alone," Amy said; "if they'd look for the murderer."

She rose wearily and carried the two cups to the stove, relit the fire under the coffeepot. Nancy swung around to face her. "Amy," she said, and stopped. She had told no one that the engine of the Stutz had been turned off at the top of the hill; until now she hadn't even realized it had happened. But Amy had known.

Amy turned away from the stove. Her eyes met Nancy's and her face tightened.

"What is it, Nancy?"

"How did you know about the motor, Amy? How could you have known?"

"I didn't know. I was guessing, trying to figure out . . ."

"You knew, Amy. And you couldn't have known unless it was you driving the car."

"No!" She was close to Nancy now, her hands gripping Nancy's shoulders. "You're wrong. I didn't drive that car."

"But you knew its motor had been cut. How did you know that, Amy?"

"I . . . All right, I'll tell you. I was in the barn. I was the one you heard quarreling with Harvey. But I didn't kill him. He was all right when I left."

"You were there," Nancy said. "Why haven't you told the police that?"

"What good would it have done? I didn't see anyone, I don't know anything. I walked up through the woods to see Harvey, I left through the side door. I didn't see Joel's car. I couldn't help by telling."

"You could help Joel. They think he was fighting with his uncle. You could tell them it wasn't Joel; you could prove it to them!"

"I . . . yes, but if I did that . . ."

"I know!" She tried to keep herself from shouting at the tall, cold-eyed girl. "You could help Joel, but it brings you into the picture. No one knows that you needed money desperately, do they? They don't know that you begged Harvey Worth for it and he refused you. You're afraid to have that known; you'd rather let Joel be—"

"Nancy!" Amy's voice was a lash. "You're hysterical. Stop, and listen to me."

There was a frantic knocking at the kitchen door and Amy moved quickly across the room toward it. She snapped back the bolt, and Sharon McLane slipped through the opening door. Sharon's eyes were dull and red-rimmed, the vivacious prettiness was gone from her face. She was breathing in short gasps that shook her small, full figure.

"I saw the light. Please forgive me, but I had to see you, Amy."

"Sharon, you came through the woods alone!"

"I had to come. Ward . . . he'd be furious if he knew I was here. We've had an awful fight. He mustn't know about this, Amy. But I couldn't sleep, I couldn't rest. I've got to know what you mean to do."

"Do?" Amy said. "About Joel, you mean?"

"About the land that Harvey was going to buy. Ward's land. No papers were signed, you know that. We've got no legal hold over you at all. It was only a verbal agreement between Harvey and Ward, but it was an agreement. Everyone knows about it." She was rattling inanely, saying lines that she apparently had rehearsed. "You're going to honor it, aren't you, you and Joel? You do feel that you should, don't you?"

Nancy looked from the pleading woman to Amy and saw that she was too shocked to speak at once. There was something frightening about Sharon McLane. It was as if a soft, playful little animal had suddenly been driven mad by desperation and was clawing wildly for its life.

"Sharon," Amy said flatly, "you're out of your mind—wanting an answer about this, at a time like this."

"I know that, I realize that, and I ask your forgiveness. But I must hear you say that you will go through with it."

"Sharon"—Amy's voice had become gentle—"I can't make a decision like this without Joel. It's too much money for me alone to promise."

"But it isn't! It isn't so much. Not to you. You'll be rich now, you and Joel, with all of Harvey's money. Eighteen thousand dollars . . . why, for you that'll be like nothing. But for us . . . Amy, it means everything. We've counted on it, we've—"

"I know, I understand, but—"

Sharon went on as though Amy hadn't spoken. Her eyes were blazing with excitement. She was an inspired saleswoman, now wheedling, cajoling. "Look, Amy; eighteen thousand is too much for the land, I know that. But that's all you'll have to spend on it now. It's different now that Harvey's dead. Oh, I don't blame you for fighting the deal before. I know why you did, you and Joel. Harvey would have used up thousands and thousands of dollars more, draining the lake, fixing up the old turnpike that's under it. It would have been a stupid, sinful waste of money, I agree with you. But it's not like that now. Now it's just the eighteen thousand you'll be spending. You can't be against that."

The kitchen door opened quietly, but

Sharon McLane seemed to have sensed her husband's presence. She wheeled to face him, then just as quickly backed away. He spoke sadly, reproachfully:

"Sharon, you promised me. I'm ashamed of you."

"You're ashamed!" Her words were a sneer. "I'm the one who's ashamed. Coming here on my knees, begging for charity."

"Sharon! Amy, I'm sorry. You know that she doesn't mean this. She's upset, just as all of us are. She isn't greedy or heartless or—"

"Greedy!" Her laughter exploded harshly, mirthlessly. "I'm the one who's greedy! You can say that to me. If it wasn't for your greed I wouldn't be here now. We could have sold the land months ago. Harvey offered you ten thousand for it then and I begged you to sell, I pleaded with you to sell. But you had to hold out for eighteen. You were so sure you'd get it, so sure you'd make a killing! And now Harvey's dead and we'll get nothing! Amy and Joel won't buy the land now. Why should they? We'll get nothing, not a penny."

She broke down then and the tears gushed up into her eyes. Ward was instantly beside her, his arm around her shoulders, his voice softly soothing. With shocking vehemence she thrust him away.

"Don't touch me," she said. "I wish I'd never seen you. I should never have—"

"Don't say it, Sharon." Ward McLane was angry now. He was no longer the pleading, painfully embarrassed husband. His sarcasm was as cold and sharp as an icicle. "I'm tired of hearing you say that you should never have married me. It isn't news to me any more. I know who your present man-I-should-have-married is."

"You're being hateful."

"This year you're holding hands at cocktail parties with Randy Fuller."

"Randy's charming and gracious; he—"

"The whole list is charming and gracious, starting with my charming and gracious cousin."

"Leo was more than that, he meant more than that to me. Leo is strong and intelligent. He doesn't have your small-minded greediness. He would have sold the land in the beginning, he wouldn't have held out."

"Leo couldn't be bothered about the price of anything. He doesn't care about anything, or anyone."

"That isn't true! Leo does care."

"Sharon, stop. He's been gone almost ten years. In all that time I've heard from him twice. Twice in ten years. And you—you've heard nothing from him."

"Because he knew I'd married you. That's why he's stayed away. If I'd waited for him . . . Some day he'll come back, and then—"

"Sharon, my dear." The angry fire had died out of Ward McLane. His voice was tired and heartbreakingly sad. "I hope he does come back. To have him back I'd give up anything in the world. Even you, Sharon. Now let's go home, shall we?"

Sharon sat huddled over in a chair, her face buried in her hands, her shoulders heaving with sobs.

Amy said, "Did you drive here, Ward?"

"No, Amy."

"I'll take you both home then."

"Don't bother, please."

"She can't walk all that way, Ward. My car's out front." Amy shepherded the McLanes out into the hallway. At the door she turned back to Nancy: "Don't wait up for me. You've got to get some rest."

Amy was right, Nancy thought grimly, she did have to get some rest. But she knew that she would wait up. She dreaded the prospect of facing Amy alone again, but it had to be done. For Joel's sake Amy had to go to the police, she had to confess to them that it was she, not Joel, who had quarreled with Harvey Worth just before his death.

She moved restlessly about the first floor of the unfamiliar house. Somewhere the servants were sleeping. She was not alone in the great, silent place; there was no reason to be jittery. But she was. She kept roaming from the front door to the kitchen door, listening, peering out into the night, waiting for Amy to return.

At last she heard the front door open and close, and she hurried out into the hall. Joel, his dark hair rumpled, his face weary, was standing there. When he saw Nancy he straightened his shoulders and smiled down at her.

"Baby," he said, "why didn't you stay home and not get mixed up in this awful mess?"

"Joel, they've let you go! That means—"

He shook his head. "It only means that I can sleep in my own room instead of a cell. I don't know why. Maybe they want me to incriminate myself even more by trying to get away."

"No, Joel! They must realize by now that you're innocent."

"Don't hope so hard, Nancy, please don't. I don't like seeing it mean so much to you, because . . . well, because I can't prove a thing. I can't prove that I wasn't driving that car, or that I wasn't fighting with Harvey."

"Joel, I—I can prove that!"

"Prove what, Nancy?"

"That it wasn't you. It was Amy, Joel. She was the one in the barn fighting with Harvey."

He didn't speak for a moment. Then he said quietly, "How do you know that?"

"She made a slip and I—I caught her up. She's afraid to tell the police, afraid she'll get herself in trouble. But she's got to tell them, we've got to make her. If she won't do it, I will."

"No, Nancy, you won't. You won't tell them anything."

His voice was so cold that she stepped back from him, almost frightened.

"Joel," she said, "it's true. Amy admitted it to me. You ask her. She'll tell you, herself."

"She doesn't have to. I knew she was there."

"You knew! But then why . . .?"

"Because I don't want her involved. She had nothing to do with Harvey's death and I won't have her mixed up in it."

"But she *is* involved, can't you see that? She was with Harvey just before he died. And they were quarreling, Joel. She was begging him for money—money that she must have needed desperately—and he refused her."

"Did she tell you why she needed money, Nancy?"

"No, I—I didn't ask her."

He smiled crookedly. "She wouldn't have told you if you had. Amy's like that. But I'll tell you. She didn't need any money, she wasn't in any trouble. She was doing it for me."

"For you?"

"Yes. She made up a story about herself that she hoped would melt Harvey. Well, it didn't. You heard him. He wouldn't help her any more than he would me."

"She was trying to get money for you?"

"That's right, Nancy. I was the one who needed money. Don't look so stricken; lots of people need money."

"Lots of people aren't being suspected of murder. Joel, do the police know about this?"

"Not yet. Nancy, it's all right. I can take care of myself."

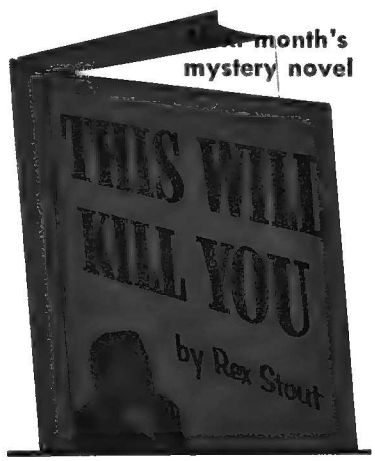
"Are you sure you're taking care of yourself? If Amy went to the police, if she admitted that she was in the barn . . . ?"

"No. I won't let her do that."

"I see," Nancy said softly. "Amy must be kept out of this, no matter what it does to you. That's it, isn't it?"

"That's it exactly. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so, Joel." She



Murder calls the play in a World Series game . . . and Nero Wolfe, baseball fan, catches a killer

Complete in the September American Magazine

turned away from him, walked to the foot of the stairs. "She . . . I think Amy's a wonderful person, too."

"Yes. She'd go to the police if I'd let her. I've made her promise that she wouldn't."

"I misjudged her. I'm sorry."

"Nancy, you shouldn't be going through all this. I've talked to the police about you. You can go home in the morning."

"Go home?"

"Yes. I've called Randy Fuller; he's going to drive you back. Good night now, Nancy."

"Good night, Joel."

"Nancy . . ."

She turned back to him. "Yes?"

"I'll see you before you leave."

"Yes. Good night, Joel."

She walked away from him, up the stairs. Her room was dark. She didn't bother to turn on the lights. Undressing quickly, she got into bed. She heard the front door open, and the murmur of voices, Joel's and Amy's. Then the sound of them drifted out of her hearing.

Almost immediately there was a sharp knocking at the front door. Nancy found herself on her feet, moving to the head of the stairs to see who it was coming to the house so long after midnight. She heard the door open and Joel speak.

"Hello, Wes. Come in."

"Thanks, Joel." Nancy recognized the voice of the young policeman. "Could I use your phone?"

"Sure," Joel said.

"What is it?" Amy asked. "What's happened?"

"Ed Hood and I found the weapon, Miss Shaw. A jack handle. We found it under some junk behind the barn."

"You're sure," Amy said, "that it was what was used to . . . that it is the weapon?"

"Pretty sure. There are stains on it that look like blood. It'll have to be proved at the lab, of course, but it's the weapon, all right."

There were the clicks of a phone dial then, and the policeman made his call. When he hung up, he said, "We're going to knock off now, Ed and I. They're sending a car over to pick us up."

"Do you and Ed want to wait up here until it comes?" Joel said.

"No, thanks. I told them to pick us up at the barn. Good night."

The door was closed and Nancy heard the lock being snapped. She went back to her room, closed her door. The weapon that had murdered Harvey Worth had been found. But it would do nothing to help Joel. The murderer's fingerprints wouldn't be on it. The driver of the Stutz had been wearing goggles and a duster. Surely he had been wearing gloves, too. If there were any prints at all on the jack handle they would be old ones, the mechanic's, or Harvey Worth's—or Joel's.

Nancy heard Amy's footsteps on the stairs; then, in a moment, Joel was on his way to his room. The great mansion on the hill lay in silence at last, and now all the horror of the day flooded back upon Nancy. The Stutz roaring by her, Harvey Worth lying dead in the barn. The nerve-torn group that waited for the arrival of the police, the great barn plunged into darkness, the attack upon her that the police believed to have been an attempt on her life.

She shivered beneath the warm blankets and snuggled deeper in the bed. They were wrong, she told herself; no one had wanted to hurt her. Someone had meant to do something under the cover of the darkness, but he hadn't tried to kill her. She had risen from the running board of the old racing car, moved a few steps forward, and she had been in his way. That was why he had hit her; hard and sharp, on her back.

She sat up straight in her bed, swung her feet to the floor. She forced her mind back to that moment before the lights had flickered and gone out.

She had been alone in that corner of the building, watching the others. From where she stood she had watched them, all of them, as they restlessly paced the floor. She had lost sight of one or another of them from time to time as they roved behind the towering cars. But no one had approached her, no one had moved behind her. But the blow had come from behind, from directly in back of her.

She knew then that she had been wrong in her reasoning. It wasn't because she had interrupted her assailant in his attempt to do something that she had been attacked. Whatever his mission was, it had already been accomplished. It was because she had interfered with him as he was trying to return from that mission, to get back into an innocent position, that he had struck her to the floor.

She tried to remember what there had been in the corner behind her. There was the old racing car with the single mannequin stooped over one of its wheels, and that was all. She had noticed nothing different about either the car or the figure after the lights had come on. But the killer had blown a fuse in order to get to that corner, and she had to know why.

Nancy rose and went over to her window. Across the long, shadowy lawn she could see the barn and, in front of it, the dark figures of the two policemen, their cigarette tips glowing. She stood by the window, waiting, and in a few minutes she saw a car pull in before the barn. The two men climbed into it and the car backed out of the drive, turned, and disappeared down the hill.

She reached for her lamp, then decided against turning it on. She groped for her clothes, and dressed.

Quietly, she slipped into the hall and down the stairs. She felt her way to the front door, eased it open. Amy's car was parked beneath the portico. She ran to it, praying for a little luck, and found it. In the glove compartment there was a small flashlight.

She didn't use the light until she had rounded the corner of the barn. Then she clicked it on, sprayed the red wall of the building with it. The barn had been closed up tight. She moved toward the small door, built into the larger ones. There was no lock on it and it opened easily.

Inside the barn she flicked her light over the cars and the mannequins that

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seemed to be standing guard over them. It hit the old racing car in the corner and the figure stooped beside it. She moved toward them. Methodically, she searched the floor of the car, the running boards, the crevices of the two seats. She opened the hood, flashed her light over the engine and found nothing out of place. She turned to the mannequin then, sweeping it with light from its goggled eyes to its high buttoned shoes. She moved closer to it. There was something about the mannequin that bothered her, and now she knew what it was.

Before, the figure had been a motoring Beau Brummel bent over a wheel in an exaggerated posture of exasperation that dramatized the endless tire trouble of the early days. It was no longer a man in frustrated inaction. Now it was a man at work. He had begun to change the tire. A tool had been lodged in his hand. Now he was using a tire iron.

Quickly, she stooped to pick up the strip of metal and she knew at once it was not a tire iron. It was part of an old spring, the spring leaf that Charley Ball had reported stolen from the barn.

She held her light closer to the piece of steel, turning it over in her hands, and she recognized its make. It was identical in size and shape and design to the one in the car that she had helped her father restore. She knew that she would have been able to identify the old car part that had puzzled Harvey Worth. She could have told him that it had come from a Swensen Scat.

She stood looking at it, frowning, trying to understand. This spring had not been used to murder Harvey Worth, the weapon that had killed him already had been found. Was it in order to conceal this piece of worthless metal that the fuse had been blown, the barn plunged into darkness? Was it after the spring had been hidden here that she had got in the murderer's way, and he had thrown her to the floor? Had he risked all that in order to keep this piece of metal from being seen?

Holding the spring leaf tight, she started for the door. Joel might understand what it meant, he might be able to figure out its importance. Halfway across the barn she stopped. Her light had picked out the tableau of mannequins on their gay Sunday outing. When she had passed it on her way to the racer it had been a family of four, a father, a mother, two children, all in dusters, all with veils or goggles. As she centered her light, she saw a fifth figure bent over in front of the tool chest on the running board, its back to her.

She told herself that she was wrong, that the fifth figure had been there all the time; it had merely escaped her notice. Her light still shone directly upon it. It was stiff and motionless, as

still as the other figures in the car. She lowered the light. The figure wore dark trousers beneath the duster. Or were they women's slacks?

She took another step toward the door and the fifth figure somehow changed. It hadn't been anything as perceptible as motion. It had been a tensing, as if now the fifth figure was set to strike, to leap out at her as she passed it by.

She stood immobilized, as frozen as the fifth figure itself. Her eyes were on its back, and again she told herself that she was mistaken, that it was only a mannequin posed beside the car. Her imagination, twisted by the weird silence of the great, gloomy barn, was betraying her into panic. The fifth figure was not a human being. She was being driven into hysteria by a bundle of wood and wax. Before she realized what she was doing, Nancy had raised her arm and hurled the spring in her hand at the crouching figure. The piece of metal struck the figure with a glancing blow, and it swayed and froze again. And she still didn't know.

She shook the panic out of her mind. It wasn't necessary for her to pass the group of mannequins to get out of the barn. There was another door, a side door. She took a step backward, then another. The fifth figure began to rise and turn toward her.

With a cry she swung around, running. Her hand hit the side of a car, and the flashlight was torn out of it by the impact. She groped wildly through inky darkness and stumbled against a wall. Behind her she could hear a frantic rush of movement, not coming toward her, but driving toward the side door of the barn. She plunged along the wall, knowing that she must be the first to reach the door.

She smashed into the side of a car and fell to her knees. She pulled herself to her feet and moved forward again. Her hand found the smooth wood of the door. She opened it and slipped through, jerking it closed behind her. The handle was caught on the inside, the door held open. She could hear a gasping for breath that was not her own.

Letting go of the door, she hurled herself down the steps. Her feet hit the lawn and she ran for the shelter of the woods that lay beyond it. Leaves and branches slapped at her face, the underbrush tore at her legs. Abruptly she was freed as she stumbled onto a path. She raced along it for a moment, then swerved back into the brush.

She could hear a wild thrashing that was coming closer to her. Then the thrashing stopped and there were quick footsteps on the path. Holding her breath, she crouched down to the ground, pressing herself deep into the thick weeds. The footsteps moved past her, thudding on the hard dirt. She crawled out onto the path, moving cautiously and quietly back toward the barn.

Then she was leaving the barn behind her and racing for the house, which was silhouetted now against a graying sky. A light shone from a kitchen window and she rushed toward it. A startled maid turned away from the stove as Nancy burst through the kitchen door.

"Miss Carter! What is it?"

"Joel! I've got to see Joel!"

"Nobody's up yet but me, Miss Carter."

Nancy ran past her, into the hall and up the stairway. She started down the corridor toward Joel's room. A door beside her opened and Amy, still dressed in the white jacket and slacks, stepped into her path.

"Nancy!"

"I've got to see Joel. I've got to talk to him."

She tried to brush past Amy, but the tall girl blocked her way. She said, "You can't see him now, Nancy; he's sleeping."

With a sudden, quick movement Nancy slipped past her, ran to Joel's door, knocked loudly on it.

"Joel," she called, "it's Nancy."

Behind her, Amy's voice was sharp and cold: "You're being thoughtless."

Nancy turned the knob, thrust open the door. The light from the corridor fell across a neatly made bed, an empty room. She turned slowly back to face Amy.

"Where is he?" she said. "Where has he gone?"

"I don't know. I thought—"

"You do know. You tried to keep me from finding out that he wasn't here. Amy, tell me where he is."

For a moment the tall girl wavered. She said, "Nancy, I—" She stopped, and her lips closed in a tight, hard line. She said, "I've told you I don't know." She turned away from Nancy and started back toward her room. At the doorway she stopped. "Nancy," she said, "I think you ought to try to get some rest. Randy Fuller's coming early this morning to take you home."

Amy closed her door after her, and Nancy heard the click of a lock. She walked slowly down the hall to her own room. . . .

It was nine-thirty and Nancy still stood before her bedroom window, watching the driveway below. A few minutes before she had seen Ward McLane drive up the hill in his car and enter the house. Now another car was swinging in beside McLane's. She couldn't see the driver clearly and for a moment she thought it was Joel. But it was Randy Fuller who jumped out of the car and ran up the front steps.

She turned away from the window then and started down the stairs. She was going to tell Randy Fuller that he wouldn't be taking her home after all, that she wasn't leaving this house until Joel had been cleared of the charge of murder.

She found Randy alone in the living room. He glanced at her and nodded, but he didn't speak. His eyes moved back to the half-opened door of the study through which they could hear the soft, plaintive voice of Ward McLane.

"I've been so afraid something like this might happen," he was saying. "Amy, you know Sharon, how unreasonable she is. I almost knew that she'd leave me after this."

Before she realized what she was doing,

"She'll come back, Ward," Amy said. Her voice was consoling. "After a while she'll realize—"

"I'm not sure. She's fed up with me, Amy, and I don't blame her. I've made so many mistakes during our marriage. And now the land . . . she'd counted so much on that money. She begged me to sell it long ago, but I kept holding out for more."

"You wanted it for her sake, Ward. She knows that."

"Yes, she must know. And if Harvey had lived, I would have got my price. I would have proved to her that for once in my life I'd been right. But there's no good talking about it now. Amy, if she gets in touch with you, you'll let me know at once? I've got to see her again."

The heavy knocker bounced a noisy summons on the front door and Randy Fuller rose quickly to his feet.

"I'll get it," he said.

Nancy followed him to the hallway arch. He opened the door for Wexford's chief of police and a uniformed state trooper.

Kroll said, "Amy's expecting us. I talked to her on the phone a little while ago. This is Lieutenant Foley."

The two policemen walked past Nancy into the living room. Amy and Ward McLane had come out of the study and stood waiting for Kroll and Foley.

Kroll said, "Joel back yet, Amy?"

She shook her head. "No, not yet."

"He's been gone quite a while."

"Not so long." She shot one quick glance at Nancy, then her eyes went

Nancy had raised her arm and hurled the piece of metal at the crouching figure

back to the policeman and her voice was calm and casual: "He just went for a walk after breakfast, as I told you. He's been gone only a little more than an hour."

"We've been looking for him longer than that," the State Trooper said brusquely. He nodded at Nancy. "Is this Miss Carter?"

"Yes. I'm Nancy Carter."

"You got any ideas about your car?"

"My car? The Scat?"

"That's right."

Amy said quickly, "She doesn't know about it yet, Lieutenant. She just came down. I haven't had a chance to tell her." She turned to Nancy: "Your car's gone, Nancy. This morning when Charley Ball went to tow it out of the ditch, it wasn't there."

"You mean he couldn't find it?"

Foley said, "No, that's not what she means. The mechanic found your overnight bag; it had been thrown in the ditch along with your duster and your hat. And he found where your car had been, all right. But the car itself had been stolen."

"But why?" Nancy said. "Why would anyone take it?"

"It's worth a lot of money, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It's quite old, you know, and very rare. So few of them were made that they're valuable."

"How valuable?" Foley asked.

"I don't know exactly. My father paid almost two thousand for his. But it had to be completely restored, and that cost a lot. I couldn't guess how much it's worth now."

"Wait a minute," Kroll said. He stepped toward Ward McLane. "Leo Frayne sold his Scat after he'd restored it. How much did he get for it, Ward?"

"Leo Frayne?" the Trooper asked.

"My cousin," Ward said. "Yes, he sold his about ten years ago to a collector in Ohio . . . Akron. He wrote me about the price. It was more than five thousand."

Foley whistled softly. "Five thousand. That's enough money for someone to risk—"

"But it isn't," Ward said. "There's no way of cashing in on it. A Scat is such an oddity that it couldn't be sold, it would be recognized immediately. I can't believe that the car was stolen."

Randy Fuller rose from a window seat. "Then why was it taken? Where is it?"

"Maybe," Foley said, "Joel could tell us that."

Amy's face went white. "You don't mean—you can't be thinking that Joel—"

"Amy," Kroll said, "where is Joel?"

"I've told you. He went for a walk."

"It's a long walk, Amy."

"Too long," Foley said. "I don't like it. Maybe he's walked right out of the state."

"He hasn't run away," Amy said. "I promise you he'll come back!"

"We won't take any chances," Foley said. "I'm going to put his description on the wire. If he has wandered away, he'll be picked up. If you'll tell me where the phone is, I'll—"

"Don't bother," said a voice from the archway.

Joel walked into the room. He was disheveled and pale, weary to the dropping point. He moved to the long oak table, leaned against it, facing the two policemen.

Kroll said, "Where have you been, Joel?"

Amy said, "I've told them, I—"

"Let him tell us, Amy."

Joel was looking at Amy. He said, "I'm going to tell them, Amy. I went to see Larry."

Amy stepped toward him beseechingly, but Kroll's voice stopped her: "Who's Larry, Joel?"

"A friend of mine, Larry Owen. He lives in New London. I've just been up there to see him." He took a deep breath and spoke rapidly. "Last year when I needed a new press and linotype machine for my printing business, Larry loaned me the money. A month ago Larry himself got into a financial jam. He has to have the money back."

"And you thought it was necessary to see this Owen about your loan last night? You'll have to think of something better than that, Joel." Kroll's voice was sardonic.

"It was about the note for the loan, wasn't it, Joel?" Amy said swiftly. She turned to Kroll: "Joel was protecting me. I insisted on co-signing the note for the money. And now I suppose Joel thought it would be better if Owen didn't volunteer anything about my responsibility for the money."

"We'll check on those signatures later," Kroll said. "Tell me, Joel, what if you couldn't pay the loan back—what would that mean?"

"Everything," Joel said grimly. "The works. I'd lose the business."

"You tried to get the money from Harvey, of course."

"Yes. He didn't think I was any better risk than the banks around here do."

"But now that he's dead," Foley cut in, "you've got all the money you need."

"That's right," Joel said quietly.

"And yesterday afternoon you made one last try to get the money from him. When he refused again you lost your temper."

"No!" Amy cried. "That wasn't Joel in the barn with Harvey!"

"Amy," Joel said, "don't—"

"I've got to, Joel! Can't you see that they're convinced you're guilty?" She turned to the old policeman: "Mr. Kroll, I was the one fighting with Harvey, asking him for money."

"She was doing it for me," Joel said. "She was trying to get it for me."

"But don't you understand?" Amy pleaded. "Joel wasn't in the barn! The murderer came in after I left."

"You saw him, Amy?" Kroll said. "You saw that it wasn't Joel?"

"No," Amy said, "I didn't see anyone, I—"

Foley interrupted her impatiently: "Joel needed money, and now, because his uncle is dead, he's got it. I think he'd better call his lawyer, and then he's coming with me."

Nancy stepped in front of the state trooper. "I've got to see Joel alone first. Please, just for a minute."

"Why?" Foley asked flatly.

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"There's something I must tell him."

"You can tell us, too, Miss Carter."

"No, I—"

Joel said, "Go ahead, Nancy; it's all right. What is it?"

"It's about something I found. I wanted to tell you first, Joel. I don't know what it means and I—I was afraid it might be one more thing against you."

"What did you find, Miss Carter?" Kroll asked, his voice kind.

"The old spring leaf that Charley said was stolen. It was put in a mannequin's hand—the one that's fixing a tire—so that it looked like a tire iron that belonged there. I can't see why it's important—it's just part of a spring from a Scat—but it must be. That's why the fuse was blown last night, to hide the spring leaf, not to murder me. And when I found it there was someone in the barn, watching me. Someone who came after me, tried to get me. This time I think whoever it was did mean to kill me."

"Nancy," Joel said, "it was a spring leaf from a Scat? You're sure?"

"Positive."

"Not one from your car? You're sure of that?"

"Yes. Ours are all shined up. This one is rusty from being in the mud. Of course it was the one the boys found by the lake."

"We can figure this out later," Foley said. He walked to Joel, put his hand on his arm. "Right now let's get moving."

"Wait," Joel said. "Give me a minute, just a minute!" He circled the room and stopped before the window seat where Ward McLane and Randy Fuller sat. Abruptly, he said, "Ward, why wouldn't you sell your land to Harvey?"

WARD looked at him in surprise. "But I did agree to sell it, you know that. If Harvey hadn't been killed—"

"Months ago," Joel said, "Harvey offered you ten thousand for it, a fantastic price. Why didn't you take it?"

"I thought he wanted it enough to pay more. And I was right. He agreed to buy at eighteen."

"There might have been another reason for your holding out, Ward."

"Another reason? I don't understand."

"You knew what Harvey planned to do with the land, didn't you?"

"Of course, everyone knew. He was going to restore the section of old turnpike."

"And that meant draining the lake."

"Naturally," Ward said.

"I don't think you wanted that lake to be drained."

"Why not?" He looked up at Joel and his eyes were bewildered. "What difference could that make to me?"

"This," Joel said. "That spring leaf that Nancy identified as belonging to a Scat came out of the lake. You know how few of those cars were ever made, how rare they were. Leo had one. What happened to his Scat, Ward?"

"We were just talking about it, Joel, before you came. He sold it to some man out in Akron; you remember that, don't you? He drove it out there to him."

"That's what you've been saying all these years. It's strange that none of us ever heard from Leo after that."

"I heard from him. He wrote me after he sold his car."

"That's what you've told us."

"But it's true! Why should I lie?"

"Ward, is Leo dead? Is that why you wouldn't sell the land? Because you knew what would be found at the bottom of the lake when it was drained?"

THE portly little man's eyes blinked incredulously at Joel. "Do you know what you're saying? No, you can't! Joel, pull yourself together!"

"I think that Leo and his car are at the bottom of that lake, and that's why you couldn't sell the land. You asked eighteen thousand for it, but you never dreamed that Harvey was so fanatical about his hobby that he'd pay that much. But when he finally agreed, then you had to sell. And you planned to murder Harvey after you got your money—but before he drained the lake."

"Joel, this is idiotic! Harvey was murdered before I got the money! His death cheated me of eighteen thousand dollars! Why would I have—?"

"You had to, Ward. Because Nancy arrived yesterday in a Scat and you saw her drive up the hill. You knew that Harvey would show her the spring leaf, and she would identify it for him. Or if that didn't happen right away, Harvey would see the springs on her Scat when he pored over it as he did over every old car. And then he would realize, just as I have, what happened to Leo Frayne. That's why you drove Nancy into the ditch. You had to delay her getting to Harvey. You had to get to him first."

"Joel, you're accusing me of murder!"

"Yes, you murdered Harvey. But you couldn't find the spring leaf because Charley hadn't put it back in the wall case. And you didn't have time to hunt for it. Nancy had come into the barn, and you had to get away. Then later, while we were waiting for the police, you saw it and you knew you had to get rid of it. You were afraid to just take it . . . the police might search us or someone might notice that you were carrying a strip of metal in your duster pocket. So you hid it temporarily in the model's hand, and went back last night to get it."

"Joel, you're just guessing, you—"

"No, it all makes sense. And Nancy's car . . . you had to get rid of it, too, before Charley or someone saw the springs on it and realized that they were the same as the one found by the lake. Where is Nancy's car, Ward? Is it at the bottom of the lake with Leo's?"

"This is all crazy! You've no proof."

"Ward, the lake is going to be drained. If the police won't have it done, I will."

Slowly Ward McLane sank down on the window seat. Randy Fuller got up, moved away from him. No one spoke; there was a wall of silence around him. He looked up at last, his eyes glazed. His voice was a whisper:

"I didn't mean to kill Leo, it was an accident . . . a quarrel over Sharon. But I was afraid that no one . . . that they wouldn't believe me. I chained him to the Scat before I—I pushed it in the lake. That's when the spring must have broken. I thought I was safe forever. How could I know that Harvey would want to buy the land, drain the lake? He forced me to kill him!" His voice rose with a horrible shrillness as he directed it toward Nancy: "And you . . . you forced me to have to kill you! If you'd stayed out of it . . . I was going to get rid of the Scat when I saw the police leave the barn. I thought I could get the spring leaf out of it then, and I would have . . . except for you; nobody would ever have known."

He took a step toward Nancy, but the state trooper was moving in on him. He rushed futilely at the policeman, screaming.

Nancy turned away. She felt Joel's arm around her, drawing her quickly from the room. . . .

IT WAS a new car, modern as next year, that rolled through the afternoon sun, speeding away from Wexford. Nancy swung sideways in her seat to face Joel behind the wheel. The hunted look was gone from him now, the strain had diminished into sadness for a willful old man and the neighbor who had been driven to murdering him.

"Joel," Nancy said.

"Yes?"

"I'll never forgive myself for misjudging Amy. Murder twists you, makes you do strange things. Amy was always trying to help you. She's wonderful, Joel."

"Sure, she is. My kids will be lucky . . . having Amy for an aunt."

"An aunt?"

"Well, technically, a step-aunt-once-removed."

"Oh," Nancy said. "I thought when you stopped seeing me that—that there was someone else. And when I met Amy, I was sure."

Joel smiled. "I never stopped seeing you, Nancy. I got so involved with the business, with trying to pay that loan back. I was in trouble, Nancy."

"You should have told me. Maybe I could have helped."

"From now on you'll hear all my troubles."

"Will I, Joel?"

"Well, will you?"

"Yes," Nancy said. "It'll be a pleasure."

The car slowed down for a small town's traffic. It stopped at a red light at the main intersection. A policeman came around to Nancy's side of the car. He was grinning.

"Say, miss, what happened to that old car you drove through here yesterday?"

"It's at the bottom of a lake," Nancy said.

The policeman nodded in understanding. "Good place for it," he said.

THE END ★★

AN AMERICAN STORIETTE

Sandy left Jeff outside the booth while she made the record for Mom

THEY got off the Brighton Express, the lights of Coney Island blazing below them, the fresh salt air cool on their faces. Jeff took her arm self-consciously.

A group of girls went by, laughing, frank admiration in their eyes as they looked at Jeff. Sandy pressed close to him proudly and thought how she had been part of an identical group just the week before. Going to Coney, stag, with the girls from the office—having fun—but vaguely wishing . . .

Then she felt miserable again, because she loved him, and he was going away—without proposing.

"Where to?" He was smiling down at her.

"To the altar, you big, shy lug," she thought desperately. "I want to go to Peru, too—and not as a tourist!"

"Look!" she said. "A Whip!"

They went on it, laughing and squealing as the ride tossed them like chips in a storm, Jeff's big arm comfortably circled about her waist.

"He'll ask me tonight," Sandy thought. "He'll just have to." She wanted to think this big, shy guy from Yuma had come East just to see his little high-school sweetheart again. But realism won out. The mining company's main office was in New York. So was International Airport.

Jeff was having a wonderful time, though—the Cyclone, the Ferris Wheel, the Airplanes, the Parachute Jump. One concession turned out to be a long, dark tunnel, with ghosts and goblins and weird noises. Sandy put her head on his shoulder, and a moment later he kissed her—tentatively.

"Now," Sandy thought. "Now."

Silence. The car bumped out into the light. Jeff withdrew his arm hastily.

"Anything else you want to do?" Jeff asked as they emerged.

She thought for a moment. "Yes," she said finally. "I'd like to make a recording to send to Mom. You know—one of those booths where you talk into a microphone."

Sandy spotted one on a quiet side street. Jeff put in the coins and stood outside, grinning. A minute later she opened the door, a little flushed, her eyes a bit defiant.

"Did it come out?" she said.

Jeff looked puzzled. "What? The record?"

"Yes," she said. "It drops into that little slot, doesn't it?"

"Sure," Jeff smiled, "but it plays back first."

The panic in her eyes was unmistakable. "Oh—*no!*" She made a quick, uncertain gesture, as if to close the door, but the record was already playing. It was her voice, all right—saying hello to the folks, telling them where she was and with whom and what they were doing. As the record drew nearer and nearer the close, Sandy grew rigid with apprehension.

Her voice, *her* voice was saying, "I don't know what I'm going to do, Mom! He's leaving in two weeks, and he hasn't asked me. And I love him so . . ." The voice trailed off, saying good-by to each member of the family. The record dropped down into the slot, and Jeff retrieved it, his face grave. Neither spoke for a moment.

Then he said, "Sandy, you know how I've always felt about you. But this new job . . . It's about everything a guy just out of school could want. But it's not the kind of a place where you take a wife. I mean—"

She stopped him, trying to save him the embarrassment of explaining, but she couldn't stop her tears.

Suddenly, without warning, he pulled her to him. Sandy closed her eyes, and a moment later they flew open.

"That's no *tentative* kiss!" she thought—and closed her eyes again.

"Look," he said; "will you wait outside for me—just a minute?"

SHE watched curiously as he inserted coins, closed the door, spoke earnestly into the microphone, then came out grinning. The record began to play back another message to her mother:

"I was wrong, Mother Collins. She *wants* to go with me. Guess I've learned the first lesson for prospective husbands: Never try to make *all* the decisions in the family."

Finally, when they'd drawn apart to examine the wonder of it all, Jeff said, "Sandy! What if that record hadn't played back? What if I had never known?"

His voice contemplated the possibility with frightened awe. Sandy nodded happily, a little guiltily. Some day, of course, she'd be able to tell him. But not now.

One week before, on that very spot, she'd made a similar recording for her mother—all about Jeff's impending visit. She remembered it vividly—the darned thing had played back to that whole group of giggling girls from the office!

by Charles T. Webb

IT'S UP TO US

IF WE, *the ordinary citizens who are not "in politics,"* don't like what happens to this nation next November, we won't be able to blame it all on the political bosses. We'll have to blame ourselves.

We amateur politicians outnumber the professional politicians at least a thousand to one. There are more than enough of us to elect a President of the United States and other candidates we believe are most likely to give new hope, confidence, and spirit to all of our people; and there are more than enough of us to defeat candidates who depend on well-organized, politically potent minority groups. Yet we are people without any official spokesmen to tell politicians what we demand in return for our support. We are not organized into groups for political action. We vote as individuals.

For that reason, whether we like it or not, the time has come for us who want better local, state, and national government to make ourselves heard. In the past, some of us have been timid or apathetic about expressing our personal views on candidates and major issues. But this year we can no longer afford to remain in the background and let machine politicians and minority groups do all the electioneering.

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These thoughts may be of particular interest to the local merchants and shopkeepers who are trying sincerely to demonstrate the worth of individual enterprise in spite of high taxes that retard development of small business. For years most local businessmen who are in daily contact with the public have been careful to express no political opinions for fear of losing some of their good customers.

They have too much at stake in this 1952 election to remain on the side lines. As community leaders they have a unique opportunity to stimulate discussion of the basic principles that made America great. Like everybody else not represented by some aggressive minority group, they must have the courage to stand up and be counted for what they believe in.

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Many small businessmen prefer to be civic leaders rather than political leaders. This is to their credit, but they can be both with no loss of local prestige. They see thousands of customers every day; if they will speak out fearlessly they can become a powerful force in behalf of local and national candidates who are uncompromising in their devotion to "certain unalienable Rights" to "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

Upon the ordinary, unorganized voters rests the grave responsibility of choosing the next President of the United States. It is up to us to determine which candidate is most likely to restore our faith in ourselves as individuals, and unite the nation at this critical time.

John W. McFarrin

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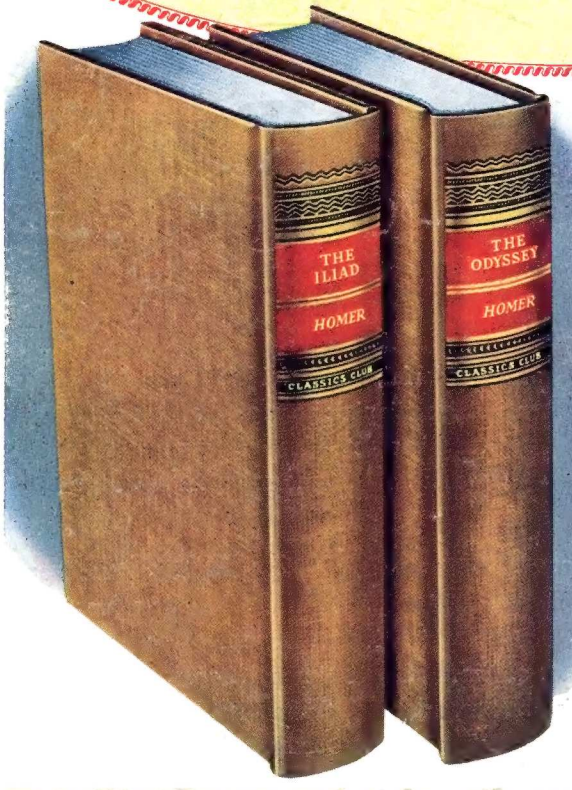

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